SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

BY FRANCES HUGHES

God bless America! We'd like to shout it from the housetops, but instead we've found more decorous and decorative ways to say it. There are belts . . . pins . . . clips . . . scarfs . . . even perfumes with which you can pledge your allegiance to this glorious country, carefully picked to permit you to display your patriotism at any price



1. LIBERTY LIPSTICK

Wear a patriotic color on your lips! Tint them "Liberty Red" and the world will know that you're carrying the flaming torch of Liberty. It was Mary Lewis, the girl with her fingers on the pulse of the nation, who conceived this new $1 lipstick and it's exclusive with the Mary Lewis Shop, New York.



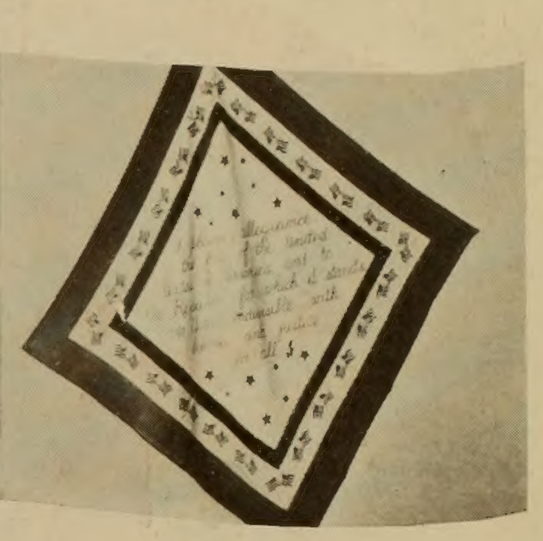
2. GOD BLESS AMERICA!

$18.50's a lot for a belt, yet it's a small measure of devotion to your country. It was Lilly Daché's idea to scrawl this sentiment boldly in big gold letters on a star-studded leather belt—charming tribute from a talented Frenchwoman who made her success in America. Lilly Daché, New York.



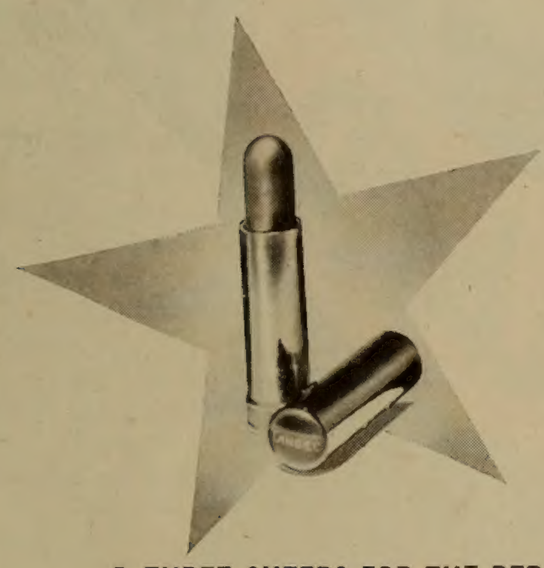
3. TAILSPIN IN TRICOLOR

As air-minded as the rest of us these days, Lucien Lelong gave his newest dizzying perfume an aeronautical name, "Tailspin." Then he dressed it up in a decidedly patriotic-looking box of red, white and blue discs like giant poker chips. Intoxicating, that's what! $6.50 at all department stores.



4. "PLEDGE YOUR ALLEGIANCE"

You can "pledge your allegiance" to your flag "and to the republic for which it stands" in a gaily decorated Echo scarf which sells for $1 at Lord & Taylor, N. Y. . . . Knot it over your shoulders . . . tie it under your chin . . . tuck it into your neckline . . . Wear it—and wear it proudly!



5. THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED . . .

. . . especially Tangee's new red-red lipstick, the glowing result of eight years of red-research. This is no parlor-pink. This is a clear, vibrant patriotic red that's here to stay with a lustrous look derived from a special creamy base which banishes dry, drawn lips. $1 everywhere. Rouge 75c.



6. VIVA AMERICA!

"Viva America" is the new family name for a series of all-American jewelry designed by a young painter-jeweler, Robert. Let your sentiments sparkle from your lapel. Say it with an enameled flag-pin, $1.95; a jeweled U. S. A. shield, $1; or Uncle Sam's hat, $1.95; Bloomingdale's, N. Y.



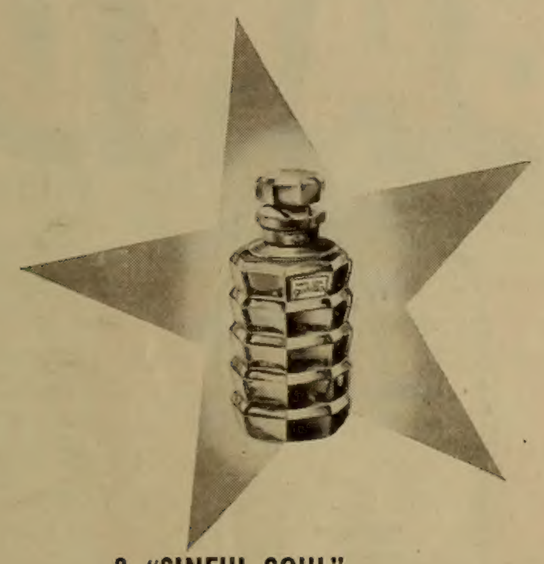
7. AMERICAN HERITAGE

Thank the Indians, our earliest settlers, for this comfortable hand-beaded leather moccasin. College girls gave it its new and fashionable lease on life, but the rest of us were quick to appreciate its charm and comfort. White, smoke or tan elk-tanned leather, with leather drawstring. $3.95, at B. Altman, N. Y.



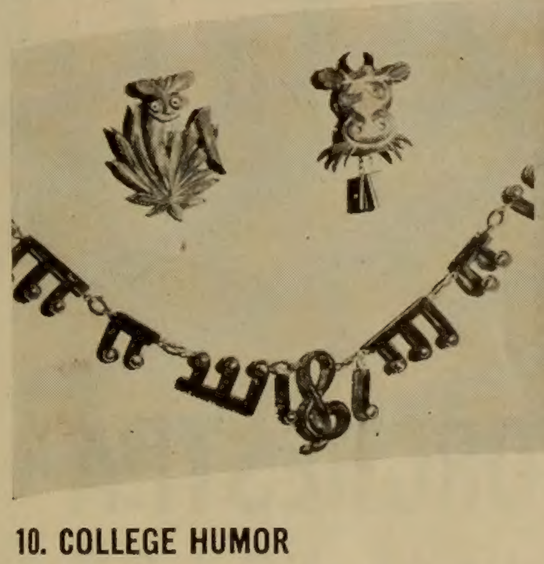
8. AIR-MINDED SWEATER

The newest Leon-designed Judy Garland sweater is a "Tish-U-Knit" zephyr cardigan that sports U. S. aeronautical wings on its breast pocket, epaulets on its broad shoulders and brass buttons marching from neck to hem. $2.98, in red, white and blue at the Emily Shops, New York.



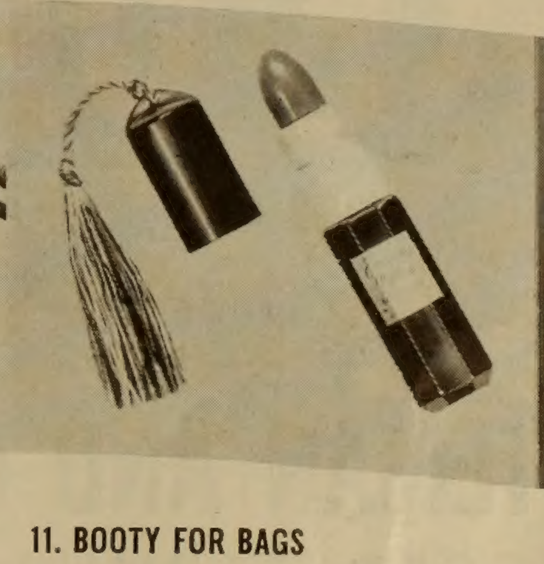
9. "SINFUL SOUL"

There's a world of promise in "Sinful Soul," Gabilla's compelling "composé de parfum." But—this perfume accepts the challenge and never lets its wearer down. It is—to put it politely—a nice but naughty fragrance which casts a spell that brings all Romeos to terms. $1 makes this magic yours!



10. COLLEGE HUMOR

Presenting "The Snake in the Grass," 94c; "The Coy Cow," 94c; and a necklace whose wooden notes spell out the mournful ditty, "I can't give you anything but love, Baby," $1.83. This is today's college humor jewelry done for Leo Glass by a group of cynical co-eds. Buy it at R. H. Macy, N. Y.



11. BOOTY FOR BAGS

Bourjois' tribute to traditional Paris gayety is a new little "Flacon-Stik" that measures no bigger than a lipstick, but does twice the job at half the price! For 75c you get a dazzling blue flacon of Evening in Paris perfume, topped by a good-size lipstick in a plastic case. At leading stores.



12. TIP YOUR TAMBOURINE

Take a tip on toppers from our tuneful South American neighbors and sport a tipsy tambourine on your head. It makes good fashion . . . good conversation . . . and a perfect hat, for the tambourine is firmly anchored to a crocheted skull cap. A sensation in fashionable sets. $5, Bonwit Teller, N. Y.

(For More Shopping News. See Page 81)

Just when you think that Mickey couldn't possibly top his amazing hit record, along comes a new show funnier than ever!...This one even tops the laughs, songs and dance entertainment of "Babes in Arms"!

Yes! It's Judy! She's sending those sweet and hot notes right to the bottom of your heart again! Hear her swing out with "Strike Up the Band", "Our Love Affair", "Nobody" and many more!



The Merriest Pair on the Screen in a Great Musical Show!

STRIKE UP THE BAND

with

PAUL WHITEMAN AND ORCHESTRA

JUNE PREISSER • WILLIAM TRACY

Screen Play by John Monks, Jr. & Fred Finklehoffe • Directed by Busby Berkeley

Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Paul Whiteman, "King of Jazz," and a flock of peppy personalities!

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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HEYWORTH CAMPBELL ART EDITOR
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On the Cover—Claudette Colbert, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Awake!

ALMOST a year ago I wrote in this space: "PHOTOPLAY will not hesitate to bring you significant features with a war theme, but I hope you won't blame me for continuing to strive in the midst of an insane world to reflect glamour, beauty and what semblance of happiness we can skim from the Hollywood surface. Here in PHOTOPLAY, let's be ostriches. Do you mind?"

In this issue there is a shocking story, "Hitler's Spies over Hollywood," which makes me wonder whether we should not, even in the motion-picture field, cast aside our dear desire to be ostriches.

Instead of hysteria on the one hand and the ostrich philosophy on the other, is there perhaps a middle ground which the motion-picture industry can create, with the help of the United States Government?

VARIETY reports that seventeen features and at least seven shorts are planned which will carry the message of national preparedness and assist in the United States defense program. But even the worthy "The Ramparts We Watch" didn't go far enough.

A man with a relentless passion for truth produced three pictures which told the American people the facts about soil conservation, the need for flood control and the prevention of childbed mortality. The three pictures were "The Plow That Broke the Plains," "The River" and "The Fight for Life." The motion-picture company which produced these pictures was the United States Government, now no longer in the business. The man who made them is Pare Lorentz, who is worthy of the biggest patriotic and artistic assignment that any American could be given.

I propose that the United States Government go back into the business and finance a film to be made by Mr. Lorentz which will tell us all the facts we need to know, unvarnished and unafraid—the facts about what each one of us can do and should do, no matter how great the sacrifice, to avoid the danger.

I understand that the most expensive of the three pictures cost $150,000. When you consider the billions that are being spent for defense, think what a small investment this amount would be!

America is the one country whose propaganda dare be truthful. I hope that Mr. Lorentz and the United States Government will make a picture called "America, Awake!"

Ernest V. Heyn

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The Love Birds of Habersville: Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in M-G-M's "I Love You Again," in which Mr. Powell turns into an amnesia victim par excellence

BOOS AND Bouquets

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU *to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

KNOCK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE

Each month, PHOTOPLAY *will give an answer in its pages to a special readers' request. This month, Miss Betty Dundas, of Miami, Florida, moves thus:*

I DON'T know, maybe it's me. Maybe I ought to get a pair of super high-powered glasses and begin to search all over again. Maybe if I throw salt over my left shoulder or begin offering to wash the night dishes as well as the noon ones, it will come to me because I'm leading such a good life.

Maybe. But I don't think so.

I don't think so because for months I've been searching for one, just one, picture of my favorite actor—and can I find one? No! Oh, I've found marvelous pictures of Mickey Mouse and even a colored, full-length portrait of Mr. Charles McCarthy. Of course, I agree with you that they are both grand actors, but, gosh, I wouldn't exactly want one of them staring out over a frame at me, would you?

Please, if it's not too much trouble, could you, would you print a picture of this actor for me so that I can end this long, tiring search and say, "Mr. George Sanders, I presume?"

This motion was seconded by Britisher Freda Wakeling of London:

A LOT of praise is regularly churned out on behalf of such British actors as Robert Donat, Laurence Olivier and Charles Laughton, but George Sanders continues to get by with nary a word of praise, a line of publicity or a sight of his face in your otherwise excellent magazine. . . .

In order that Miss Dundas may not be doomed to Mickey Mouse and that PHOTOPLAY *may prove a model pupil, we give you on page 13, a picture of this disturbing subject, Mr. Sanders.*

TUT, TUT, HOLLYWOOD!

Inaugurating a new side line for readers by which they spot salient slip-ups on the part of Hollywood and report to PHOTOPLAY. *This month's choice follows:*

WHEN a Cary Grant picture comes to town, I always rush to see it. "My Favorite Wife" was highly humorous, but what comes to my mind when I recall it? Mr. Grant, otherwise immaculately groomed, needed the clippers on the back of his neck!

Now, that's just a small-town opinion—and who hasn't heard the loud ha ha's any time Kokomo is mentioned on the screen? Of course, Mr. Grant isn't the sole offender—most of the screen's dashing heroes could stand a dash to the barber.

Miss D. P.,
Kokomo, Ind.

PHOTOPLAY ON THE FENCE

The following letter represents one reaction to a PHOTOPLAY *series. Has our friend from Florida ever played the character-revealing parlor game of "Categories"?*

THIS letter is in protest against such ridiculous articles as that which appeared in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY magazine and was written by Howard Sharpe.

The article entitled "Categorically Speaking" was without doubt one of the silliest things we have ever read. If the author cannot find anything more entertaining to write about than to compare such fine singing stars as Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy to houses, steamshovels, animals, rice pudding, etc., then it would be better not to publish anything.

We consider PHOTOPLAY an excellent magazine and hope that more notice will be taken of the articles submitted by authors hereafter and that only the interesting and worthwhile ones will be featured in this publication in the future.

A MOVIE CLUB,
Orlando, Florida.

A READER PROPOSES:

HOW about having an "Inquire Column" so we PHOTOPLAY readers may ask for information about certain stars. For example, I want to know who played the part of *Bunny* in the picture, "Raffles"?

HELEN WOODS,
Cambridge, Mass.

PHOTOPLAY DISPOSES:

The part of Bunny in "Raffles" was played by Douglas Walton.

P.S.: The "Inquire Column" is now in working order. Next, please.

WHY'S AND WHY NOT'S COLUMN

I WONDER why pictures otherwise quite good must have such silly names? Take "Swing That Cheer," a pleasant little college picture, but why the silly title? "And One Was Beautiful"! Good heavens!

FRANCES E. HARTELL,
Esquimalt, B. C.

Why do the heroes of the films have to have all the glory? Why not the villains, the ones you hiss at. My plea is better roles, more publicity about the most interesting, most skilled persons in the films—the villains.

FRED MARINACCI,
Tacoma, Wash.

Every time they cast a secretary, Madeleine Carroll is it—either that or a rich woman who is, frankly, a pain in the neck! Madeleine was grand in "The General Died at Dawn." Why not graduate her and let Osa Massen—now there's a girl—the little *Noel* of "Honeymoon in Bali" move up into the latter position. At least it would be different.

LENORE DAVID,
Seattle, Wash.

I just came home from the theater after seeing "Tom Brown's School Days" and to my mind if the bully in that picture hadn't been Billy Halop I think it would have been a flop. Why not put him where he belongs—in the class with Mickey Rooney?

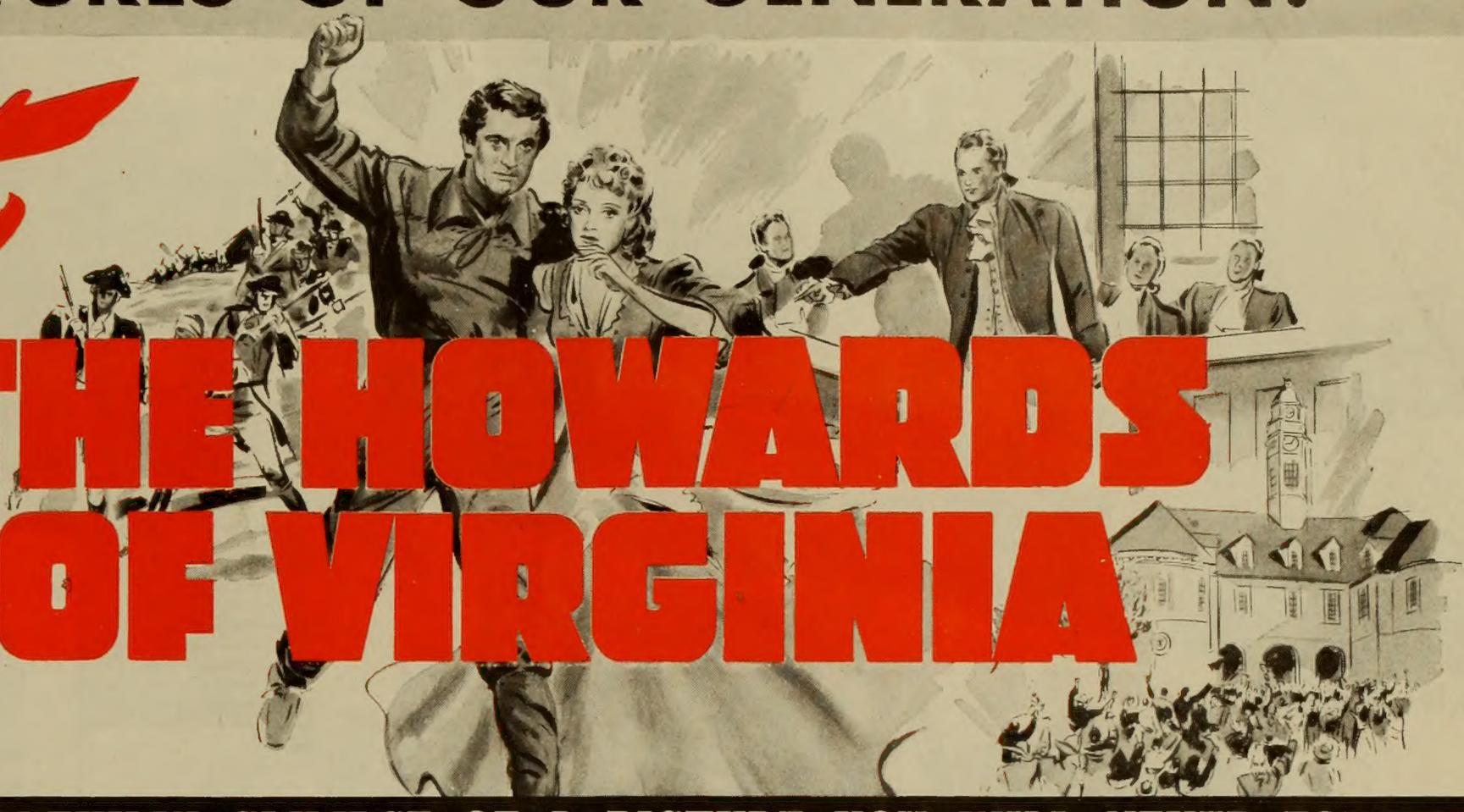
CHARLES NORTON,
Dorchester, Mass.

Why is it customary to say that Nelson Eddy is "unconvincing" as a lover? There are enough imitators of Gable's caveman tactics and Boyer's highly sophisticated smoldering. I recommend

(Continued on page 13)

ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE SCREEN ADVENTURES OF OUR GENERATION!

Meet



THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA

GLORIOUSLY FILMED FROM THE EXCITING PAGES OF A GREAT NOVEL..."THE TREE OF LIBERTY"...BY ELIZABETH PAGE!



FRANK LLOYD
...whose genius gave you 'Cavalcade', 'Mutiny on the Bounty' and 'Wells Fargo'

•



CARY GRANT
as a swashbuckling son of the raw and lusty frontier...headstrong, daring!

•



MARTHA SCOTT
...ready to face even a wilderness for the man she loves...

•



SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
as the aristocrat, embittered by his sister's romance with a man of the soil

•



RICHARD CARLSON
as Tom Jefferson, immortal American hero..defender of democracy

A PREVIEW GLIMPSE OF A PICTURE YOU WILL NEVER FORGET!



Frank Lloyd Pictures, Inc.
presents

CARY GRANT
MARTHA SCOTT
as

THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA

FROM "THE TREE OF LIBERTY" BY ELIZABETH PAGE • Screen play by SIDNEY BUCHMAN
with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • ALAN MARSHAL • RICHARD CARLSON
JACK H. SKIRBALL, Associate Producer
Produced and Directed by **FRANK LLOYD** • *A Columbia Picture*

Watch for this first big hit of the season at your local theatre!



Winner at the box office: 20th Century-Fox's saga of steeplechasing, "Maryland," with John Payne, Walter Brennan, Brenda Joyce and, in the background, best performance winner Ben Carter

Brief Reviews

★ ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY, THE—Paramount
Never has a family been so hilariously upset by adolescent plans to earn travel money! Jackie Cooper is the troublemaker, Eddie Bracken his "helpful" friend, and Fred Niblo the father who suffers most from ensuing complications. (*August*)

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal
Presenting Robin Burns as a modern *Robin Hood:* Bob plays a carnival grifter who's mistaken for a preacher and makes the most of it; Mischa Auer's the town barber; Peggy Moran and Dennis O'Keefe provide romance. Corny, but fairly amusing in spots. (*July*)

★ ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO—Warners
Superb is the word for the picturization of Rachel Field's best-selling novel. And why not, since it has the Paris of a century ago as its lavish setting, a real-life murder as its climax, Bette Davis as the little governess in love with her noble employer, Charles Boyer as the unhappy duke, and Barbara O'Neil as his jealous, neurotic wife. Morbid but fascinating. (*August*)

★ ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE—M-G-M
However, Mickey Rooney gets into plenty of trouble trying to track down deb Diana Lewis in Manhattan, after boasting about their non-existent "affair." Judy Garland is marvelous as the adoring girl who helps him out and Lewis Stone and Mickey are better than ever, if possible. Heart-warming stuff, as only the *Hardys* can do it. (*July*)

ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS—RKO-Radio
Dated melodrama of a young schoolteacher (Anne Shirley) persecuted by the ruling family of the small town where she goes to teach. Wholesome fare, but the cast—which also includes James Ellison and Henry Travers—seems depressed by the whole thing. (*Sept.*)

BABIES FOR SALE—Columbia
Rochelle Hudson plays a widowed young mother-to-be who falls into the clutches of adoption racketeers. The business is run by Miles Mander and combatted by Glenn Ford, crusading reporter. Morbid, but sincere and sensitive in its handling. (*Sept.*)

BRIDE WORE CRUTCHES, THE—20th Century-Fox
Newcomer Ted North shows promise as a cub reporter who muffs his first assignments but has more success pursuing bandits. Lynne Roberts is the girl and Edgar Kennedy is a flustered policeman. Long on amusement and excitement, though short on credibility. (*Sept.*)

★ BROTHER ORCHID—Warners
The serious story of the gangster who entered a monastery turns into amusing comedy on celluloid. Edward G. Robinson is the chap who deserts racketeering for culture, only to find that Humphrey Bogart has muscled in during his absence. Ann Sothern's grand as a dumb blonde who gets there just the same. (*August*)

CAPTAIN IS A LADY, THE—M-G-M
Ex-sea captain Charles Coburn winds up in an old ladies' home with his wife, Beulah Bondi, and gets into all kinds of silly scrapes trying to get out again. It's all creaky with age. (*Sept.*)

CHARLIE CHAN'S MURDER CRUISE—20th Century-Fox
There's just not enough action in the newest adventure of the Chinese detective impersonated by Sidney Toler, even though a Scotland Yard detective is strangled right in *Chan's* office. Marjorie Weaver and Lionel Atwill are among those involved in the not-very-exciting proceedings. (*August*)

CROOKED ROAD, THE—Republic
Conflict among the ex-convicts, as delineated by such sterling performers as Edmund Lowe, Henry Wilcoxon and Irene Hervey—who, however, can't do much with this tired old plot of the "frame-up" species. (*Sept.*)

CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE—RKO-Radio
The welcome return to films of Gene Raymond is the high light of this unpretentious picture about a youthful doctor driving to California and a sprightly heiress (Wendy Barrie) who stows away in his trailer. Farce in the frothy manner. (*Sept.*)

CURTAIN CALL—RKO-Radio
Small-town girl Barbara Read leaves John Archer flat when her strictly Grade-Z play is purchased by a Broadway producer for the sole purpose of irritating actress Helen Vinson. (*July*)

DR. CHRISTIAN MEETS THE WOMEN—RKO-Radio
Lovable Dr. Jean Hersholt pits his wits against a quack diet fad brought into his home town by Rod LaRocque. (*Sept.*)

DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE—M-G-M
This time, Lew Ayres toys with the recently publicized insulin shock treatment for mental cases, thus saving the reputation of a fellow medico. (*July*)

EARTHBOUND—20th Century-Fox
A confusing fantasy presents Warner Baxter as a ghost who haunts wife Andrea Leeds and all the rest of the cast trying to prove he was murdered by Lynn Bari. (*August*)

EDISON, THE MAN—M-G-M
Spencer Tracy gives a magnificent performance as the great inventor, but somehow his scientific tribulations don't offer much excitement. Perhaps the material's too familiar. (*August*)

FLIGHT ANGELS—Warners
Fine photography and pleasing performances make this rather ordinary story about the new Stratoliners acceptable entertainment. Dennis Morgan and Wayne Morris are airplane inventors; Virginia Bruce and Jane Wyman are the girls in the case. (*August*)

★ FOUR SONS—20th Century-Fox
Eugenie Leontovich makes a stunning American film debut as a Czechoslovakian mother whose boys follow diverging paths when their village is absorbed into the German Reich, with harrowing and disastrous results. Don Ameche is the loyal son, but Alan Curtis turns pro-Nazi; George Ernest and Robert Lowery are the remaining pair. Strong, well-done propaganda. (*August*)

FUGITIVE, THE—An English production released by Universal
There's bound to be some superb acting in any film starring Ralph Richardson—particularly when he plays a small-time barber who succumbs to the temptation to steal and brings much suffering upon himself and his wife, Diana Wynyard. (*Sept.*)

FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, A—Warners
Manhattan crime, as uncovered by insurance investigator Roger Pryor and highlighted by the humor of Eddie Foy Jr. Lucile Fairbanks is the girl. (*Sept.*)

★ GHOSTS BREAKERS, THE—Paramount
Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard encore their "Cat and Canary" success with a wacky story of a girl who inherits a haunted castle in Cuba and a wise-cracking columnist who gets mixed up in the mystery when he flees gangster vengeance. (*August*)

GRANDPA GOES TO TOWN—Republic
More trouble for the *Higgins Family* (James, Lucile and Russell Gleason, in private life), when they innocently start a fake gold rush in the ghost town where they're trying to run a hotel. But Harry Davenport, as *Grandpa*, manages to save the day. (*July*)

★ I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY—Universal
Silly confusion which somehow lands a lot of laughs, what with Broderick Crawford as a soulful gangster who yearns to write a song hit. Composer Johnny Downs and his girl friend, Peggy Moran, get swept up in his racketeering attempts to crash the Hit Parade. Swift-paced and tuneful. (*August*)

I WAS AN ADVENTURESS—20th Century-Fox
That familiar Continental jewel-thief formula, but it makes a glamorous showcase for Zorina, as the charming swindler who tries to reform for Richard Greene. Peter Lorre and Erich Von Stroheim turn in some grand acting. (*July*)

IF I HAD MY WAY—Universal
Despite fine performances from everybody concerned, this is much less than worthy of Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean. What little story there is provides a show-within-a-show for songs. (*July*)

★ I WANT A DIVORCE—Paramount
Dick Powell's and Joan Blondell's first co-starring drama presents them as a young couple who marry but don't live happily ever after. The breakup of sister Gloria Dickson's marriage casts a shadow over Joan's life, and Dick's career as a society lawyer doesn't help any. Sincere presentation of divorce evils. (*Sept.*)
(*Continued on page 8*)

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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I'M NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW—Universal	96
LADY IN QUESTION, THE—Columbia	96
MAN I MARRIED, THE—20th Century-Fox	96
MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH, THE—Warners	96
MONEY AND THE WOMAN—Warners	67
PASTOR HALL—James Roosevelt-United Artists	66
QUEEN OF DESTINY—RKO-Radio	96
RAMPARTS WE WATCH, THE—March of Time-RKO-Radio	96
RETURN OF FRANK JAMES, THE—20th Century-Fox	66
SAILOR'S LADY—20th Century-Fox	96
SCATTERBRAIN—Republic	96
SING, DANCE, PLENTY HOT—Republic	96
SLIGHTLY TEMPTED—Universal	96
SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO—Edward Small-United Artists	96
SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M	96
TEXAS RANGERS RIDE AGAIN—Paramount	95
VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER, THE—RKO-Radio	67
WAGONS WESTWARD—Republic	96
WE WHO ARE YOUNG—M-G-M	96
WHEN THE DALTONS RODE—Universal	96
YOUNG PEOPLE—20th Century-Fox	67

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

Norman
Reilly
Raine's



SOON

'Tugboat Annie Sails Again



MARJORIE RAMBEAU
as Annie

ALAN HALE
as Bullwinkle

It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(Continued from page 6)

★ JOHNNY APOLLO—20th Century-Fox

Tyrone Power gets all mixed up with gangsters in an attempt to get his embezzling dad (Edward Arnold) out of prison—and winds up there with him, for his pains. Dorothy Lamour is a torch singer who tries to help them out. A jail break climaxes this well-acted, suspenseful and generally superior offering. (*July*)

LA CONGA NIGHTS—Universal

Despite the sexy ring to the title, this is all Hugh Herbert, with Hugh in six—count 'em, six—different characterizations. In his main role, he helps Constance Moore and Dennis O'Keefe save their landlady from certain eviction. (*August*)

LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE—Paramount

This favorite Zane Grey yarn has received excellent screen treatment. The above-average Western cast includes Victor Jory, as an outlaw-fighting ranch foreman, and Jo Ann Sayers, as a socialite who adds to his troubles. (*July*)

★ LILLIAN RUSSELL—20th Century-Fox

Opulent, nicely cast—and rather dull, despite an astonishingly good job by Alice Faye in the title role. Henry Fonda and Don Ameche are two of her husbands and Edward Arnold is again Diamond Jim Brady, that being the lavish era portrayed. The result is more nostalgic than exciting. (*August*)

LUCKY CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

However, Cesar Romero's none too lucky in the newest addition to his series. What little plot there is permits him to come to the rescue of a hapless widow with a mortgaged ranch—which he does, of course, with the expected result. (*August*)

★ MARYLAND—20th Century-Fox

Technicolor drama based on Fay Bainter's lifelong attempt to keep her son, John Payne, from dangerous riding. But her real love of horses is in his blood and, aided and abetted by Brenda Joyce and her grandfather, Walter Brennan, John eventually rides in a steeplechase. The whole cast is engaging and more than competent and the result is an exciting, heart-warming picture. (*Sept.*)

MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON—RKO-Radio

At last, a prison picture without a single jail break or frame-up. There's considerable comedy in the spectacle of five pompous wealthy men adapting themselves to penitentiary discipline. Lee Tracy is a big shot who helps Truman Bradley carry out important medical experiments. Virginia Vale and Linda Hayes provide the romantic interest. Novel entertainment. (*Sept.*)

★ MORTAL STORM, THE—M-G-M

The screen version of Phyllis Bottome's novel loses none of its bitter impact. Frank Morgan is splendid as the German university professor who becomes a Nazi victim. But so are Margaret Sullavan, as his daughter, and Jimmy Stewart as the young idealist she loves. You won't like this powerful tragedy, but you can't afford to miss it if you want to know what's going on in the cinema. (*Sept.*)

★ MY FAVORITE WIFE—RKO-Radio

Irene Dunne returns from a seven-year absence on the very day that husband Cary Grant, having given her up for dead, has married Gail Patrick—and the fact that her desert-island companion turns out to be Randolph Scott doesn't help matters, either! Sophisticated humor, superbly directed and acted. (*July*)

★ MY LOVE CAME BACK—Warners

Olivia de Havilland, as a poor young violinist, innocently accepts the attentions and help of wealthy Charles Winninger, and the latter's office manager (Jeffrey Lynn) is among the many who misunderstand the philanthropy behind it all. All three prove themselves delightful comedians—as, indeed, does everyone in the cast. Romantic comedy at its best and most refreshing. (*Sept.*)

★ NEW MOON—M-G-M

But no new plot. However, that won't bother anybody, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy at their very best both musically and pictorially, handsome pre-French Revolutionary settings in New Orleans (remember "Naughty Marietta"?), good comedy and — well, anything you can think of in the way of glamour and excitement! (*Sept.*)

ONE MILLION B. C.—Hal Roach-United Artists

Charging dinosaurs, whose gigantic realness is a noteworthy tribute to studio technique, create most of the excitement and keep caveman Victor Mature and cave girl Carole Landis in an understandable state of jitters. It's the darndest thing! (*July*)

★ OUR TOWN—Sol Lesser-United Artists

The Pulitzer Prize play emerges as unusual film fare which is often slow but, more often, strangely compelling. Martha Scott is the daughter of Guy Kibbee and Beulah Bondi. William Holden is the son of Thomas Mitchell and Fay Bainter. Their small-town courtship and marriage supply most of the plot, as "narrated" by Frank Craven. Stuart Erwin is another member of the exceptional cast. (*July*)

OUT WEST WITH THE PEPPERS—Columbia

Edith Fellows and her mother, Dorothy Peterson, have their hands full with the younger members of their family in this latest addition to their series, which has them all trying to reform their drunken uncle, Victor Kilian. Mainly for children. (*Sept.*)

PHANTOM RAIDERS—M-G-M

Welcome return of *Nick Carter*, insouciant detective perfectly portrayed by Walter Pidgeon. This time, he goes after the blokes who are blowing up ships near Panama to collect the insurance. Superior cops-and-robbers stuff, with Donald Meek very, very funny as *Bartholomew*. (*August*)

POP ALWAYS PAYS—RKO-Radio

Leon Errol is the papa who objects to Dennis O'Keefe's marrying his daughter, Adele Pearce. But he promises his consent and $1000 if Dennis can raise a like sum. Dennis does—and *Pop's* attempts to pay off make up the picture, to the tune of much hearty laughter. (*Sept.*)

PRAIRIE LAW—RKO-Radio

You'll like this picture, if you have a weakness for Westerns. Starring George O'Brien, supported by Virginia Vale and Slim Whitaker, it is an extra good one with plenty of action, romance sincere enough to pluck at your heartstrings and some appealing cowboy music.

★ PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—M-G-M

Full justice has been done the beloved Jane Austen novel, with Greer Garson ideal as the heroine with a mind of her own and Laurence Olivier just right as her arrogant suitor. It has plenty of Old World charm—not to mention such shining characters as Maureen O'Sullivan, Edmund Gwenn, Edna May Oliver, Mary Boland and many others—but is long and slow for the average movie-goer. (*Sept.*)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Universal

When hardheaded Grandpa Montagu Love won't let her marry Robert Cummings, Nancy Kelly flees the social purlieus of Boston to seek help from Papa Roland Young, the family outcast. Papa comes to the rescue with taxi-driver Hugh Herbert and the resultant antics provide fair entertainment. (*Sept.*)

QUEEN OF THE MOB—Paramount

Another melodramatic sock from J. Edgar Hoover's true stories in "Persons in Hiding." This time it follows the criminal career of *Ma Webster* (superbly played by Blanche Yurka) and her devil's brood. Ralph Bellamy is excellent as the G-man and Jimmy Cagney's sister Jean makes a brief but auspicious appearance. (*Sept.*)

★ REFUGEE, THE—Republic

Surprisingly successful treatment of a simple story about two Viennese refugees (surgeon Charles Coburn and daughter Sigrid Gurie) who join forces with John Wayne in an attempt to save a stricken community in the dust bowl. It's as true as life, but courageously inspiring. (*August*)

SAFARI—Paramount

Madeleine Carroll manages to mess things up beautifully for Doug Fairbanks Jr. and Tullio Carminati when she comes along and injects the triangle motif into an already dangerous lion hunt. The story isn't much, but the players are excellent—particularly Lynne Overman in an outstanding character portrayal. (*July*)

SAINT TAKES OVER, THE—RKO-Radio

George Sanders is as charming as ever in one of the best of this series. On this occasion, he steps out to vindicate the fair name of *Inspector Fernack* (Jonathan Hale), with some rather gory results which upset everybody except George and his helpful pal, Paul Guilfoyle. (*July*)

SANDY IS A LADY—Universal

Though Baby Sandy Henville stars, this is mainly about those "Underpup" youngsters, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart, who carry the child off on a series of adventures that change the lives of everybody—including Mischa Auer. (*August*)

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—Warners

Loads of human interest and great performances from Anne Shirley and John Garfield can't keep this refutation of the two-can-live-as-cheaply-as-one theory from being depressing. Anne tricks John, who has other plans, into a marriage which her father (Claude Rains) has a dramatic time trying to save. (*July*)

★ SEA HAWK, THE—Warners

Swashbuckling drama of Elizabethan days in the best Errol Flynn-Rafael Sabatini tradition (the "Captain Blood" actor-author combination). Flynn is a pirate bold whose exploits endear him to the Queen (Flora Robson) until he falls in love with Brenda Marshall and runs afoul of the Spanish Armada. Intrigue, suspense, colorful backgrounds and a magnificent cast make this a "must." (*Sept.*)

SKI PATROL—Universal

Glorifying the heroism of a small group of Finnish soldiers holding an important fort against Russian invaders. Definitely antiaggressor in attitude, with Philip Dorn, Luli Deste, Edward Norris and others in the cast working hard. (*August*)

SON OF THE NAVY—Monogram

Orphan Martin Spellman sets out to find himself a papa and mama, creating lots of complications for battleship gunner James Dunn and Jean Parker. Unpretentious but pleasant. (*July*)

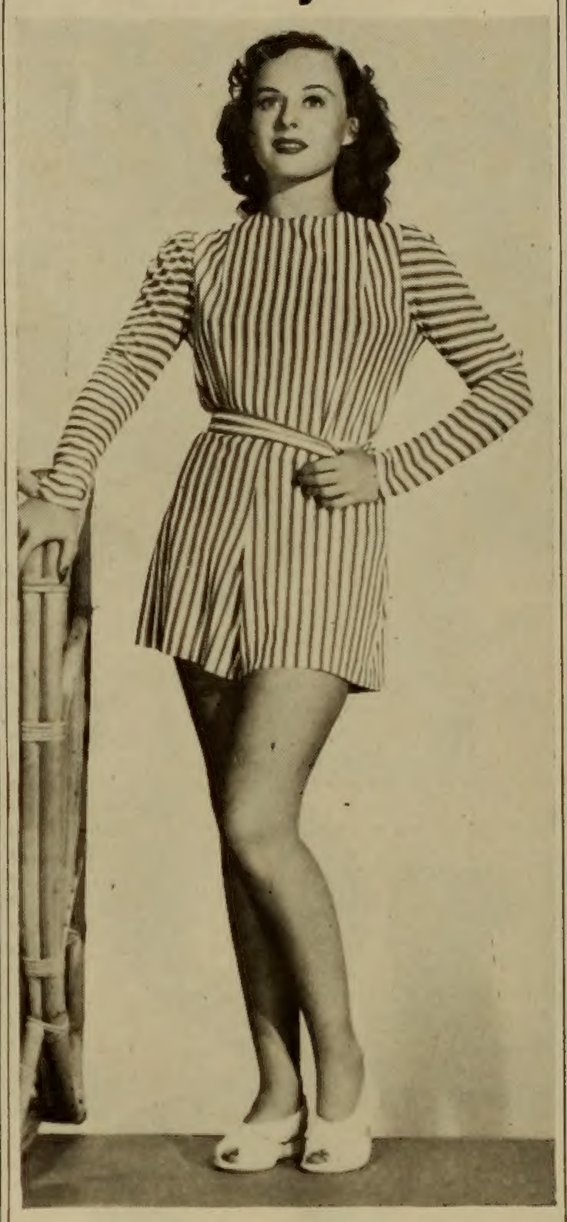
SOUTH OF KARANGA—Universal

Lots of action still can't conceal the weakness of a confusing plot which has Charles Bickford subduing rebellious natives in Africa. It all has something to do with copper mining and the first official trip on a new railroad line. (*August*)

STREET OF MEMORIES—20th Century-Fox

Sincerity of direction and acting (by newcomers John McGuire and Lynne Roberts) and a grand tramp portrayal by Guy Kibbee give a new twist to the old amnesia formula, in which a rich man's son falls in love with a poor girl before he remembers who he is. (*Sept.*)

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Pretty hint: Paulette Goddard

GRADE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get seventy or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty or over, you're doing quite well. Check up on page 88.

1. She is giving up motion-picture work to return to radio because she's tired of dieting for films:
Patricia Morison *Gale Page*
Ona Munson *Madeleine Carroll*

2. This studio is using song titles like "I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now" as titles for several of their pictures:
Universal *Republic*
Columbia *Hal Roach*

3. She is the latest star to adopt a baby:
Hedy Lamarr *Dorothy Lamour*
Joan Crawford *Joan Bennett*

4. He's donating his entire salary received from working in "The Philadelphia Story" to war charities:
Cary Grant *Brian Aherne*
Richard Greene *George Brent*

5. Only one of the following stars is unmarried:
Merle Oberon *Andrea Leeds*
Rita Hayworth *Rosalind Russell*

6. The illness of one of the following gave Martha Scott her opportunity in "The Howards of Virginia":
Alice Faye *Joan Fontaine*
Margaret Sullavan *Carole Lombard*

7. Which of the following stars prefers not to be photographed smiling?
Don Ameche *Dick Powell*
George Raft *Clark Gable*

8. A group of artists recently voted that one of these stars has "the most beautiful body in the world":
Marlene Dietrich *Paulette Goddard*
Dorothy Lamour *Betty Grable*

9. Can you fill in the married names of the stars' wives who had the following maiden names?
Hervey *Shaw*
Gahagan *Eldridge*

10. Which actress had her name legally changed to that of the role that brought her stardom?

★ SUSAN AND GOD—M-G-M

Joan Crawford scores brilliantly as a superficial society woman whose preoccupation with each passing fad—in this case, a new religious cult—drives husband Fredric March to drink and gives daughter Rita Quigley an inferiority complex. A splendid cast plays the story up to the hilt, creating a hit which ranges from sparkling comedy to deep drama. (*August*)

★ THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT—Warners

Ann Sheridan, George Raft and Humphrey Bogart are all excellent in this stirring, down-to-earth tale of truck drivers and their wives, but it's Ida Lupino—as a murder-minded dame—who gives the standout performance. You see, Ida's in love with George, but George loves Ann—all of which spells dynamite for both characters and audience. (*Sept.*)

THOSE WERE THE DAYS—Paramount

College life at the turn of the century provides horse-and-buggy antics aplenty for such engaging juveniles as William Holden, Ezra Stone and Bonita Granville. Fun for the whole family. (*July*)

TOMBOY—Monogram

Marcia Mae Jones has the title role as the daughter of an ex-baseball player, Grant Withers, and makes life tough for her young boy friend, Jackie Moran. Sweetness and light. (*July*)

★ TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS—RKO-Radio

The English classic emerges as a masterly blend of tears and laughter, with Jimmy Lydon outstanding in the title role. Story's about Jimmy's attempts to adjust himself to school life, under the kindly eye of headmaster Cedric Hardwicke and against the plots of bully Billy Halop and foppish Freddie Bartholomew. Not for sophisticates, but just right for everyone else. (*Sept.*)

TORRID ZONE—Warners

Proving that almost anything can happen on a Central American banana plantation managed by Pat O'Brien—and invaded by Ann Sheridan, who's carrying a torch for Jimmy Cagney. Not to be taken seriously, but it's lusty fun. (*August*)

TURNABOUT—Hal Roach-United Artists

Thorne ("Topper") Smith's loopy fantasy of the husband and wife who got their wish: "If only you were in *my* shoes for a day!" Carole Landis and John Hubbard are hilariously convincing as the couple who change bodies, as well as jobs, and nearly wreck her household and his business. Slaphappy comedy. (*July*)

20 MULE TEAM—M-G-M

Wallace Beery has a made-to-order role as the toughest mule skinner in all Death Valley in the early days of the borax industry. Helping him out are Leo Carrillo and Marjorie Rambeau. Top-budget Western. (*July*)

TYPHOON—Paramount

Back to sarongs for Dottie Lamour, as a white girl cast away on a desert isle when she was only a tot. Comes love, in the person of drunken sailor Robert Preston, whom she reforms, with an assist from the typhoon. All too reminiscent of "My Jungle Love," but Lynne Overman's humor helps and so does beautiful color photography. (*July*)

★ UNTAMED—Paramount

Society doctor Ray Milland takes to the great open spaces to reform himself and thereby puts a kink in the marriage of Patricia Morison and Canadian guide Akim Tamiroff. The Technicolor's gorgeous and, since it includes a whale of a blizzard, makes for pleasantly cooling warm-weather fare. (*August*)

★ WATERLOO BRIDGE—M-G-M

This tearful story of World War I is important chiefly because of the work of Vivien Leigh (first since "GWTW") and Robert Taylor (first with his new mustache). Their pathetic romance is broken when he's reported killed in action and she takes to the world's oldest profession—which means plenty of heartaches when he turns up alive. (*August*)

WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE—Paramount

Akim Tamiroff is a respected banker until crooks swindle him out of his trust on a trip to New York. His resultant degradation and exile from wife Gladys George, who courageously goes on bringing up the family, offers a "Stella Dallas" in reverse. Morbid and tear-drenched, but for the most part honest and well-acted. (*July*)

WOLF OF NEW YORK—Republic

In the title role, Edmund Lowe isn't a crook—but he's mighty close to it, as a lawyer who works on the side of crime and against law and order. Adequate cops-and-robbers entertainment. (*July*)

WOMEN IN WAR—Republic

Not a very auspicious comeback for Elsie Janis, favorite entertainer of the doughboys during World War I. Here she's in charge of a hospital at the front and trying, in her hard-boiled way, to watch over Wendy Barrie, who has all the other girls down on her because she's so darned attractive. (*July*)

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—RKO

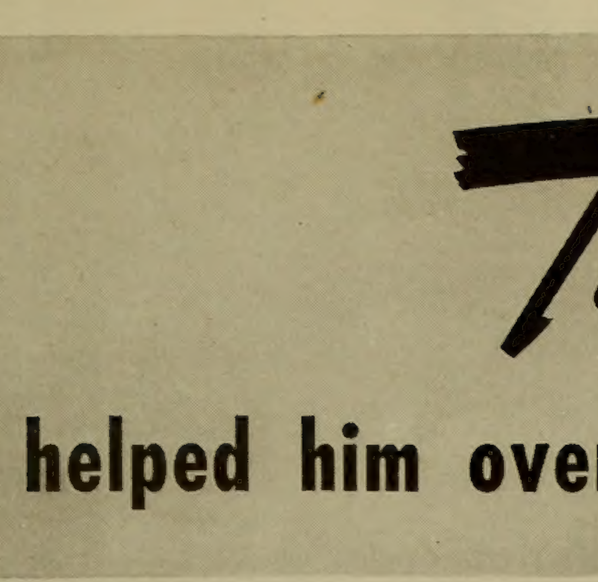
Lucille Ball and James Ellison are a nice young married couple who suffer from too much mother-in-law interference — particularly after Jimmy comes home drunk from entertaining a client. Simple, unsophisticated entertainment. (*August*)

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH—Universal

The Dead End Kids are reformed again (probably as temporarily as in the past), in this case by an Italian woman who believes Billy Halop is her long-lost son. She has a hard time doing it, though. (*August*)

Two Women...

helped him overthrow the most ruthless power in the West!

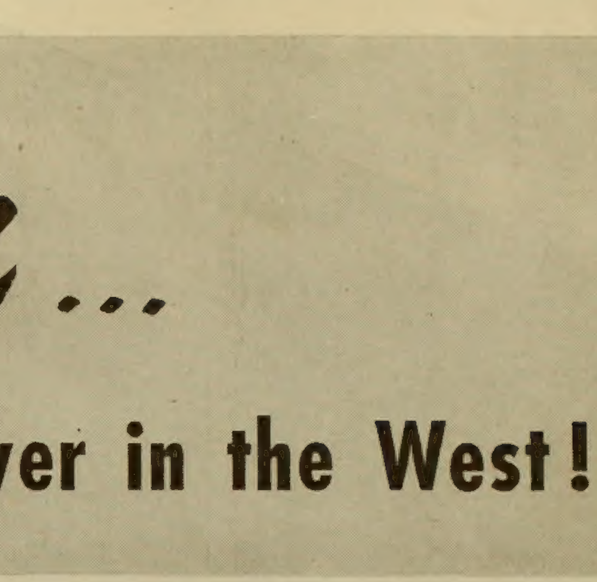


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SHE HAD

Glamour

Most adored woman of her time...exotic Lily Langtry...triumphantly touring the West, and adding the flame of her beauty to the fire that was raging in men's hearts!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

GARY COOPER

IN

THE WESTERNER

with WALTER BRENNAN.

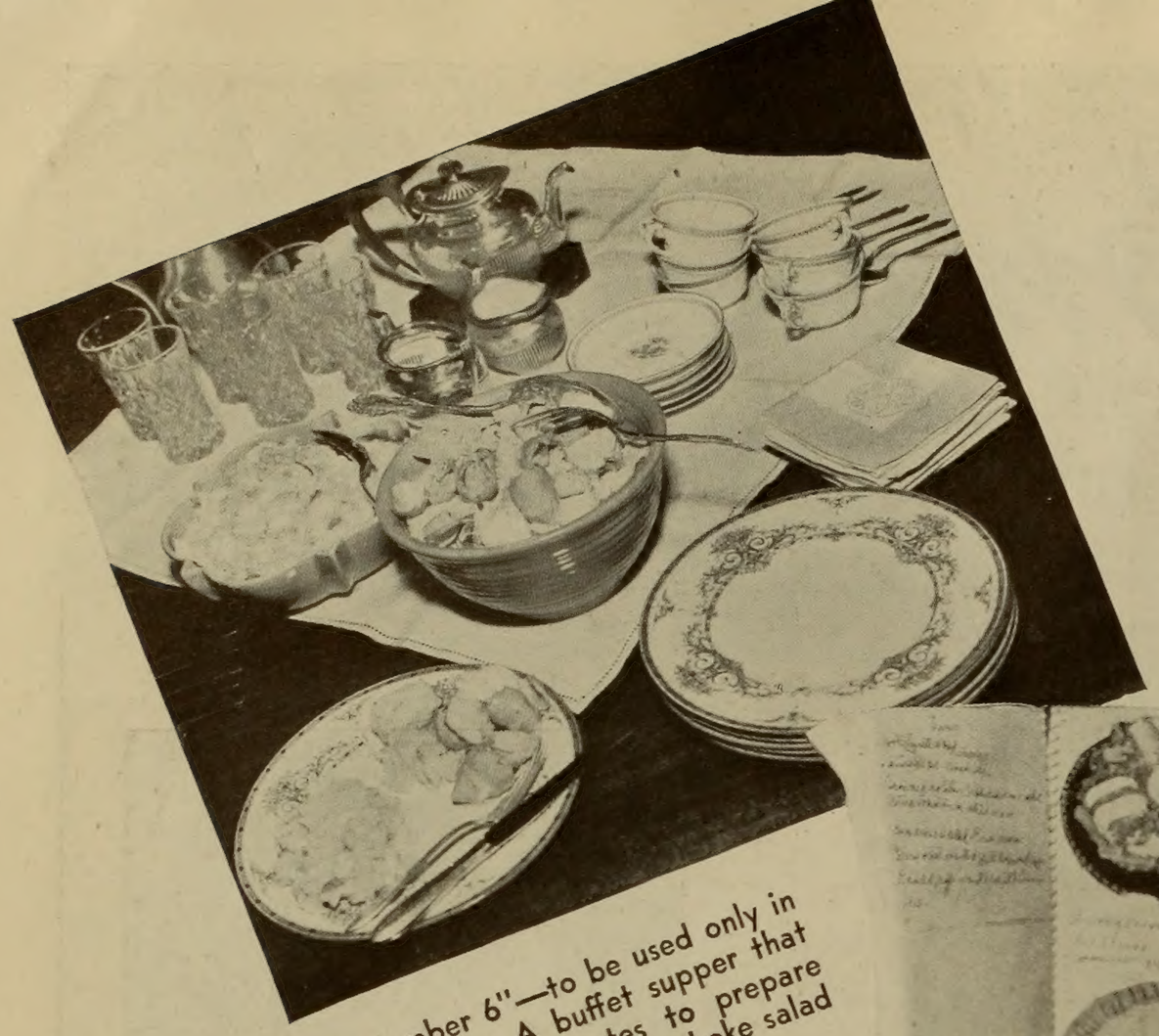
FRED STONE · DORIS DAVENPORT

Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



Watch for this spectacular picture at your local theatre!



"C Number 6"—to be used only in emergencies: A buffet supper that takes just 45 minutes to prepare and boasts a special artichoke salad

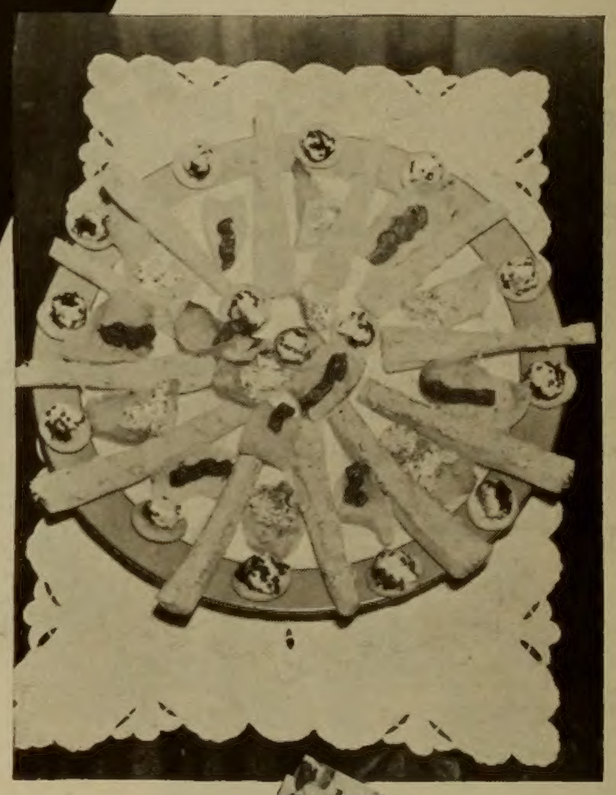


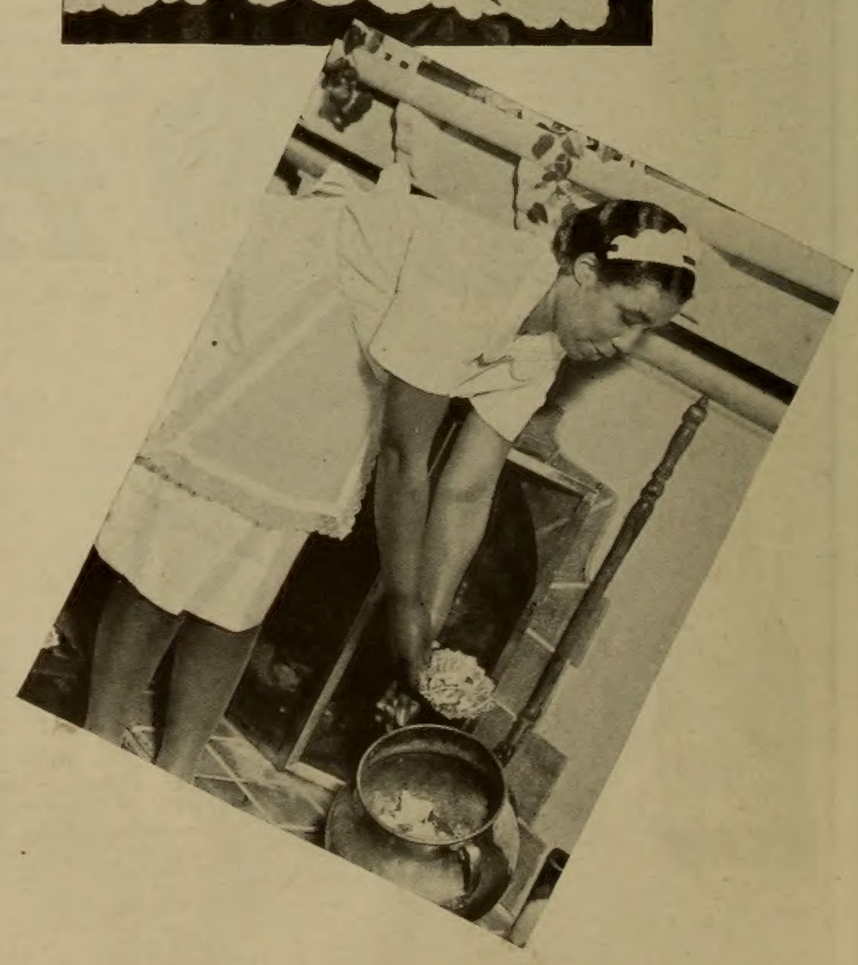
A table that passes the test: Silver highly polished; centerpiece low; candles high enough not to shine in guests' eyes



First step to happy hostessing: A book like Gale's

Hint for hors d'oeuvres: "Almost anything you can think of that's not sweet," says Gale. Samples below





Behind the scenes: While guests dine have living-room ash trays cleaned by the maid—or by your husband as guests go into dinner

Are You Entertaining This Season?

Awarded to Photoplay by Gale Page —the privilege of first publishing the unique contents of her hostess book

BY MARIAN RHEA

"POOH! It's no trouble! I'll just whip up C, Number Six!" And as far as Gale was concerned, that settled everything.

Of course, you may think she was talking double talk. I guess some of us did, at first. But she wasn't. The situation was this. We were on the "Knute Rockne—All American" set at Warners. It was Thursday, maid's day off, but the undaunted Miss Page (who portrays Mrs. Rockne in the picture) had asked a group of us—five besides herself—home for an impromptu buffet supper. And then she found out she'd have to work until nearly seven. Politely, but disappointedly, we said we'd come some other time.

That was when she made the cryptic remark about whipping up C, Number Six. "You're to come anyway," she insisted. "Late or no, Number Six will save us."

It did. We all arrived at Gale's house, Gale among us, at five minutes after seven. At ten minutes to eight a perfectly delicious buffet supper was ready to serve. Over our heaping plates of clam chowder (a different kind of clam chowder from any you have ever eaten before) and artichoke salad, garnished by green olives and homemade watermelon pickles and followed by cantaloupe à la mode and coffee, she explained the mystery of "C, Number Six."

This, it seems, is a certain item in a certain book—a marvelous sort of domestic scrapbook which Gale's mother fixed up and gave her last Christmas. It is a wonderful book for a career girl, for a busy housewife, for any woman who loves a pleasant, well-run home, whether the running is entirely her own responsibility or she has servants to help her out. Its contents are divided into sections, listed under such headings as "Informal Dinners," "Cocktail Parties," "Economy Meals," "Patio Suppers," "Emergency Suppers" and so on. Each heading is indexed with a letter and includes several suitable menus neatly numbered and complete with recipes and all necessary incidental data. So when Gale spoke enigmatically of "C, Number Six," she meant "Emergency Supper Number Six," which she knew to be delicious, well-balanced and quickly prepared.

Naturally, not all of the suggestions or recipes in this novel and invaluable book are original. They were taken from cookbooks (although often changed to add a touch of individuality), clipped from advertisements—assembled, in fact, from here and there and everywhere. The chowder recipe was original, however, and I reproduce it here, since you've probably been wondering how clam chowder, as you know it, could be assembled on a plate with a big serving of salad. Here is the secret:

(Continued on page 12)


NOW...SHE'S A DANCING ROMANCING DEANNA DURBIN
HER 8TH GREAT HIT
in a parade of perfect pictures ... bringing you more happiness than you've ever had!
UNIVERSAL PICTURES presents
Deanna DURBIN in SPRING PARADE
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That fine, tastier flavor of Beech-Nut Gum will last you a mighty long time. Why? The finest flavors are mixed through and through to bring you a more tempting flavor in each piece of Beech-Nut Gum.

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GOING TO THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR?

Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

(Continued from page 10)

4 cans minced clams
1 good-sized pork chop or equivalent amount of pork "strip"
1 medium-sized onion
¼ chopped green pepper
3 medium-sized potatoes
fresh milk equal to amount of clams (can be measured in clam cans)
salt to taste
pepper to taste
paprika to taste
3 tbsp. butter
soda crackers

Chop onion and green pepper; add pork chop cut fine with scissors; add seasoning and brown in butter; add milk, clams and potatoes diced small; cover and boil until potatoes are done. Crumble crackers between hands (not very fine) and add to mixture until it has the consistency of mashed potatoes. Serve in covered tureen or casserole. This serves six hungry people.

Gale made her salad in a huge bowl, using canned baby artichokes cut in half and lettuce cut the same size, mixed with a thin garlic-less dressing, since the flavor of clams is delicate and spoiled by a strong dressing.

The cantaloupe she had in the icebox (probably for breakfast, but she didn't complain) and we bought the ice cream on the way to her house.

BUT so much for the "emergency department." There was also, for instance, a department for a more or less formal home dinners.

Lists of "Helpful Hints" in Gale's remarkable scrapbook which apply to this as well as any "company" dinner, include such notes as: "Be sure that your silver is polished within an inch of its life; that your centerpiece is low and your candles high enough not to shine in people's eyes; that while dinner is going on your living room has been cleared of empty cocktail glasses and your ash trays emptied! (This, it suggests, can be done by the maid if you have one, but if not, by your husband as the rest of the guests are filing into the dining room.) A pleasant custom, Gale suggested, is to serve coffee in the living room after dinner. Nor is black coffee absolutely a rule anymore, she pointed out. Many Hollywood hostesses serve it in large cups with cream and sugar. Another favorite custom of hers is to "perk" the coffee in the presence of her guests. "But if you do that," she admonished, "be *sure* the water is hot to begin with so it won't take too long." The hostess then pours the coffee and if there isn't a maid, the husband serves those who are not seated within reach.

A department for cocktail parties is also a part of Gale's scrapbook, although she personally likes teas better, she says. Of course, there are numerous hors d'oeuvres suggestions listed. "Almost anything you can think of that isn't sweet can be made up into something nifty—the more unusual the better," she declares. Among her favorites are boiled artichoke leaves tipped with cream cheese and potato chips spread with anchovy paste. Other favorites are potato chips sprinkled with grated cheese and browned in the oven, cheese balls rolled in caviar and pressed on tiny wafers, celery stuffed with grated carrots mixed with Rocquefort paste.

Hints to the cocktail hostess set forth in Gale's book include such items as: "Don't have so many guests that the scene becomes the proverbial 'madhouse'; take out some of the furniture if you think there will be a crush; arrange for some sort of moisture-proof covering for your tables; don't use, for canapés, crackers too large to be devoured in one bite—there is nothing more annoying than to have one break into bits when you take a bite; keep your rooms well ventilated; have plenty of ash trays and keep them cleaned out; have at least one nonalcoholic cocktail on hand (clam and tomato juice, seasoned with lemon, is a good idea)."

Gale gives a good many informal Sunday night buffet suppers, which are a lot of fun.

Here is "G, Number Four":

Cold Baked Ham
(set out partially sliced)
Cold Roast Beef (ditto)
Potato Chips Whole Spiced Apples
Tomato Mould Mayonnaise
Mustard Worcestershire Sauce Catsup
Pickles Green Ripe Olives Relish
Bread Sticks
Vanilla Ice Cream Chocolate Ice Cream
Marshmallow Sauce Toasted Cocoanut
Crushed Strawberries Crushed Nuts
Hot Chocolate Sauce
Coffee

GALE'S "miracle book" even has a department devoted to bridal affairs. Among "bridal notes" in this department is a simple, correct seating plan for guests, to wit: Bride and groom at one end of table; from the bride's right, running down side of the table, best man, bridesmaid, usher, relatives and friends, wife of minister; from the groom's left, down other side of table, maid of honor, usher, bridesmaid, relatives and friends, groom's father, bride's mother, minister; at the other end of the table father of bride directly opposite bride, mother of groom opposite groom.

Last but not least in Gale's book there is a section labeled "Miscellaneous" which includes all sorts of useful data and suggestions—menus for reducing, menus for invalids, picnic menus, directions for serving, cleaning secrets—every sort of household hint you can think of. It seems to me that the most pertinent of all is a set of rules for having house guests and for being the same:

For the hostess:

1. Set an hour for breakfast and serve it then. (You must consider your maid if you have one and yourself if you haven't.)
2. Don't try to entertain your guests every minute of the day. Give them time to themselves. They'll appreciate it.
3. Be chary of large parties in your guests' "honor" when they won't know anyone present and if the truth were known probably aren't particularly anxious to meet them.
4. Don't try to "show them the town" unless you're sure they want to see it. Perhaps they'd rather relax in the back-yard hammock.
5. When you invite guests, be exact about the time you'd like to have them stay. This makes for a more comfortable feeling all the way round.
6. Always have plenty—also a good assortment—of canned things in the house. You'll never be embarrassed by a "skimpy" meal if you do. You can always "open up" something extra.

And for the guest:

1. Be on time for meals or make it clear you won't be there at all.
2. If there is only one bath, don't stay in it all day.
3. Take yourself off for lunch, even though it may be only to the corner drugstore, unless you are *sure* your hostess will be arranging one anyway. Often, she may be dieting.
4. Take care of your own room unless there is a houseful of servants.
5. Don't stay too long! Better your departure be regretted than longed for.
6. Always follow a visit with presents for the family. They needn't be much. It's the thought that counts.

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

the scene in "New Moon," immediately after Jeanette drops the "key," as a sample of another kind of lover.

Mrs. E. Irwin,
Glendale, Cal.

CUSTOMER REACTION

AFTER all, it is the ultimate effect on the customer (or the public, as Hollywood may choose to call it) that constitutes the "Stop" or "Go" of a picture.

"All This And Heaven Too" was unreal in its aspects of life as lived even for the time the play took place. There was too much emphasis on the children and their affection for Bette Davis and too little on the warm feelings of the adults.

It also seems that it would have been well to have French exercises appear on the blackboard of the schoolroom, or have the boards cleared completely, rather than have geometric equations so much in evidence.

In my opinion, this picture did not do justice to Bette Davis, a marvelous actress.

Harriet Brown,
Atlanta, Ga.

HAT TOSSINGS

I RECENTLY saw "Waterloo Bridge" and thought it was the best picture ever made. Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor are both excellent in it.

I think they are both at the head of the line already for next year's Academy Award by their work in this picture.

It gave you a thrill to see them act the parts of *Myra* and *Roy* so vividly. Personally, beautiful Vivien Leigh is my favorite actress and I think she was given a heart-rending role to play and did it beautifully.

Bouquets to them both! May we have many more pictures like "Waterloo Bridge."

M. Allison,
Knightstown, Ind.

PHOTOPLAY POLL OF THE MONTH

Results of all "Boos and Bouquets" letters received are presented here in an "at a glance" fashion:

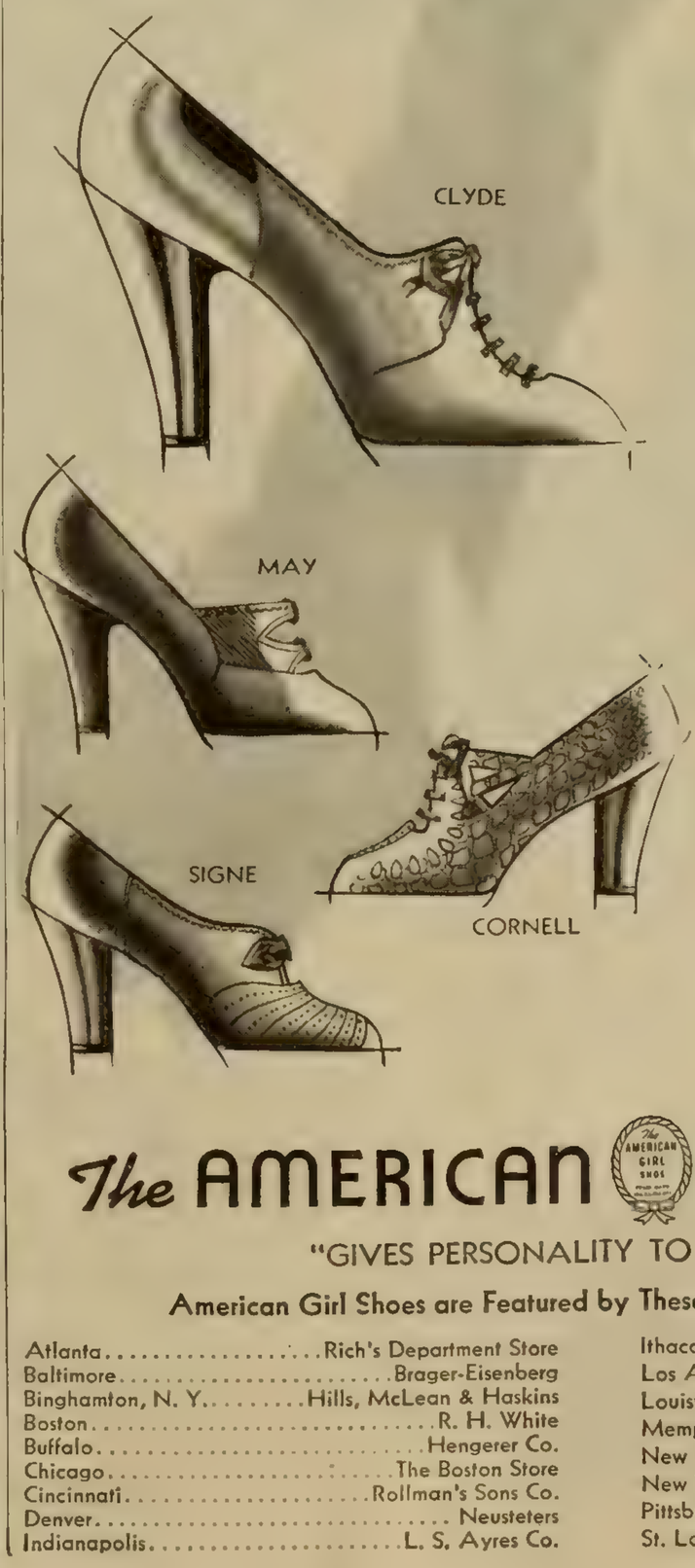
Best Actress	Best Actor	Best Film	Monthly Cheer	Pet Peeve	Story Most Enjoyed
					**"Man of Many Moments"**
Bette Davis	*Laurence Olivier*	*Mortal Storm*	*Dorothy Lamour*	*Tyrone Power and Annabella*	
"The gods threw away the pattern after they made her." *Patty Brinton Santa Barbara, Cal.*	*"In 'Rebecca' his flexible, fluid voice held the audiences spellbound."* *Florence Sears Hartford, Conn.*	*"A good picture to awaken many who 'have to be shown' before they believe."* *H. M. Walker, Jr. Indianapolis, Ind.*	*"Cheers to a real trouper for having her hair cut off! That took real courage . . ."* *Pat Preusser Berkeley, Cal.*	*"Why, at the premiere of 'Maryland,' didn't they give out with a smile instead of a frown?"* *Ann Logue Baltimore, Md.*	*"We all enjoyed the wonderful story 'Man of Many Moments' by Howard Sharpe in Photoplay."* *Mary E. Hanlon Hollywood, Cal.*



George Sanders—the "Saint" from old St. Petersburg! A Britisher born in Russia (1906) . . . educated in England . . . launched in business (briefly) in South America...never married anywhere. . . . Six feet three, grey-eyed and brown-haired, he alternates playing heroes and villains in such diverse films as the "Saints" and "Foreign Correspondent"



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Cincinnati	Rollman's Sons Co.
Denver	Neusteters
Indianapolis	L. S. Ayres Co.
Ithaca	Rothschild Bros., Inc.
Los Angeles	The Innes Co.
Louisville	Kaufman-Strauss Co.
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New Orleans	Imperial Shoe Store
New York	James McCreery
Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's Department Store
St. Louis	Stix, Baer & Fuller

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. . . revealing the story behind the heroic Mormon trek westward! 20,000 people seeking a land where a man—wives and children—brave young lovers and a fighting leader—could find the freedom they were willing to die for!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

BRIGHAM YOUNG

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

starring
TYRONE
POWER • **DARNELL**
with
LINDA

Brian Donlevy • Jane Darwell • John Carradine
Mary Astor • Vincent Price • Jean Rogers • Ann Todd
and **DEAN JAGGER** as Brigham Young

Directed by Henry Hathaway
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Why 20th Century-Fox looks on the brighter side: Gene Tierney, imported from Broadway for "The Return of Frank James"



Girl with promise: Betty Field, well on her way to being a Paramount pet in "Victory"

Ruth Waterbury

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IT IS a strange thing to watch a sobered Hollywood going about its work . . . there is more patriotic propaganda being prepared out here than is generally known . . . and there are more unhappy people, too . . . at Warners, they are making short thrilling Americanization subjects for the government . . . they cost $45,000 each and Warners are paying for all of them themselves . . . at the very new Disney plant, they have offered to turn over the whole factory, if it can be useful, to our Washington authorities . . . Disney's is the newest of studios and its genius for making charts, maps and such things would be inestimable. . . .

All the charity drives are still going on . . . but they are no longer haphazard . . . Sam Goldwyn is the clearing house on Red Cross donations now and the stars who were sending money to France, Poland and such countries are now sending all their money to the English Red Cross, being more confident that it will get into the right hands there than if they send it direct to Europe . . . the foreigners go around, too quiet, trying not to burden other people with their worries over relatives from whom they have had no word for months on end, despite their daily desperate cables. . . .

The whole town is suddenly very touched by the spectacle of very handsome, very young Richard Greene going off to war . . . for all his looks and talent, it is as though that boy were born under an unlucky star . . . every time his career gets started, outside forces intervene to halt it . . . that freakish automobile accident that almost crippled him . . . his long recent illness . . . and now the deadly shadow of war falling upon him. . . .

Such conditions in Hollywood make everything more unreal than usual . . . an atmosphere that is helped by the fact that our spring out here extends into July so that our real summer heat hits in September and October . . . and the girls who still want to dress smartly are hard put to it, trying to wear woolens in a sun of 95 degrees. . . .

Film production is back in its old stride . . . only costs have been cut . . . and the new discoveries keep flooding in . . . and Cupid is working overtime . . . those two facts tie in with one another and the times, too. . . .

GO to Twentieth Century-Fox and you find the desks in the publicity department piled high with pictures of the very beautiful Gene Tierney . . . the very luscious Linda Darnell . . . the very curvacious Mary Beth Hughes . . . the very pretty Anne Baxter . . . the highly dynamic Dean Jagger . . . add all those girls' ages and you wouldn't hit much over 80 and Jagger is no Rip Van Winkle, either.

Go to Metro and you will hear about boyish Dan Dailey Jr. . . . about little June Preisser about John Shelton. . . .

Go to Paramount and see the light in their eyes as they talk about Betty Field . . . and Betty Brewer . . . or listen to the talk at RKO about Maureen O'Hara . . . or at Universal about Robert Stack . . . there has never, in the whole history of Hollywood, been so many absolutely new and positively talented youngsters in town all at once . . . and this makes love flash around town, excited as a pinwheel in a hurricane. . . .

Encountering pretty Cecilia Parker and flaming Lana Turner on the same day impresses you with the idea that very often in Hollywood a half success is better in terms of individual happiness than a great hit . . . the madcap Turner-Shaw marriage has crashed in four months . . . while gentle Cecilia is going around town joyously announcing her approaching motherhood . . . if wild young Lana can ever tame her own impulsiveness, there is no doubt of her brilliant future . . . while Cecilia, a naturally very good actress, has probably lost her original great chance . . . not that I think she gives a hoot



New shining lights on the sets: Dean Jagger of Fox's "Brigham Young" . . .



. . . John Shelton, veteran of vaudeville and radio, in "We Who Are Young" . . .



. . . Robert Stack, the young leading man Universal's talking about . . .



. . . Charlotte Greenwood, resembling Marie Dressler in "The Young People"

. . . she is too happy . . . she wouldn't risk that happiness for lights a mile long spelling her name a mile high . . . even her good-looking, devoted young husband, Richard Baldwin, will probably never make the terrific brackets . . . but I don't think he cares, either . . . he's got a nice contract with RKO . . . Ceci's got her good contract with the *Hardy Family* . . . and they've got each other and their home and their friends and now they are going to have their family . . . they belong in the group with the Robert Youngs . . . the Pat O'Briens . . . John Payne and Anne Shirley . . . Frances Dee and Joel McCrea . . . the Bing Crosbys and the Don Ameches . . . not in the group of Alice Faye . . . or Joan Crawford . . . or Bette Davis . . . or Hedy Lamarr, the career girls . . . yet even as you decide that perhaps no "top" stars are really happy . . . you walk across the RKO lot late in the afternoon and discover Clark Gable lounging smilingly against the door of the stage where Carole Lombard is emoting . . . "Just waiting for my girl to get through working," he explains. . . .

IT seems very un-Hollywood to watch everyone becoming simpler, rather than more de luxe, but what with the income tax, which up until now has been taking nearly seventy percent of the income of such top-bracket people as Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Jeanette MacDonald and stars of their importance, definitely going higher for next year . . . everybody is economizing on luxuries, both to save for next year's taxes and to have more money left for charity . . . Cary of course is giving every cent of the $125,000 he is making from "Philadelphia Story" to the British Red Cross . . . thus the place to go if you want to see stars these evenings is not nearly so much the night clubs, but places like the Farmer's Market by day . . . this market is the new chic place to lunch, even if you do have to carry your own food around on a tray . . . and as a market it is certainly the most delightful food center ever devised . . . it is merely a collection of little whitewashed stalls shaded by trees and pretty awnings . . . in a great open field in the center of town . . . here the farmers come at dawn . . . to set up their little stands . . . and here the stars come at noon and push around small baskets on wheels, laden with bags and boxes of food which they must transport to their cars themselves . . . there's everything in the market from orchids to pinafores . . . and any day you can see such gay people as Mrs. Ralph Bellamy and Gail Patrick and Genevieve Tobin and Eloise O'Brien and scores of others there shopping . . . they are "the wives" mostly . . . (and again not the career girls) . . . and they wear the best tailored slack suits you ever imagined as they go about. . . .

EVEN the best productions of the month are getting simpler . . . the knockout hit is "Boom Town," a picture which for cost we probably won't be seeing the like of again for seasons, what with the world film market lost . . . but this zowie that you simply mustn't miss has an exhilarating simplicity of story . . . just two men and the girl they loved (plus a siren thrown in for good measure) . . . and "Boom Town's" very expensiveness is the exception to this month's rule . . . The thing of the most interest at the "Boom Town" preview was not the knockout performances of Gable, Tracy and Colbert . . . those all the reviewers expected and most certainly witnessed . . . It was the audience impatience as it waited for the appearance of Hedy Lamarr that was fascinating . . . All over the packed theater you could hear whispers . . . "Where's Hedy" . . . "Where's Hedy" . . . When finally she did make her appearance . . . altogether too close to the end of the picture . . . the audience gasped as one person at the fresh assault of her beauty upon it . . . It is pleasant to report too, that once more Metro's policy of watchful waiting on their stars is paying dividends . . . for the luring Lamarr is not easy to cast and her role in this vivid action picture is very small . . . Yet in it she shows a great surety both in dramatics and in English plus brief flashes of that gaiety and almost childlike charm with which she is generously endowed. . . .

When it comes to hits . . . there are two "sleepers" . . . "My Love Came Back" and "The Great McGinty" . . . I don't know how much business "The Great McGinty" will do . . . it hasn't so much as a single highly publicized name to bless its bookkeeping department with . . . its love story is pretty pushed around . . . in some ways its bitter humor may annoy you . . . but its very freshness and distinction recommend it to your attention . . . and it is obvious that it must have been made for nickels and dimes even though its very economies confer a greater glory on its writer-producer Preston Sturgis and on its leading man whom it makes a star—Brian Donlevy . . . there is one surprise . . . "The Young People," Shirley Temple's final picture for Twentieth Century which everyone in Hollywood whispered was a floperoo and which now reveals itself as quite the opposite . . . and one "B" which seems to me just as good as an "A" that was made from almost the same pattern . . . I'm referring here to "Sporting Blood" and "Maryland" . . . "Sporting Blood" being the "B" . . . there is a new outspokenness in this film and in the zany "The Boys From Syracuse" . . . lines which may very well offend some wives and mothers but which will delight the boys in the back room . . . but the quality that is so delightful in "My Love Came Back" is its absolute atmosphere of spontaneous youth . . . Olivia de Havilland and Jeffrey Lynn are delightful as its leading characters yet it was interesting to note that the preview audience went giddy with merriment every time Eddie Albert appeared . . . while "The Young People," presenting Little Miss Temple for the very first time as a "growing up" also reveals her with a grace of dancing movement and an adolescent charm that makes you know Shirley is most certainly not "through" . . . and also in this film enters a great stage comedienne, Charlotte Greenwood . . . pulling every sure-fire laugh trick that she has learned in years in the theater and making you love them, old as they are . . . but also offering something much more . . . such real warmth that if they are still looking for "another Marie Dressler" . . . I think Miss Greenwood could approximate the great-heartedness of that wonderful woman more nearly than any candidate who has been named so far. . . .

This all adds up, you see, to Hollywood's keeping individualism alive and exciting in a world that is becoming daily more regimented . . . trying to show the glory and the sensitiveness and the emotions of the human spirit in days when guns are trying to destroy it. . . .

It is really rather like a declaration of faith in man even if it is rendered in terms of beauty and laughter . . . Hollywood spreads its gospel by way of a milkman's child who turns out to be Baby Sandy . . . in terms of an Irish boy from the slums of New York who became Jimmy Cagney . . . in terms of the lowly waiter who became Universal's Joe Pasternak of the unselfish soul and the production genius . . . the list could go on to include every important name in Hollywood . . . but only the idea is important . . . and that is to remember . . . we lucky Americans are still free to laugh at make-believe loves and sob at make-believe sorrows . . . the Cinderellas and Prince Charmings of Hollywood portray them for us . . . it's Hollywood's job to make us relax right now . . . and even though it is a sobered Hollywood today, it's still trying to do its job magnificently.

Fan QUIZ!

QUESTION

1 In what picture does Bing Crosby croon "That's for Me" to a lovely lady who used to admit publicly that her "Heart Belongs to Daddy?"

2 Who are known as "the most happily married couple in Hollywood?" And in what romantic comedy do they play the roles of very quarrelsome but very loving newlyweds?

3 What nationally known screen and radio character has a new girl, not to mention a new pal who is a terrific scene stealer?

4 What girl is fortunate enough in what moving picture version of a Joseph Conrad masterpiece to spend a week alone on a South Sea Island with Fredric March?

5 Who is the lovely English-born beauty who steals Fred MacMurray's heart in the big new outdoors adventure picture directed by Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town") Wood. And what Daughter of the Dust Bowl makes news by playing a terrific kid role in the same picture?



Paramount Pictures

ANSWER...

1 Bing Crosby sings "That's for Me" to Mary Martin in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River," the big streamlined musical which also stars Basil Rathbone, with Oscar Levant.

2 Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, of course, the stars of Paramount's "I Want a Divorce," the picture Hollywood is raving about as setting Joan and Dick firmly on the comeback trail.

3 Henry Aldrich, America's new Peck's Bad Boy, played by Jackie Cooper, has Boston and Broadway's cute little Leila Ernst, success of "Too Many Girls" for a girl friend, and Eddie Bracken, also a star of the same New York hit show, as his pal in "Life With Henry" starring the Aldrich Family.

4 Fredric March in Paramount's all-star production of Joseph Conrad's immortal "Victory" welcomes Betty Field to his private island paradise in the South Seas and starts a thrilling series of romantic adventures in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke and other famous name players play exciting parts.

5 Patricia Morison corrals the hard-boiled heart of Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune," the Sam Wood action adventure drama of three rough, tough sons of the Old Border Country, "Rangers of Fortune." Betty Brewer, the little Okie kid, discovered singing on the Los Angeles streets makes her film bow in this picture.

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WRITE FOR OUR NEW BOOKLET "TRUE TO AMERICAN FORM" THE STROUSE, ADLER COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



When Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey first adopted a baby, Hollywood suspected that Hedy had an ulterior motive. These statements about the baby, made to this famous reporter soon after Hedy's separation from Markey, make clear her real status

"I AM going to keep little Jimmy if it means giving up my career. I must keep him. I can't live if they decide to take him back."

The heartbroken girl curled up at the end of the divan across the room from me was Hedy Lamarr. But it was not Hedy the glamorous star who has been hailed as the most beautiful woman who ever came to Hollywood. Instead, it was a frightened mother who had been walking the floor since dawn of the day "they," the Children's Society, were to decide whether Hedy, recently separated from Gene Markey, could keep the 15-months-old little boy who has completely won her heart.

I tried to think of something to say to hearten and encourage her—for if anyone ever needed a word of hope and comfort it was Hedy that dark morning. Yet I couldn't truthfully tell her that she would be allowed to keep the winsome, cuddly little boy. The rules of the Society which gives children for adoption are rigid. It is right they should be. One of the most stringent is that couples who separate within a year after adopting a child must return the baby. It is not for us to argue whether the inviolate rule is fair or unfair—or if circumstances alter cases.

I remembered what an awful heartache Marian Nixon went through when her separation from Eddie Hillman brought about the tragedy of having to return to the institution the little blue-eyed son they had adopted. Hedy knew this, too. Perhaps more than anything else it was the reason for the icicles of fear that had clutched at her heart ever since she and Gene had come to a parting of the ways—and honestly admitted their separation instead of keeping up a pretense that all was well with them.

"I have never felt like this about anything in my life," she said, running nervous fingers through her thick black hair. She was wearing no make-up, not even the crimson lipstick usually so conspicuous against her white face. She wore white slacks and the only touch of color was a bright scarf knotted at her throat.

"It is the suspense of the last three weeks since Gene and I separated that has been so awful. I haven't been able to think about anything else. I haven't been able to see anyone. All I can do is to walk the floor day and night until this dreadful suspense is ended. I haven't been out of the house for days. Yesterday the studio called wanting to talk to me about my new picture. But I couldn't leave.

"I can't bear to be away from Jimmy one moment until things are settled one way or another. He is so adorable, Louella. When I am dressing in the morning he comes in my room—he's so chubby and fat and cute he really waddles. And seeing him in his bath—in his little high chair—and then stealing in to watch him as he sleeps at night makes it all the harder," her voice faltered, "if they don't let me keep him I just don't know what I shall do."

I have had many unhappy movie stars weep on my shoulder and tell me their troubles during my twenty-five years as a motion-picture writer, but never in all that time have I seen a woman so heartbroken over a child that is not even her own. It was amazing for a girl who has the world at her feet to show this fierce, possessive mother love.

To tell the truth, I fear I had misjudged Hedy. When she first confided to me that she wanted a baby more than anything in the world and would adopt one if she weren't lucky enough to have a child of her own, I was skeptical. Lamarr, the great glamour girl, didn't seem the type of woman who had the qualities of deep-seated motherhood. I did her a grave injustice, I realized that now, for I thought her incessant talk about wanting a child was a beautiful dramatic "act."

I said to myself one night after I had met her and Gene Markey at a party and Hedy talked for over an hour about wanting a baby: "She is doing this so Gene will forget little Melinda Markey"—who is, as you know, the adorable little daughter born to him and Joan Bennett.

When the Markeys suddenly and surprisingly adopted a little son after only six months of marriage I think a great many people shared that opinion.

But being with Hedy in this hour of doubt, watching her heart torn by the suspense of what would happen later in this day—I knew how wrong I had been.

TO make clear just what little Jimmy had come to mean in the life of Hedy, I think it necessary to look back a moment over that amazing marriage of Hedy's and Gene's and to try and explain many things hard for people outside of Hollywood to understand.

I've known Hedy ever since she first came to

(Continued on page 82)

HITLER'S SPIES OVE

BY JACK WADE

An exposé of America's most dangerous Fifth Column—the recently discovered, appalling activities of agents working in Hollywood under orders from Berlin





When German consular courier Herbert Hoehne (right) was arr
for reputed possession of plans to disable the Panama C
his $15,000 bail was paid by Captain Fritz Wiedemann, Hi
former personal adjutant, now German consul at San Fran

WHEN General Francisco Franco coined the sinister phrase, "Fifth Column," probably the last city in the world he had in mind was Hollywood.

Yet today a Nazi fifth column marches in Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the towns surrounding the influential motion-picture capital.

According to all indications, next to that of the New York metropolitan area, it is the largest, most rapidly growing and most active fifth column in the United States!

A few months ago the spectacle of Adolf Hitler over Hollywood would have struck the good citizens of that giddy community as fantastic—even as it does some complacent ones today. Only recently has Hollywood received jolts sharp enough to rouse the somnolent members of its colony to the reality and danger of the subversive threat.

What is this Hollywood Fifth Column? How does it work?

Roughly, Hitler's Hollywood undercover armies are divided into two major groups. One consists of professional spies and intelligence operatives. The other comprises a host of U. S. Nazis, Nazi sympathizers, German-American Bundsters, propagandists and otherwise Hitler-subsidized self-appointed heralds of the New Order.

The first group is not interested in Hollywood, except in a secondary way. Its primary concern is with the many extremely strategic defense points and industries which lie within a few miles, and sometimes yards, of the motion-picture studios. The great aircraft factories of Southern California—Douglas, Lockheed, Northrup and such, where sixty percent of all Uncle Sam's military airplanes are made and tested. The home base of the United States fleet at San Pedro. The destroyer base at San Diego. The oil fields, Fort MacArthur, the West Coast aviation stronghold of the U. S. Army at March Field.

This active, professional group of spies obviously takes its orders direct from Berlin, via San Francisco and the German consulate there headed by the ultracharming Captain Fritz Wiedemann, Hitler's former World War commander and later his personal adjutant. Recently a German consular courier, one Herbert Hoehne, was arrested in Beverly Hills carrying a bag, which reputedly held, in code, plans for disabling the Panama Canal! His $15,000 bail was supplied by Captain Wiedemann.

But while the German spy swarm is concerned with more vital game than the motion-picture industry and its people, it has a very direct contact with Hollywood. Hollywood



homes are where it hides out. The mansions of Beverly Hills, which require many servants, which are handy to all strategic centers, which are owned by busy people conveniently wrapped up in their own hectic Hollywood affairs, make ideal stables for the professional Trojan horse. As has recently been shockingly discovered. For instance—

THE other day, a Hollywood producer, who has employed a German couple in his home for the past two years, happened to pick up a telephone extension and hear one of his servants talking in German. Understanding the language himself, he was amazed to hear a gruff Teutonic voice ordering them to pack and be ready to leave the next morning.

The producer called in the couple immediately and demanded an explanation. At first they surlily refused to talk. But when he pretended to be wounded by their desertion and mentioned the two years of pleasant association, they broke into tears. They did not want to leave him, they said, because they were very happy. But they had been ordered to leave at once for Brazil where jobs in an important government official's house had been secured for them by the German intelligence. Unless they obeyed they would never again see Germany or their relatives.

That was the first time the producer had the faintest inkling his house harbored German operatives.

A Hollywood actress had another experience.

She hired a new cook and general house servant, congratulating herself on the woman's fine appearance and manner, paying no attention to her suspicion of a German accent. The woman cooked well—most Germans can—but she was awkward at serving. Just the same, the actress was well content. Until, one evening, she happened to look in her new servant's clothes closet. She saw there a group of expensive evening gowns, each a creation the actress would have been proud to own.

This puzzled her. So, a little later, did the vast amount of foreign mail from South America, Australia and Switzerland which arrived for the cook daily. And the typewriter which chattered far into the night, when the new maid wasn't away in some mysterious escort's sleek, expensive car. Just as she was about to call the FBI, the new maid regretfully, and charmingly, announced her departure—and vanished.

A handsome, silent, extremely efficient blond chauffeur was the pride and joy of a Hollywood studio executive. He hadn't had him long—only a few months—but the smartness of his appearance, his aristocratic bearing and polished manner made him the envy of every other limousine owner at the glittering premieres and social events of Hollywood. The other chauffeurs, however, didn't find him very chummy.

The executive was pleased to turn over the gate lodge on his big estate to this jewel. Though he noticed that many times during the night the chauffeur had visitors, though sometimes in the small hours the muffled noises of cars arriving and departing penetrated his sleep, he thought nothing of it. Until one night, hunting his man, he strolled inside the chauffeur's quarters. There he discovered stacks of pro-Nazi pamphlets, ready to be carried out. To his dismay, the executive realized his home was being used as a distributing point for Nazi literature. He waited up all night for the chauffeur and his propaganda crew. They never showed up.

In the last few months an unprecedented flood of German house help—cooks, chauffeurs, maids, nursemaids, butlers, grooms—has been available for Hollywood homes. One Beverly Hills domestic employment agency has been sending nothing but German servants to its job openings. Germans make excellent servants and most of them get the jobs. Furthermore, they work hard and efficiently. What they do at night is their own business—or possibly Hitler's.

NOT all actual Nazi agents operate in the guise of menial servants in Hollywood, of course. It is just as easy to be unnoticed by being opulent in a wealthy community such as the movie colony. That is, if it isn't overdone.

The other day a prominent Hollywood decorator who has a house in Westwood where many screen stars and artists live decided to rent it. His wife was going East

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OLLYWOOD



The polished section of the Fifth Column: Charming young men found at cocktail parties. Starting with criticism of Roosevelt, they gain a sympathetic ear, end up with a subtle eulogy of Hitlerism



A Hollywood actress employed a German cook, was well content until she found the beautiful evening clothes in the cook's closet, watched her speed away at night in sleek expensive cars

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY JR.





One plus one equals a lot of clowning (right) and his show partner, George

Thanks



Worth a cooky any day was the Hope round-as-an-apple physique

BY SARA HAMILTON

WHILE the world trembles, politicians pound and yell, diplomats plan and scheme, five million Americans are daily asking, "Who's Yehudi?"

"There's hope for a country," wrote a gentleman of wisdom, only a year ago, "that can sing in one loud united chorus, 'A-Tisket, A-Tasket, I Lost My Yellow Basket'."

Today a new Hope in this melee of doubts and disturbances has arisen like a cock-eyed sun over a tipsy horizon; a scoop-faced, brown-eyed, glib-tongued lad, one Leslie Townes Hope (alias Bob Hope) who has literally conquered the nation with his screen antics, his volley of radio gags, catch lines and puns, delivered with the rapidity of a machine gun going it full blast with never a moment's letdown.

On the screen or off, on the radio or off, on the golf links or all over his living-room rug, he's at it. He lives, moves and has his being in a world of gag creations, with no thought of show-offishness. That's the mystery, the puzzling, baffling, peculiar complexity of Bob Hope. The last thing he isn't is a smart aleck, and the last thing he's done is crowd Jack Benny's Crossley rating—the famous poll for radio popularity—and to create a "held over for two more weeks" condition with his pictures, "Road to Singapore" and "The Ghost Breakers."

His recent personal-appearance tour is still the talk of the town. Records, to say nothing of skulls, were broken like so many political promises. Showmen, wise in the ways of the theater, declared they've never seen the like of it. This is no Romeo we are talking about, remember. This is a funny man with a soup-ladle nose called Bob Hope.

His amazing sky-rocket success is the result of a very important discovery made when Bob was exactly 3½ years old and lived in London, England, where he was born. He discovered he could enjoy the combined pleasure of being funny (being funny has always been a source of wholehearted enjoyment to Hope) and being paid for it at the same time.

In a cottage at the rear of their home in England lived Bob's great-aunt Polly, 102 years of age. Her husband, a brave seafaring man, had died at 97 and Aunt Polly, who now lived in the cottage alone, loved to have her seven great-grandsons come avisiting, especially little Leslie. Short-legged and round as an apple, he could always make Aunt Polly laugh by putting his hands into the pockets of his abbreviated



By special permission of the family-album owners: The Hope brood. Back row: Fred, Jack, Ivor; middle row: Mrs. Hope, Sydney, Mr. Hope. Front: George and Leslie Townes, Bob's given name



Feminine interest, purely professional: Bob and a partner in his stage act

Below: A sprouting Fred Astaire. Ex-prize fighter Bob takes up dancing at Sojack's Cleveland academy



Beginning

THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF BOB HOPE

FOR THE MEMORIES

pants and then pushing them out beyond his round little tummy. For this bit of buffoonery, Les received a cookie. The greenbacked cookies that have gone under the bridge since—but to get back to England and the Hopes.

The father was a prosperous citizen who owned a string of race horses on the side. But times went bad and his brother Frank, who had gone to America twelve years before, suggested his brother come to that new country and, with him, begin again. Six months later Mrs. Hope gathered up her brood of seven lads, Ivor, Jim, Fred, Jack, Leslie (or Bob), Syd and George, and they were on their way to join their father. Little did America dream of what was yet to come.

On shipboard little Leslie created a riot that is still remembered among certain British seamen. Lined up with passengers for the required vaccination, Leslie decided this was not for him and made a bolt for it with two of His Majesty's seamen in full pursuit. Down hatchways, up and down poop decks, on lookouts, through boiler rooms, they chased the fugitive from a vaccination. But finally the struggling 4-year-old was captured and the needle applied. Bob took it bravely, once subdued, but as his mother reached out for him her hand brushed his arm. The vaccine from Leslie's wound was on her thumb and in two days Mrs. Hope carried Bob's beautiful and very sore vaccination on that thumb. The scar was never erased.

Thanks for the memory.

THE family settled in Cleveland, where his father joined Uncle Frank's building and contracting firm, and Leslie took to American ways like a fly to warm molasses. When he was knee-high to a caterpillar, he took his stand on 105th and Euclid Avenue and sold newspapers, screaming his head off over the headlines and if they weren't so hot making up a few scorchers himself.

Among his regular customers was an elderly gentleman who had his car halted nightly on his way to the suburb of Forest Hills in order to buy his paper. From him Bob learned his second valuable lesson in life—thanks to Aunt Polly for the first.

It happened when he couldn't change his customer's nickel.

"You're in business and you should have change," the customer scolded.

"Oh, well, I know you," Bob said. "I'll trust you. Till tomorrow night," he quickly amended.

"Young man, let me tell you something that may be of help to you later on. Never give credit when you can get cash. Now remember that. Go get my change."

Bob deserted his post and ran through the entire length of Southworth's block-long store back to the cashier's window to get the nickel changed.

"Now remember—never give credit when you can get cash," the customer repeated, pocketing his three pennies.

"Know who that is, bud?" asked the streetcar checker on the corner, who had witnessed the scene. "That's John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world."

Bob thought of those three cents and burned. Later on, he was never so grateful to anyone as he was to John D. for that lesson. It was the key that unlocked the harvest years ahead.

He sang soprano. Nobody thought anything less of him for it. He could outrun, outjump any kid in school. In fact, his ability to sprint was the object of one of the greatest rackets ever perpetuated on the city of Cleveland. In the summer, Bob and brother Jack, who was the second-best runner, would telephone Luna Park and Emerald Park and other resorts and ask when the races were to be run. If two races came at the same time, Bob would grow very businesslike and claim to be a reporter who wanted above all things to cover the race for his paper.

Delighted, the picnicking Elks or firemen would gladly change the hour from two to three, which gave Bob and Jack plenty of time to race in the Fireman's 50 or 100-yard dash at two, grabbing off first and second prize, and then chase out to the next park for the three o'clock race, grabbing off two more prizes. If Bob preferred the second prize, five dollars in cash, to the first prize, a gold-plated cup, he'd arrange for Jack to come in first and he'd come in second.

"I could run the 100-yard dash in two flat

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Caught after-theater with Ray Milland and Herbert Wilcox, Anna Neagle empties her small pearl-embroidered bag on a Ciro tablecloth to reveal: A card calendar; tiny pots containing powder, cream rouge, cleansing cream; paper clip; sachet pack; leather key holder; compact engraved "Anna"; similarly marked handkerchief; old-fashioned locket with photos of her parents; signet ring given by her father to her mother (Anna always carries it for good luck); emery board; gold pencil; bobby pins; barrette; lipstick; receipt for $2.71; U. S. labor permit under her real name, Florence Marjorie Robertson; comb case; cleansing tissue

It's In The Bag

Surprised early one morning leaving the Louis Hayward home, Mrs. H. (Ida Lupino—bound for the market in slacks) dropped the subject of our research, disclosing: Perfume bottle encased in petit point; handkerchief; stockings (Ida invariably carries an extra pair because "runs give me an inferiority complex"); her Screen Actors Guild membership card; manicure scissors; nail enamel; compact (with a loose puff); lipstick. She says she "never" has any money and that it's a good thing the Hayward credit is sound at the market and elsewhere!

Is it true what men say about women's "overstuffed" handbags? A series of Hollywood holdups, with Hymie Fink "shooting" the stars—for their pocketbooks—while Marian Rhea does the much harder job of taking inventory!

Lunching at the Hollywood Brown Derby, Olivia de Havilland empties the contents of an amazing four-compartment affair of blue leather lined with matching moire: Gasoline credit card; rouge; black golf socks she's knitting for sister Joan Fontaine; gold compact (gift from Joan); cigarette holder; black enamel watch; two combs—just alike; lipstick; nail file; hairpins; ring of keys for trunks she swears are never used; pencil and pad; stick of gum; empty aspirin box; puff; perfume; pearl ear bobs; tissues; her driver's license; Derby courtesy card; more keys to her home and every dressing room she's ever had at Warners — Livvie admits she has a "key complex"! (No money with her—had to borrow from Hymie to pay for her lunch)



Bette Davis opens her big white knitting bag for inspection in her dressing room on the lot, exposing: A carton of throat lozenges; partially completed crocheted doilies (she works on 'em almost all the way through "The Letter," as part of her neurotic characterization); compact; red apple for a between-meals bite; lipstick; man-size cigarette lighter; packet of cigarettes; crochet thread; sun glasses; tan linen handkerchief; inter-studio communication addressed: "Miss Betty Davis"

Showing what one little rhinestone evening bag can hold—and it even startled owner Margaret Lindsay, when we investigated it at the Bublichki: Compact; monogrammed handkerchief; straight pin; cigarette lighter; eyelash curler; mascara; tiny curler (for that one lock of hers which sometimes forgets her hair is naturally curly); rubber bands for her "mad money"; Chinese lucky piece; safety pin; lipstick; cigarette holder; earrings she'd removed when they started pinching; key case; cigarette case; paper clip; bobby pin; eyebrow brush; nail file; hairpin

"Mother" WAYNE



The youngest of three "Baby Dumpling" Waynes: Patrick, with his wary nursemaid, his father

Josie and John Wayne, better known to the back-yard brigade as "The Bumpsteads"

That's John Wayne's alias —and though he's 6'4" he's "Dagwood" to the neighbors

BY SALLY REID

SOMEDAY, I always said to myself, someone is going to write a true story about one of these cowboy stars and then look out; it's the hinterlands for that writer. He's a gone gosling and he may as well realize it right off.

Well, it turns out I am that writer. Known as the "everything-always-happens-to-me girl" from the day as a yearling I clunked into revival meeting and up to the mourner's bench with my left foot hopelessly fastened in Uncle Charley's spittoon (the choir had to fan mother back to semiconsciousness), I have been known, in more somber groups, as a disturbing factor.

I'm still at it. The disturbance I am about to create, right now, concerns one John Wayne, alias "Mother" Wayne, which should give you some idea.

Overnight the role of *Ringo Kid* in "Stagecoach" made this Wayne guy a figure to be reckoned with. As the broody, moody, fearless, determined lover-outlaw of that film, Wayne was terrific, and will go on being a broody, moody star on the screen as long as he has Michael Anthony's cold to worry over. Give Michael Anthony, John's 5½-year-old son, a sound cold in his head and Wayne will give you a piece of hard, cold acting on the screen that can't be beat; simply because he's worried into a frozen state of animation.

They are known, this Wayne family, among their friends in Hollywood as "The Bumpsteads"; *Dagwood* and *Blondie* with three *Baby Dumplings*. Actors, family physicians and close friends all speak of "The Bumpsteads" as a matter of course; everyone instantly knows they mean Mr. and Mrs. Wayne. The goings-on of that household are—well, whoever yammered for "a home where the buffaloes roam" should move in with the *Bumpstead* Waynes.

But to get back to *The Kid*. He's a six-foot-four-inch mountain of handsomeness. The typical Western American—open-spaced and open-minded. Born Marion Michael Morrison in Winterset, Iowa, he was taken, as a boy, by his family to a ranch near Lancaster, California. Therein lies one difference between Wayne and other Hollywood cowboy stars—Wayne actually lived on a ranch and could ride a horse before movies caught up with him. Moreover, he has never been glimpsed by one living soul outside his studio in wide cowboy hat, fancy Western pants or high boots. He dresses with meticulous care, like any well-clad businessman, looks divine in tux or tails and wouldn't knot a colored handkerchief around his neck if it had Garbo tied on one end.

He doesn't whang a guitar and sing sad pieces about Western skies, either. But he dearly loves to play Hearts. And eats like a horse.

AFTER graduating from Glendale High School, a community over the hill from Hollywood, Marion Michael enrolled at the University of Southern California, joined the football team, the Sigma Chi fraternity and decided to be a lawyer. In other words, he's a Sigma Chi cowboy, which also makes him a mite different from the usual run.

They called him "Duke" at the University and, as his fame as a football player grew, the name Duke Morrison appeared more and more frequently on the sport pages. But even then he cried at sad movies, or when someone played "Liebestraum" on the accordion.

During his first summer vacation from the University he got a job out at Fox as a prop man and there began his lasting friendship with director John Ford. After one more year at school Wayne knew he could never be a lawyer (besides, his brother argued, he'd cry at all the sad testimony, anyway), so he became an actor in Westerns, riding into one sunset after another.

He loves a man's sport and a man's game, especially hunting. He's a grand shot, even if he did fill his friend, Ward Bond, so full of buckshot it took four internes four days to pick it out. John thought Ward was a quail and let him have it. He'll roam the woods for days, gun in hand. Other times he'll haunt the harbor as a member of that famous Emerald Bay Yacht Club in which every member is an officer except the only true yachtsman in the bunch—one Owen Churchill, who won the Olympic six-meter race. He's only a member. John is a Fleet Captain and loves officering around on John Ford's boat. Thus he's right at home in his current role—that of a drunken sailor in the John Ford production, "The Long Voyage Home."

He's a fixer around the house. "*Dagwood* Fix-it" they call him. And is constantly, but constantly, being done in on trades and bargains.

"Look, I got a good buy," he'll announce to Mrs. Wayne. "A two-hundred-dollar radio for fifty dollars that gets programs from all over the world. Isn't it a beauty?"

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Ray of Light on MILLAND

He's an enigma—even to himself. Here's a picture only a friend could paint

BY JERRY ASHER



Cause of activity in Ray's workshop is Daniel David—his father made all nursery furniture



The unpredictable Milland, a man with a phobia—horror of attracting attention

THE first time I ever saw Ray Milland he was sitting on a bench. I was sitting there, too—waiting for the Sunset Boulevard bus. Naturally, I thought he was doing the same. When we struck up a casual conversation, I discovered I was all wrong.

"I'm just watching the movie stars drive by," said Ray. "Just want to see how I'm going to look when I'm doing the same thing." Then he walked into the corner drugstore and ordered a two-bit lunch. Just before my bus arrived I heard Ray ask the clerk if he would charge it—until he found a job.

Ray has come a long way since his bench-sitting days. During the years, we have become close friends. I've met a lot of queer ducks in Hollywood, but Ray is the most unpredictable of all. There's no accounting for his likes and dislikes, his joys and sorrows. His emotions are often so close to the surface that he can't control them. Or they're buried so deep it takes a stick of dynamite to budge them. He is an enigma—even to himself.

If ever there was one guy who shouldn't have been a movie star, Ray Milland is it.

There are so many sides to the business of being a star that Ray detests—and he makes no secret of it, either. At times he is downright rude, but just when you've definitely made up your mind that you can't stand any part of him, he'll turn right around and be so charming he'd move a stone to tears.

This unpredictable quality in Ray has its roots in a phobia—his horror of attracting attention. He claims this phobia was started by an incident which occurred in Neath, Wales, when he was ten years old. As he stood praying in church one Sunday morning, his nose started to bleed. Terror gripped him. He thought he was going to faint. "I *won't* walk out and have people stare at me," he half-whispered, half-prayed through tightly pressed lips. "I can't stand to have them look. I can't!"

Such a complex makes it pretty tough for Ray at times—and for those who come in contact with him. Since Ray can't stand being on a schedule, life in the Milland household is pretty much unplanned. He has an aversion to dinner parties arranged in advance. Yet he's been known to walk into the house of an evening and say, almost accusingly, to his wife. "Gee, I was hoping you'd have some of our friends in tonight. Is it too late to invite them?" (This, usually, at seven p.m.) Mrs. Milland, who is a swell person with a swell

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Duchess of GARSON

How a poor and puny redhead faced a set-to with fate and emerged a champion

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

"TEN months in a rigid plaster cast." The doctor pronounced the sentence.

Greer Garson shook her head.

"It's your only chance." He mentioned an operation on the aching spine, silver wires and braces. Then the cast. Otherwise—he shrugged—"You don't want to be crippled the rest of your life."

Greer Garson shook her head again. "As soon as I get back to work I'll be all right," she grinned.

A few weeks later she was back at work—and she was all right. A few months more and Hollywood was humming with her name. Overnight, with the premiere of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," Greer Garson had become the biggest surprise star in Hollywood—to everyone except herself.

For the real wonder of Greer Garson lies in the valor of her heart and the fighting courage of her will. It was natural that Hollywood never suspected that; to see Greer you'd never believe it. She fits every popular adjective ever invented. She's sweet and lovely, with a gracious, irresistible smile, white, faintly freckled skin and red hair that shines like a sunset. Everything that she can turn into a laugh Greer does. She has a lightning quick mind and she's fast on the uptake. Only a tilt to her pointed jaw hints that she has a disposition to match her hair.

If she hadn't had just that she'd never have ended up in Hollywood. Because twenty-odd years ago life started taking serious pokes at Greer Garson.

As a matter of fact, Greer believes trouble runs in the family. "My ancestors got chased out of the Highlands for rustling cattle," she laughs. "That is, the ones who could run fast enough. The rest got hanged!" To this day Greer carries the ancient bum's-rush brand in her odd front name—a North of Ireland contraction of "MacGregor," which the cattle-rustling MacGregors suffered in their new home. As for the Garson—it's Orcadian, an Isle of Orkney name, "where," grinned Greer, "the Vikings and the Celts first tangled and raised an awful fuss. So what can you expect?"

GREER'S own set-to with destiny started nine months after she was born, a frail little girl, in Belfast, Ireland. Her father died then. There wasn't any money and there wasn't any way for her mother to scrape a living together in Ireland.

So Greer, poor and puny, grew up across the Channel in London, probably the unhealthiest and most expensive city in the world. That might have been two big strikes on anyone with a smaller helping of courage, but it only nourished the fierce determination of Greer Garson to get somewhere.

At fifteen she pushed the capacities of her frail body to win a scholarship to the University of London. Girls seldom were graduated there. So Greer was graduated four years later with honors! Later she took another degree at Grenoble in France.

Tradition also said there was no important place for a woman in the London business world. Fresh out of college, Greer made one, rising to a fat salaried executive spot in a British advertising agency.

She dropped her successful business career like a hot plate and went on the stage for half the money she was making—because a girl friend in show business told her it was the toughest game in the world.

When Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M's head man, first tried to lure her to Hollywood, he used every persuasive prop a movie magnate possesses—the promise of money, the glamour of Hollywood—everything that usually makes a foreign star's heart go pitapat. But Greer wasn't interested. Then Bob Ritchie, M-G-M talent scout, took a subtler tack.

He talked up Hollywood to her as the

(*Continued on page* 90)

"STAR-CROSS'D LOVERS"

(Romeo and Juliet, Protégés)

In a Rare and Exclusive Interview

VIVIEN LEIGH AND LAURENCE OLIVIER

answer questions about

THE WAR
THEIR CHILDREN
THEIR ROMANCE
THEIR FUTURE



Editor's Note: Two people dared face the uncertainties of hidebound society to bring fulfillment to their love; they did not quibble with details, no matter how painful; they said, "This is the most important thing—we must be brave enough for it." Then, unexpected and more devastating than the pressure of society, came The War—the real villain in this true drama of despair—and hope. The part this villain plays and how it affects their future they here reveal for the first time.

—E. V. H.

COME September, they will be free, at long last, to become Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Olivier.

In the meantime, no two people have ever been the target for such a bombardment of questions: Why isn't Larry in England *now*, fighting for his country? Where is Vivien's little girl? Where is Larry's little boy? Will Vivien give up her screen career if her loved one is drafted in service? Are they ever going to make another picture together? Where will they be married? Etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Now, I am no John Kieran, but I have correct answers to every one of these queries. They were told to me exclusively by a couple of experts—Vivien and Larry themselves.

I have known Larry ever since he first arrived in America to appear in "Murder on the Second Floor." Vivien I met when she joined him in Hollywood last spring and being a friend of Larry's automatically made me her friend, too. Larry, needless to say, had prepared me for the most divine creature on earth and I can't think of any higher compliment to pay Vivien than to say that Larry had not in the least exaggerated!

Recently, the three of us met for tea and over scones and marmalade we talked far into the fading sunlight.

"I'm not in England now because I have received official instructions to remain here," Larry explained. "Until the time when my age draft is reached, the British government has assured me that I can do more by promoting good will and raising funds on this side of the Atlantic.

"If this war continues—and England will fight until victorious—I am bound to be called eventually. The age limit is 31 now. I was 33 last May."

When Larry is called he would like to be of some practical use. That is why he is spending every minute of his leisure time taking flying lessons. With such preparation, he can enroll in the Royal Air Force and it won't have cost the government anything to train him. Recently he took his examinations at Dobbs Ferry, passed with true flying colors and is now a licensed pilot.

"I'm learning, too," Vivien said. "Larry's even got me flying solo now!"

Looking at this cameolike creature, it was hard to visualize her piloting a bomber. Yet, knowing of her overwhelming love for Larry, it was easy to understand that to be near him she would brave any danger—sacrifice everything, including her career, which at the present moment is the most enviable of any actress in Hollywood.

"If and when Larry goes," Vivien told me, "I *must* go with him. I couldn't bear the agonizing suspense of another separation!"

Just how nerve-racking these separations are for both of them I know to be fact, not fiction. Last year, when Larry was playing on Broadway in "No Time For Comedy," he was the Dream Prince of every female from six to sixty. Stage and screen success, fame and for-



HOW CLARK GABLE AND CAROLE LOMBARD LIVE

You are invited in with Photoplay.

All your questions about their colorful way of life are answered here

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

IT'S out in the Valley, the Gable ranch, about a forty-minute drive from Beverly Hills. You turn off the Boulevard on a narrow dirt road and travel until you come to a white hanging gate. The brown earth is turned up to the sun. A tractor stands idle while a farmer eats his lunch. Farther along, the whitewashed tree trunks of a citrus orchard are luminous in the sunshine. And finally you come to the old stables, now a garage, where the driveway turns around a big tree that has flowers growing at its base.

A station wagon is parked here usually. Carole gave it to Clark on his last birthday. It carries a hydraulic jack that will pull it out of anything, including Mexican mud during the rainy season. Fastened inside are two stout cases of maroon leather, hand-sewn. One holds a first-aid kit. The other carries thermos bottles. Carole found a man to make these cases just the way she wanted them. Before they were finished she had learned how to stitch leather and she was working on the bench beside him.

"She has to know how things are done," her friends say. "It's an obsession with her!"

The house, of shingles and whitewashed brick, with white geraniums growing on its window sills, is up a few steps, a few feet away. There's a stretch of lawn before it. Beyond are fields and little green hills. A dog barks . . . A rooster crows. . . .

"I'll never forget the day the real-estate man called to tell me this place was for sale!" Carole screamed, pulling her slacked legs up under her chin, locking her arms around them. "It was just before we were married. I called Pa at the studios right away—even though we'd bought another place.

"'How would you like the Raoul Walsh ranch?' I asked.

"He got choky. I could scarcely understand him. 'How would I like it?' he said.

"We closed the deal that same day—traded in the other property as part payment. It's *wonderful* living here!"

(All Carole's conversation should be underscored for emphasis, with some words and sentences doubly underscored. Only the presses won't work that way!)

She flung her long legs out in front of her. "And the taxes here! They're nothing! We pay no more for these twenty acres than we'd pay for one *elegant* acre in town!"

Seven years ago Clark and Carole met. . . .

At that time it would have been reasonable enough to believe Clark would live on a ranch, ride a tractor, work in a citrus grove and raise cattle. He had always been gaited that way.

But it wouldn't have been reasonable at that time to believe Carole would live on a ranch, get up at three o'clock in the morning when there was a new calf, measure chickens for a three-finger breadth before deciding whether they should be kept for eggs or killed for market.

Madeleine Fields, now married to Walter Lang, the director, and Carole's secretary and closest friend for years, says, "I wish you could have seen Lombard the day she and Clark went to look over the ranch. I thought 'Now! Now she's met her Waterloo! She can't possibly be up to this!' But she was up to it. She didn't stand in the middle of the living room and go into rhapsodies over a cute window. Not her! She investigated the plumbing. She found out all about the furnace. She instituted a thorough examination of all beams for signs of



Current excitement in the household being a proposed trip to fish the Oregon for salmon, Carole is now practicing casting all over the fields



Carole's room, done in maple and chintz, has a bedside table piled high with scripts. Miniatures are of herself and Gable as children, the latter having been a pictorial exclusive in a recent Photoplay issue

termites. And when they went into the kitchen she took a folding rule out of her bag, *if you please*, to measure the wall space for an ice box!

"'If we're going to raise chickens, Mr. G.,' she said, 'we've got to have a box big enough to store them until they go to market!'"

Fieldsie groaned. "She's the most efficient and self-sufficient dame in the world. She knows when the curtains should come down. She knows when the tulips should go in. And as sure as St. Patrick's Day comes round you'll find little shamrock candies on her table.

"You have to be careful what you say to her. Because if on May tenth you say, 'Oh, Carole! That quilt's divine!' you're likely to get a quilt like it on December twenty-fifth. Unless you have a birthday in the meantime!

"She keeps a complete file of birthdays and anniversaries, all predated a month ahead. And nine-tenths of her waking hours she goes around with a pad fastened on a clip board. Every night of her life she uses that pad to make notes of the things she wants to do the next day and to outline her menus. And at Christmas time she takes the darn thing shopping with her."

Fieldsie grinned. "Only she writes so fast and in such a scrawl that I usually have to read her notes for her. She's also congenitally unable to hold on to a pencil. I've given her a dozen, nicely sharpened, in the morning and heard her yelling for one by afternoon!"

The front door of the Gable house opens into the living room. The stairs are in the living room, too. In spite of the Gables' combined income of five hundred thousand dollars a year —about sixty percent of which goes to pay state and federal taxes—their living room is far from elegant. It's better than elegant . . . gay and comfortable and friendly. The furniture is maple. There are chintzes at the windows. The sofa is covered in bright yellow.

The adjoining dining room is like the taproom of a fine old inn. It has a large white brick fireplace. There's a red braided rug on the wide-board beamed floor. Both the long trestle table, accommodated with armed Windsor chairs, and the small round table in the bay window, which Carole and Clark use when they're alone, have oil lamps on them and baskets of fruit. There are old-fashioned lamp chimneys, too, over the electric bulbs in the chandelier that is fitted with a big brass hood.

"We tried candles and silver sticks first," Carole says, "but they didn't belong here. Good old kerosene lamps seemed what were needed. And now the light they shed is so soft we wouldn't use anything else!"

The ranch isn't like any house Carole ever has lived in. Yet it has the same ease and charm her houses always have had. Her feeling for decoration is famous, as it should be. Fieldsie says, "When Carole does a room she doesn't have to feel her way, color by color, piece by piece. She's able to visualize it completely. Many of the ranch rooms she planned and ordered in a day!"

Carole knows her energy comes from glands. "They keep me going full speed all the time," she says. "Which uses up too much energy. So every now and then I go to bed and stay there for several days!"

In Carole's room, also done in maple and chintzes, the bedside table always indicates when one of these rest periods is due. It disappears under the magazines, books and scripts she saves to read at such times. Consequently, while most stars in Hollywood are in a dither about stories, Carole has five pictures ahead that she can't wait to do.

A STRANGE thing that Jane Peters of Fort Wayne, Indiana, should come to the movie studios. For, schooling over, the Peters were accustomed to placing their sons in a family firm and keeping their daughters at home until they married. But Elizabeth Peters, short of funds, came to California one day with Frederick Jr., Stuart and Carole, who was seven.

A strange thing that William Clark Gable of Cadiz, Ohio, should come to the movie studios. His family had tilled the land and asked no honors save prizes at county fairs and credit in their rural communities. There wasn't even a lawyer or a preacher in his family to hand down a dramatic seed. But one day after Clark left the farm and was moulding treads for tires he found his way into a theater. Whereupon he knew, for the first time, what he wanted to do with his life.

During Carole's youth she occasionally worked in pictures. Most of the time she went to school. She would have preferred it the other way. But her mother was adamant. So all she could do was wait and plan how one day the movies would be her whole life.

It was at the Sennett studios that Carole and Fieldsie became friends. They drove to the studios in Fieldsie's car and shared the cost of the gas. But, like the rest of the young crowd, Fieldsie had known Carole for a long time. If you went to the Charleston contests held at the Ambassador on Friday nights you couldn't miss her. For these contests almost always ended as a private contest between Jane Peters (Carole) and Lucille Le Sueur (Joan Crawford).

At the time Carole was at Sennett's, Clark was working in a lumber mill in Oregon. He'd made his way there—by freight—after a travel-

(Continued on page 84)

PHOTOPLAY Fashions

A MODERN PRISCILLA—
New incarnation for the littlest Lane—a sophisticated streamlined modern in spite of the faintly classic inspiration of her willowy evening gown. Just as exciting as Priscilla's new personality is the Celanese rayon Jersalure of which her gown is draped—a sheer, new dull-faced jet black jersey slung from turquoise satin shoulder straps. Turquoise bands encircle her waist but take to cover in front. Priscilla, one of the stars in Warners' "Four Mothers," picked her gown from I. Magnin, Los Angeles. The price, $35

Welbourne

GWENN WALTERS
Fashion Editor
Associate Fashion Editors:
Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet

Prices quoted on these pages may vary in different sections of the country

Success Clothes

PHOTOPLAY INTRODUCES SIX HOLLYWOOD GIRLS WHO ARE BUSY GETTING FAMOUS. THESE ARE THE CLOTHES THAT MAKE TIME FOR THEM WHILE TH



FOR vivacious Maureen O'Hara to be an actress is no surprise, for she says, "All Irish people are actors, it's born in them." From a Dublin convent she went into the Abbey Theater Apprentice School where, after she had made a bit of progress, a screen test was made of her. Charles Laughton saw it and she was cast as the girl in his "Jamaica Inn." Next came the role of Gypsy Esmeralda in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Hard work, a little luck, belief in one's self are mighty sage words coming from this charming young colleen who set her goal as a child and is following through with Irish spirit

AT PLAY

Being a merry Irish colleen at heart, Maureen loves to dance. You can expect to see her between pictures gowned for dining and dancing in exciting evening costumes. She wears a swishy black taffeta evening ensemble strikingly bound in fuchsia chenille. For dancing, Maureen doffs the braid-trimmed jacket and goes glamorous. This lovely costume is yours for $39.95 at Russeks, N. Y.

AT WORK

Stars dress casually on the way to the studio. Maureen, currently starred in RKO's "Dance, Girl, Dance," whisks off to the make-up department in a box-pleated Glen plaid skirt with a jockey-red cashmere jersey cardigan. Glen plaids, smartest of the season, look expensive, but this one is only about $22. Arnold Constable, N. Y.

Bachrach





MAUREEN O'HARA

Starlet

Betty Betmar's Glen plaid Jockey cap, $5
Giant matching plaid envelope bag, about $7.50
Washable Lavando mocha shorties, $5

Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Forester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn.
Woodward & Lathrop, Washington

FOR White Collar Girls

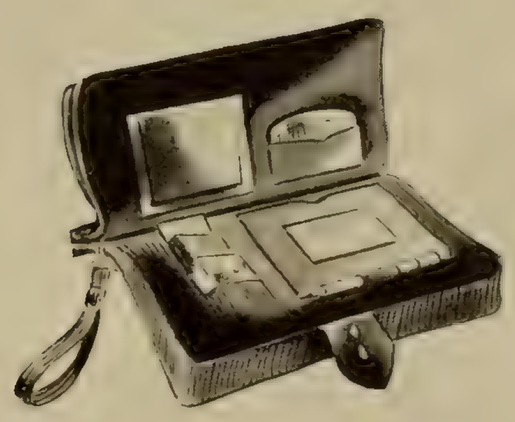
KE MONEY, GET COMPLIMENTS FOR THEM WHEN THEY MAKE MERRY AND SET PERFECT PRECEDENTS FOR ANY GIRL WHO WORKS WISELY FOR HER LIVING



Welbourne Forester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn. Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.



Regina's jumbo cable knit cardigan, $6.50



Secretary bag with a place for everything and everything in place, $3



Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J. Forester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn. Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia

BEING secretary to Bob Taplinger, Publicity Director of Warners, is no snap. It's hard work, but to capable Mildred Missic it is exciting and well worth it. During a single working day she probably comes in contact with more celebrities and executives than most women meet in a month, so appearing fresh and well-groomed at all times is vitally important to her. An employment agency sent her to Mr. Taplinger five years ago and she's been with him ever since. Columbia is Mildred's alma mater

AT PLAY

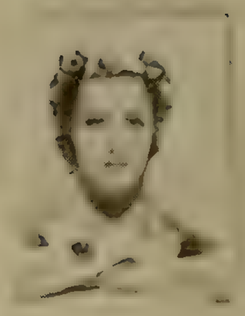
What do you suppose a girl who works in an office does for recreation? Sports, of course! Mildred plays eighteen holes in a Ken Tee golf dress of greyed green rayon and gabardine with leather buttons and belts, handy pockets for tees. It costs $10.95 at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago

AT WORK

A Publicity Director's secretary is as hard-working a girl as there is on the lot, so her clothes must be simple and functional. Mildred toils in a soft green Celanese rayon crepe fly front dress with push up sleeves and pleated pockets—and the color is pleasing to her boss. Other secretaries, please copy! $17.95, B. Altman, N. Y.







Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia
Forester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn.

Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia
I. Magnin, Los Angeles



ELEANORE ROBERTS *Fashion Publicist*

LUCKY Eleanore Roberts topped off her schooling with a year in England during which she contributed weekly articles to the Los Angeles Times. Next came six months with Hedda Hopper, articles for a leading sporting magazine—and now Eleanore handles fashion publicity for such important stars as Irene Dunne, Dorothy Lamour and Joan Bennett. She directs their fashion sittings . . . covers fashion openings . . . Hollywood premieres and has to dress smartly at all times. This is how she maintains her fashion standing

AT PLAY

After five—cocktails with a star (top left). And although Eleanore earns only half that luminary's salary, she looks every bit as smart in her black wool suit with its rich facade of glistening patent and sparkling jet. Beneath is a basic dress which is perfect for wear with accessories. $19.95, Russeks, N. Y.

AT WORK

During office hours, Eleanore, the perfect young fashion executive, wears a faultlessly tailored tricolor suit that teams a black wool skirt with a beige wool shirt and a scarlet jacket splashed with giant pockets. Note: Fashion executives wear their hats all day long. Eleanore's is a rolling sailor sporting quills and a veil. Suit, $22.95, Russeks, New York

Jet and gold bead necklace, $3.95
Matching bracelet, $1.95; earrings, $1
Black suede double boater bag, $5
Jet-embroidered cocktail gloves, $5
Paramount's suede bow-pump, $6.75

BY learning the cosmetic business from the ground up, Jane Grant, beauty specialist in Max Factor's luxurious Hollywood salon, reaped satisfying rewards. Because of her profound interest in creams and lotions the famed cosmetician to the stars used her in a series of beauty shorts. He was so impressed with her technical skill in make-up application that he promoted her to beauty consultant, a wide-open field for many aspiring young careerists



Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Woodward & Lathrop, Washington
Forester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn.
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.
May Company, Hollywood

AT WORK

A person of importance in the salon must look the part. Stars depend on you for perfect make-up and expect you to be well-dressed. Jane Grant's choice for work is discreet—"The Two Timer" (top)—a black Celanese rayon crepe dress that works wonders. After hours you zip in the giddy gold-embroidered sleeves and add a festive gold-trimmed belt. $22.95, Franklin Simon, N. Y.

Campbell

AT PLAY

Bowling is a favorite recreation from coast to coast and it's top recreation with Jane. It's good fun—good exercise—and good for the figure. Jane selects gray men's wear flannel slacks and a bold, bold plaid featherweight wool and rayon shirt. Tailored meticulously, it's a sure "strike" in any bowling league. Slacks, about $6.50; shirt, $2. Arnold Constable, N. Y.

Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia
Forester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn.

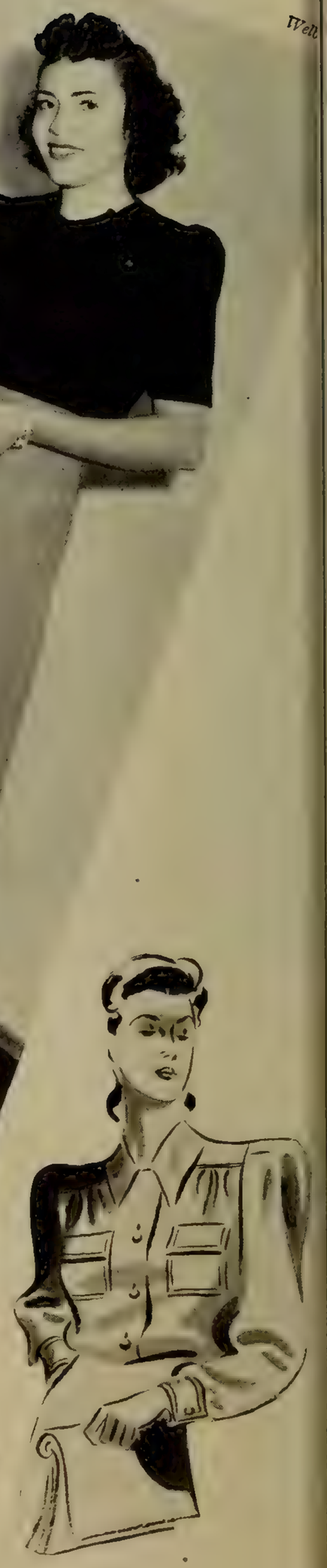
JANE GRANT
Beauty Specialist



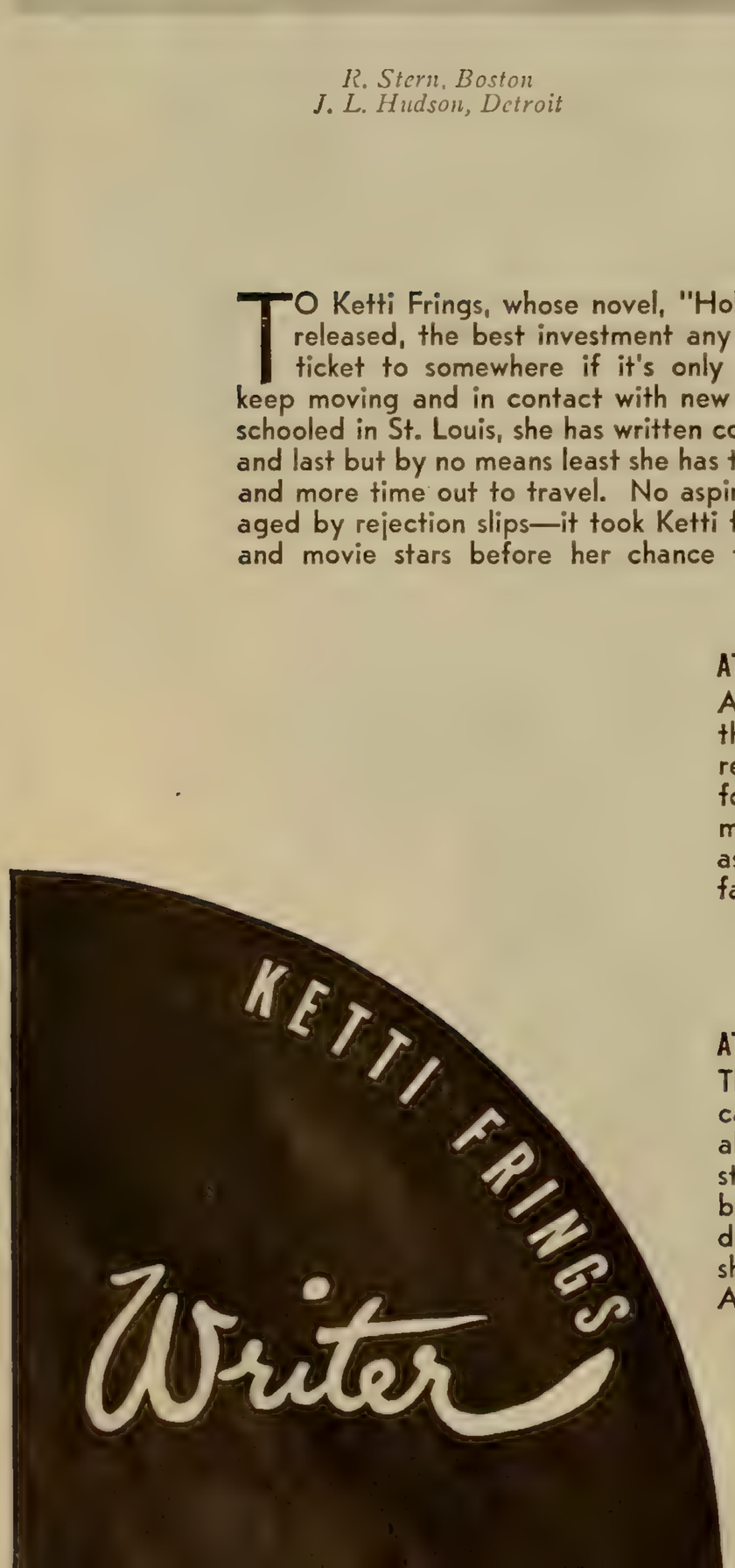
R. Stern, Boston
J. L. Hudson, Detroit



The Higbee Co., Cleveland
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia
Forcester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn.
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.



TO Ketti Frings, whose novel, "Hold Back The Dawn," has just been released, the best investment any would-be writer can make is in a ticket to somewhere if it's only a bus upstate. . . . Just so you keep moving and in contact with new backgrounds. Born in Columbus, schooled in St. Louis, she has written copy, short stories, scripts, scenarios and last but by no means least she has taken time out to get married . . . and more time out to travel. No aspiring writer should ever be discouraged by rejection slips—it took Ketti four years of writing about movies and movie stars before her chance to write for them finally arrived



AT PLAY

A home girl at last! Ketti likes nothing better than to slip into a hostess gown when she relaxes from her work and welcome her friends for cocktails or tea. Pale turquoise blue matelasse crepe is Ketti's choice — draped as divinely as any of her evening gowns and far less costly. $12.95 at Milgrim's, New York

AT WORK

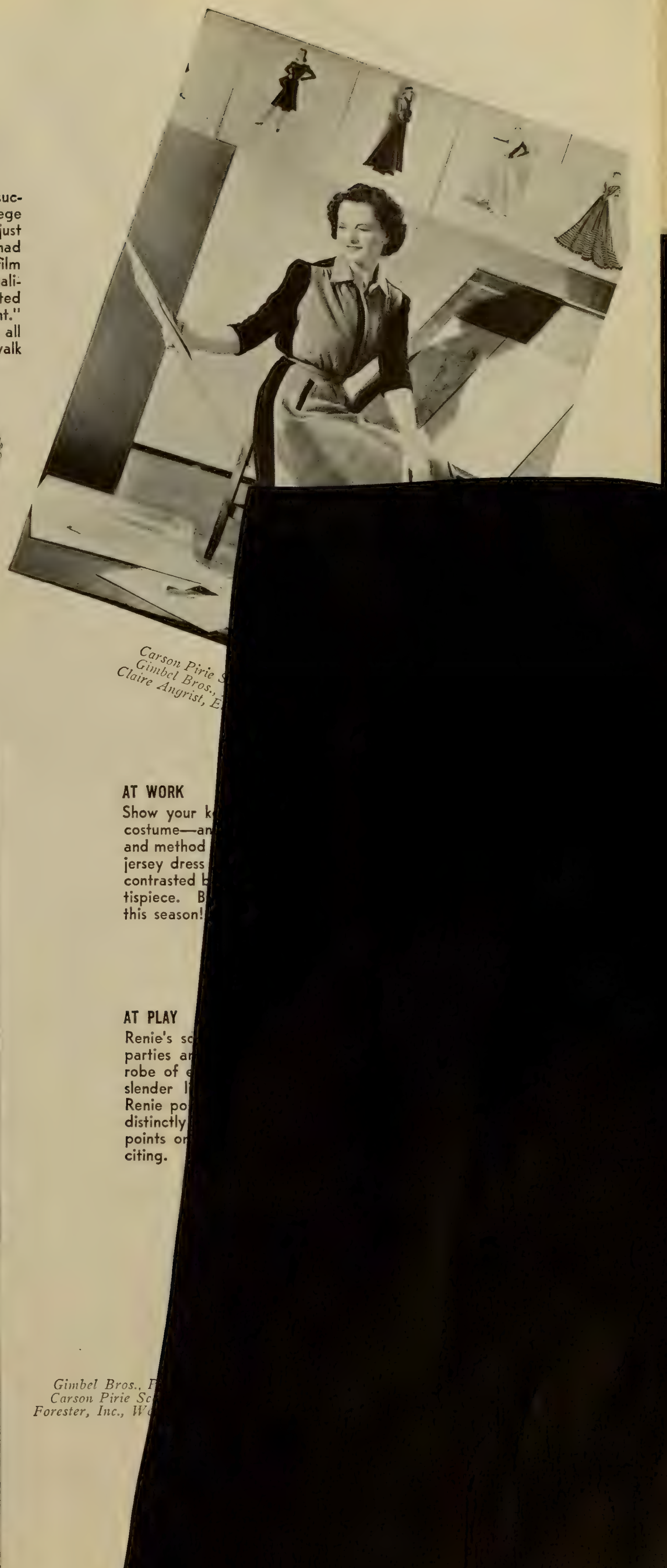
These writer gals get around, as Ketti Frings can well testify—so she wears a trim little all-purpose suit that takes her anywhere in style. A beige tweed skirt is topped by a brown jersey blouse and soft beige wool cardigan. Ketti can ring as many changes as she pleases by having a few extra blouses. A grand buy at $14.95. McCreery's, N. Y.





Dusty pink rayon crepe blouse, $3
Lampl's Liberty Bell charm bracelet, $3.50
Matching Liberty Bell pin, $4
Personality Bag, $3

SOMETIMES the longest way around is the shortest road to success. Renie, top-ranking RKO designer, began her college career by majoring in physical culture and drew pictures just for fun. Before a well-known modiste could convince her she had designing talent, she had taken a fling at being a dancer, a film player and a champion ice skater. By way of the University of California and Wolfe School of Design at Los Angeles, Renie has created costumes for such films as "Primrose Path," "A Bill of Divorcement." Her current styles will be seen in "Stunt Man." She is famous all over Hollywood for her fine carriage and for her graceful walk



Gold and black mesh evening sandals, $4
Matching gate frame bag, $1





Bachrach



AT WORK

Show your k
costume—an
and method
jersey dress
contrasted b
tispiece. B
this season!

AT PLAY

Renie's sc
parties ar
robe of e
slender li
Renie po
distinctly
points on
citing.

Carson Pirie S
Gimbel Bros.,
Claire Angrist, E

Gimbel Bros., P
Carson Pirie Sc
Forester, Inc., W





Important point to Jeanette MacDonald is a good speaking voice, clear, crisp, but never shrill



HOW TO

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Ve showed this article to a success-
l businesswoman. Her comment?
wish someone had told me those
ngs when I started to work!"

A YOUNG friend of Barbara Stanwyck had just come from being interviewed for her very first job. She thought the view had been successful and she was hless with excitement. "He was very nice courteous," she reported, "and he didn't as if he'd be the kind who'd expect me to erything perfectly the very first week. But funniest thing! After I'd been there a few es, he asked me to take off my hat! I d he looked at me a moment and then That hat is all wrong for you. You must wear it again.' Now—what in the world ce does it make what sort of *hat* I wear? t anything to do with my shorthand!"

ra smiled and then said, seriously, already begun to learn the most important lesson of all for a woman who is going to succeed in a small job or a big one. That is *how to get along with the boss.* Believe me, if I had known when I first went to work in Brooklyn what I know now—I'd have progressed a lot faster, made more money and saved myself a lot of headaches."

Barbara, as she says herself, ought to know. She has earned her own living ever since she was very young and she knows as much about the heartaches that come from the bumps as she does about the glow which comes from achieving what you set out to do.

"A girl has to know something of how to get along with a boss," Barbara went on, "before she can get a job at all! It's a man's world, whether you like to admit it or not, and you may as well make up your mind to it and use what brains you have to get what you want. The things I learned while I was a telephone operator in New York, while I was selling sheet music at Remick's, while I was a receptionist in a big New York office—all these helped me when I got onto the stage. The things I learned about managers and directors on the stage helped me when I came into pictures.

"What you want to do, of course, is sell your particular talents for the highest possible price. In the long run you'll have to sell these talents to men. The boss is the customer and the customer is always right."

Barbara is a practical, down-to-earth person and this is a subject close to her heart.

arbara Stanwyck, who's
g since she was young:
tories for your friends"



Accent on attitude from Dorothy Lamour: "You'll be foolish to pretend to be ill when there's extra work"



From Rosemary Lane: "The worst thing you can do is become a 'positive' female"



Ann Sheridan, whose toughest problem was her temper, draws a pretty parallel between private and career life

GET A RAISE *Without Asking*

"One of the hardest things to learn," she says, "is not to talk too much. Really not to talk at all unless it's necessary. Once, after I'd been working for the New York Telephone Company for a while, my boss asked me to sit by while he interviewed two or three girls for jobs as operators. The first one was such a pretty girl! Nicely dressed, intelligent, had nice manners. I could see he was impressed. But it developed that she couldn't just answer a question and let it go at that. She had to add little wisecracks. Sometimes she even told a gay little story to fit the occasion. When he finally dismissed her she tripped to the door and stopped to fling back a pert remark which made us both laugh. After she had gone he said, gravely, 'Charming, isn't she? But she won't do. Every time anyone got a wrong number, she'd want to tell him a funny story!' That girl had talked herself out of a job before she ever got it.

"Save your wit and your gay stories for your playtime and your friends. Your boss may be amused in spite of himself. But he isn't paying you to amuse him.

"Mind you, I'm talking about the ambitious girl who hopes to get somewhere, carve a place for herself and amount to something. If you're that kind of girl you'll find that your job depends on so many seemingly small things. How you talk, how you dress, what you do after business hours—even what you *eat!*

"As a matter of fact, what you eat—especially for lunch—is very important. It must be sustaining enough to carry you through the afternoon in top form, but it mustn't be so heavy it makes you feel drowsy and dull. This is something that takes real thought—but you'll find it's worth it if it helps keep you on your toes. Maybe your boss doesn't eat sensibly at noon and then you'll find that you need all your tact and patience and alertness just before closing time!

"The little things count up so! I learned about all kinds of people when I was a receptionist in a big office. A receptionist's job is to get along with everyone. It wasn't easy for me at first because I am naturally quick-tempered and it's never been easy for me to hold my tongue or say the soothing thing when I'm seething inside. But you can learn to control yourself if you want to badly enough.

"The girls who interested me most were the really good secretaries. Just recently, the wife of one of our biggest executives told me she had learned a lot about her own husband from watching his secretary.

" 'She's never exasperated with him when he can't find things or when he makes unreasonable requests,' she said. 'She has everything ready for him when he wants to go out—fountain pen, spectacles, the important papers he mislaid that morning. She even keeps a couple of clean handkerchiefs in a drawer for him, just in case he should need one.

" 'When I said something one day about what a queer little face she had, he looked surprised. He said, 'Has she? I never noticed. I only know she's the best dagnabbed secretary I ever had and I'm going to raise her salary next month.' "

The Stanwyck has ideas, too, about what to do about accepting invitations from the boss. "This," she remarks, drily, "is a delicate matter and depends a lot on whether you want to get on with your job or whether you'll try to marry the guy. For the sake of my theories, we'll stick to the former idea. So-o-o you'd better stick to business reasons only. Maybe you really do need to discuss something over lunch. Well, *discuss* it. Don't hint coyly that you'd like to go to an expensive and conspicuous place and, wherever you go, don't try to attract just to show off that you're lunching with your boss. Be cheerful and gracious, of course. Let him see that you enjoy talking business over a pleasant meal. But don't, for pity's sake, assume—and let him see that you do—that the mere matter of his asking you to lunch has changed your relationship of employer and employee.

JEANETTE MacDONALD is another girl who has made her own way and learned the answers in the modern manner—by experience. Jeanette worked at jobs or at trying to get them in the show business during the season in New York. But when the hot summer stretched ahead, with no singing or dancing to be done anywhere, Jeanette took whatever work she could get, set her teeth and did her best to make a success at it until she could feel the frost in the air again and start her rounds of the theatrical agencies.

One of these jobs was, heaven help us, modeling fur coats for a wholesale house through July and August. It wasn't exactly a comfortable or soothing occupation and tempers of models, employers and visiting buyers were frequently short. But Jeanette was learning about working women as she watched what went on around her. Her immediate boss was a bully of a man. He criticized the girls constantly, nagged, scolded, complained when everyone was doing her best. Jeanette sized him up for a week or two and when her turn came she thought she knew what to do.

He suddenly barked at her one hot morning,

(Continued on page 93)

Penny Wise

Back from her vacation comes Miss Penny Wise, Photoplay's own little glamour girl who lives on a budget, all aflutter over a new romance! "Dates" are her new consuming passion and "date-dresses" her only concern. Now enter Miss Mitzi Green, child prodigy of the screen and more lately, dancing, singing and impersonating star of "Walk With Music." Just to further the cause of true romance, Mitzi chalks up a new impersonation. She plays Miss Penny Wise and, together with Larry Baker, also of "Walk With Music," Mitzi "does" the town, tastefully dressed for every date on very little cash (less than $20). Let's tag along to see what we shall see!

Marian Stephenson



1. MONDAY. Mitzi starts her week at the office in a perfect dress for any secretary — a soft green shirt-frock of Celanese Aircourse crepe with fly-front bodice and pleated skirt. But it's plain to be seen her heart is anywhere but in her dictation. Just for the record, her neatly tailored business dress is $7.95, B. Altman, N. Y.

2. TUESDAY. In the hope he'd ask her for lunch—he did—Mitzi wears her fly-front suit-dress of beige herringbone twill with the new 26-inch jacket with big flap pockets and trim little flared-skirt frock topped by a bright red jersey bodice. The hat's a Betty Betmar red velveteen button bonnet. Dress, $17.95 and worth it!



3. WEDNESDAY is movie-night in Mitzi's rapidly expanding social calendar. She keeps this date in a gay chocolate-colored woolen dress with eyelet-embroidered bodice and unpressed pleated skirt. Her hat's a pert little felt and grosgrain calot perched high on her head and floating a frivolous veil. $14.95, Russeks, N. Y.

Fashions

(Trademark)

PROMOTE

Romance





4. THURSDAY. Cocktails in a bright red velveteen dress. Look sharp and you'll see the whimsical mitten pockets on the skirt. Other items of interest — the yoke-top, draped bodice, push-up sleeves, slimming waistband and young full skirt. $14.95, Saks 34th St., N. Y. Mitzi's black velvet cap sprouts gay red geraniums.

5. SATURDAY. Mitzi skips a night to be ready for this big evening at New York's Stork Club. She holds her own with all the glamour girls of Hollywood and N. Y. who haunt this popular night spot, wearing a frothy strawberry-pink dancing frock with brocaded bodice and spinning pink net skirt. $16.95, Wanamaker, N. Y.

ALL PENNY WISE FASHIONS

are available at:

Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia

Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago

Forester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn.

Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.

Beckman's, Great Falls, Montana

Schulman's, Jersey City, N. J.

Sher-Lyn Shop, Wilmington, N. C.

Manhattan Shop, Hartford, Conn.

STUDY IN *Evening Contrasts*



Willow-slim Barbara Stanwyck is dressed for dinner by talented Edith Head who dressed Barbara, also, for her role in Paramount's "The City That Never Sleeps." Miss Head chose dull black blistered jersey and draped it to make a molding, knee-length, long-sleeved tunic caught up in back like an apron and daringly slashed into a heart-shaped décolletage, startling contrast to the severely high front. The skirt, which falls straight as a Grecian column, billows out backwards into a graceful train. Busy Barbara has also completed a Warner picture, "Meet John Doe"

Richee

Orry-Kelly makes his own clever compromise between last season's outgoing full silhouette and this season's incoming slender column in this dramatic cloth-of-silver gown (opposite page) designed for Rosalind Russell to wear as the brilliant actress-star of Warners' "No Time For Comedy." Rosalind's dark beauty is thrown into vivid relief by her shimmering, silvery gown which falls in classic folds, caught at the waist by a girdle of quilted silver leaves and topped by a giant chenille-fringed shawl

Hurrell



COAT CODE

An unfurred coat is the first smart choice for fall, demonstrated here by pretty Patricia Morison, whose next starring role is in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune"



For the country, Pat proposes (right) a Printzess coat of deep blue-green Shetland tweed, boxy and buttoned high, with an important hidden virtue—a zip-in, zip-out quilted rayon satin lining that competently counteracts extremes of weather. Around $20
J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia

Lower right: Covert cloth, the country's current obsession, in a town or country "casual," best in khaki (a bow to the army) with mannish double-breasted closing, bloused, belted back and notched revers as precisely tailored as Bond Street's best. This coat, too, sports a practical zip-in, zip-out plaid wool lining. Around $22. Hat by Debway.
Saks—34th St., New York

Pat picks the bloused coat (below) as most flattering for town—in a fine new nutria-brown needlepoint woolen. "The blouse indents your waist and makes your hips look slimmer," says Pat, wearing a coat as sleek as a dress, buttoned high like a shirt-dress, too, with slim back, front-fullness and a jaunty side-line pocket. $29.95 buys it! Hat by Knox
John Wanamaker, New York and Philadelphia





Ben

STRAIGHT FROM THE UNDERWORLD





New! "American Cinema Designed Smoothie Controleur." Satin front and back-panels, two-way stretch mesh sides, lace bra-top. Talon to waist, hooks above. $7.50



Formfit's "Nylies," with Nylon sides to add strength and stretch to an otherwise lightweight girdle. Satin Lastex panels fore and aft. $5. "Day-Life" bra, $1.25



The new Vassarette, knit with reinforcing front and back-panels, feather-boned non-roll top, stay-down hem, Inviz-a-Grips. $10. Fashioned jersey uplift-bra, $2



Breathing room for waistlines . . . beautiful, uplifted bosoms . . .

Real Form's Bemberg and Lastex "Soft Skin" girdle. Up and down-stretch satin-Lastex panels, fashioned edges, Inviz-a-Grips. $3.50. Model's Bias-Cup bra, $1

and a return to the straight and narrow for hips . . . that's the

news from the outstanding authorities on fall foundation-fashions

Maiden Form's 16-inch satin "Once-Over." Non-stretch front and back, tric-o-lastic sides. Also tric-o-lastic center breathing section. Inviz-a-Grip garters. $7.50



Flexees 17-inch "Hipnotic" girdle. Double woven lastique sides and back. Fagotted satin front-panel. Flex-Zip closing. $7.50. Satin lastique and lace uplifting bra, $1.50



Munsingwear's nude girdle. Patterned Leno sides, one-way stretch satin Lastex front and back-panels. Selvedge borders. Feather bones. $5. Uplift bandeau, $1.50



Carter's Beauleno net selvedged "Complete." Special features—rayon batiste front-panel, welted waistline, upper back-support, young bandeau of Alencon lace. $4



For the very young, Kleinert's pink and blue polka dot girdle of raschel-weave two-way stretch fabric, $1.25. Shirred net uplifting "Bando-Shields," $.79

AFTERNOON

of a Lady



Anything Constance Bennett wears interests the women of America because this Bennett sister enjoys the reputation of being one of the best-dressed stars in Hollywood. Her choice for afternoons in early autumn is a black sheer woolen, slim-making from the sides and back, but full in front, the fullness falling from a crisscrossing, softly draped bodice. Miss Bennett designed her own hat to follow the curves of her coiffure and for finishing touches she adds a diamond feather clip and earrings, a sable scarf, black suede gloves and bag and shoes. Constance will next star in Columbia's "Legacy"

Schafer

THE *Camera* SPEAKS



Biggest little box-office bonfire in pictures: Minnesota's Judy Garland and Brooklyn's Mickey Rooney, the "Babes In Arms" who grew up (but not too far) to be M-G-M's star drummers in "Strike Up The Band!"

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



Catching up with Ann Sothern: Once Harriette Lake, a Broadway brunette from North Dakota . . . now "Maisie," the blonde babe in a series of smashes . . . in private, still Roger Pryor's witty wife . . . in public—just for a change—M-G-M's lovable but not very bright "Dulcy"

Checking up on Mary Beth Hughes: That's her real name . . . she's a natural blonde with blue eyes . . . twenty years old and unmarried . . . born in St Louis . . . educated in Washington, D. C. (where she played in stock) . . . now John Barrymore's leading lady in "The Great Profile"



Profile of a woman destined for drama in the headlines . . . but designed for sparkling comedy on celluloid . . . Paulette Goddard



Lips of a London lass and a new Warner find . . . Elizabeth Earl

Shoulders of a sophisticate from Texan plains . . . Helen Vinson



LIGHT



Hazel eyes of a rising star born in the Philippines . . . Brenda Marshall

Five poses with a single purpose: To illumine some of the most breath-taking features of that world-famous Hollywood scenery



First "bathing suit art" on an Australian actress after seven years in films . . . long handicapped by resembling Kay Francis . . . now headed for a build-up . . . Mona Barrie

and SHADE



Specialist in virile comedy of the hard-boiled variety: Fred MacMurray (left), the Irishman from Illinois currently cast opposite Patricia Morison in "Rangers of Fortune"—and married to Lillian Lamont, former fashion model

Leading expert in portraying strong Americans of pioneer spirit: Joel McCrea (right), native Californian appearing with Laraine Day in "Foreign Correspondent"—and married to Frances Dee, long a noted movie star in her own right

Rising exponent of that real-life rarity, very young men with heaps of understanding: Jeffrey Lynn (below), that gentleman from Massachusetts at present with Ann Sheridan in "Honeymoon For Three"—but not yet wed to any girl!



Rugged individualism is filmland's modern keynote of masculine appeal—as proved by three major exhibits who are all tall and handsome but have little in common on the screen

Madame,

"Up in front!" is the modern coiffure command, sponsored by cinema belles and destined to sweep the hairline of feminine America to new heights





Carole Landis draws her pompadour tight and rings it with a coronet of sculptured curls; more curls at the back add a softening effect

Most typical of the genuine old-fashioned favorite—whether at the French court or in the Gibson Girl's heyday—is the bow-capped coiffure worn by Elyse Knox (upper left), featured in "Girl from Avenue A"

Nancy Kelly, of "Private Affairs," wears a more formal version with an extra wave in front to give added height, wide, wide separation between the fawnlike "horns" and loose curls at the nape to add youth

POMPADOUR!



The "Fawn" (as worn by Frances Robinson) has a center-parted pompadour ending in "horns" at the front and continuing toward the back as high or as low as is individually becoming



Any girl can copy Joan Blondell's very new and smart hairdress, because the nape of the neck is covered with curls instead of being thrown into harsh relief

As "Public Deb No. 1" in the arms of George Murphy, Brenda Joyce favors a side-part version of the Fawn with soft neck curls and an extra wave for elevation

More severe is Lynne Carver's style, with Bob Young in "Sporting Blood." The up-in-back movement is fine for plump necks—but it calls for a perfect profile!







Shortly before they went to Michigan, fellow-actor George Fleming snapped Spence in his Brooklyn dressing room during the Christmas Week (1924) showing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"



Another film debut—close-up of Mrs. Tracy and their son Johnny from a 16-millimeter movie taken by the author



Spence's first movie close-up, as enlarged from that Rathbone "epic" at Houghton Lake, 1926





Lucky for us that horseshoe didn't fall on either our hero or

Flashlight victims at a stag party in "the Annex" (the remodeled Rathbone barn): Clifford Dunstan, Herbert Treitel, Tracy, Porter Hall (who is also in films today) and, in the back row, Fleming and Arthur Koll



Nature's bathing pool—on this camping expedition, Spence re-



Amateur performance by Academy Award actor: Spence clowning as a stern teacher in the abandoned backwoods schoolhouse —after drawing his own brand of "pictures" on the blackboard

His sole contribution to that initial camping trip with the boys was a box of chocolates—though candy ran a poor second to the popcorn he loved

Stock-company members roughing it: Tracy and Fleming perched precariously on a bridge over the Ausable River, where they fished

OUT OF SPENCER TRACY'S YESTERDAYS

Michigan memories from the '20's, B. F. (Before Fame)

BY A. D. RATHBONE, IV

GEORGE FLEMING and I were waiting for Spencer Tracy. It had been long since we had seen him, longer than we liked to think about, and we couldn't help wondering how much he had changed. Fifteen years ago, Spence and George had been members of the same stock company, which played three successive years at Powers' theater in my home town of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

It was strange and rather disquieting to sit here in New York, waiting for a chap you had once known so well and who had since climbed to the heights of fame and fortune. In those early days, none of us had been troubled by too much of the world's wealth. George and I had continued to plod along our obscure little paths, while Tracy—with whom we used to joke about the time when his name would be in Broadway lights—had gone up and up.

We sipped our beer and reminisced while we waited. We remembered backstage happenings and how those Midwestern audiences had taken Spence into their hearts. But, most of all, we remembered how he had joined us in our stag parties, played baseball with us and been "one of the gang." No amount of arguing could get him into the Pantlind Hotel, then the town's top-ranking after-theater spot. He'd hated the idea of walking into a public place and having people point him out as their leading man. With him, it was always: "Let's go over to the Greek's for coffee and popcorn."

Later, as we grew better friends, George and Spence and I had gone up into the woods on week-end camping trips. It was a soft June night the first time I had called at the stage door for the boys, with a car full of tents, blan-

(*Continued on page 92*)

Four firsts for Deanna Durbin in her eighth movie: "Spring Parade" marks her first costume film (1896 Vienna) . . . her first original music score (by Robert Stolz) . . . her first duet with any leading man (Robert Cummings) . . . and her first professional dance (a Hungarian czardas)

Jones

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Two reigning cinema belles greet each other with b-i-g smiles on the dance floor at Tom May's star-spangled benefit for the Red Cross. The belles are Roz Russell and Loretta Young—their respective partners, Freddie Brisson and Gene Raymond

For Ladies—On the Q. T.

WE just naturally can't help picking up bits of this and that that seem to be right up the feminine alleyway.

About Olivia de Havilland now. Know how she got Jimmy Stewart so tied up in knots? Well, one of the reasons is that she used her eyes. Livvie knows she has a gorgeous pair of orbs, dark and big and laughing, so very carefully she toned down her lip rouge and pulled her hair back off her forehead and up at the sides, all of which emphasized her eyes plenty.

Claudette Colbert tipped us off that round-faced girls should always wear curled bangs for height. Claudette also stated she keeps abreast of every new medical achievement of her doctor husband.

Which is a darned good way for any woman to hold a husband, if you ask Cal's opinion.

Cal Plays "True and False"

IT's true Norma Shearer and George Raft are still a romantic twosome, but it's false that George is eating his heart out over Norma's "no." Someday ask Cal how he knows.

It's true Cary Grant is head over heels in confusion over Barbara Hutton, but it's false that Barbara will say "yes."

It's true Joan Crawford is happy over adopting her new daughter, but it's false that motherhood and a prospective play alone are keeping her on in New York. He's quite social, too.

It's true Judy Garland is seen dancing with Bob Stack, but it's false that Bob is head man. Dave Rose, Martha Raye's ex, has that honor.

It's true Diana Lewis is a youthful M-G-M newcomer, but it's false that Diana doesn't take her marriage big. Diana always phones the studio saying, "This is Mrs. William Powell speaking."

Nemesis

BOB HOPE and Sam Goldwyn met for the first time last week, when the Goldwyns invited the Hopes to dinner.

All evening long, Bob looked and listened cagily to Sam, while Sam was just as politely attentive to Bob. Finally Goldwyn could hold in no longer.

"What's the matter? Why are you so quiet? I thought you were a funny man?"

"And I thought you were," Bob screamed. "I didn't want to steal your thunder!"

Both of them got funny on the instant.

How to Enjoy That Double Bill:

AT last the problem of how to enjoy a four-hour double bill without getting the blind staggers is solved. John J. Dougherty, health director of the American Schools Association, has passed on the information to Cal.

Do not eat a heavy meal before entering the theater.

If you can shake off your shoes without too much embarrassment—do so.

Do not wriggle—sit up straight but not too stiffly.

Do not lean on your neighbor's arm rest—it throws the body off balance.

Do not wear tight collars.

Take a brisk walk in the fresh air before entering the show.

Clasp your hands occasionally—you'll find it relaxing.

Don't hesitate to cross your legs if you are more comfortable.

If you can close your eyes for a few seconds without missing any action on the screen, do so once or twice.



Hollywood Stars Ball Park: Kay Kyser gives Ginny Simms (his star singer—and romance) a pointer on the game; right, Bob Leonard



More of the same: Diana Lewis (who was briefly blonde) gets some fan-wise information from husband W. Powell

Cal's Own Weather Chart of the Month

Sunshine Ahead:

Brenda Marshall will marry William Holden when her divorce from actor Richard Gaines becomes final in eight months. Bill will become the proud and youthful step-papa of Brenda's young offspring.

Cloudy Overhead:

Jack Benny, the usually placid actor, is a wee mite irked at two people in Hollywood these days. One is Bob Hope, who burlesqued Jack's Rochester idea by using a colored man named Willie Best as *Syracuse* (also the name of a New York town) in "The Ghost Breakers." The other (this will kill you) is Fred Allen, who received the best star's suite on the Paramount lot. After all those years Benny has worked there, too. By the way, the name of the Benny-Allen film is "Love Thy Neighbor."

Clearing Skies After a Heavy Storm:

When you see the film, "They Knew What They Wanted," remember the drama behind its making. The constant disagreement between actor Charles Laughton and director Garson Kanin ended in a closed set, with only the two locked in together, going it hammer and tongs. You could hear them to Vine Street. It ended in a draw with both parties mildly satisfied.

Fair and Continued Warmer:

The romance between M-G-M's hair stylist, Sidney Guilaroff, and lovely Laraine Day grows warmer day by day.

On the Record

M-G-M's "New Moon" tops the list of late summer musicals. The wax crop from that score is fine. Jeanette MacDonald, the picture's co-star, does "One Kiss" and "Lover, Come Back To Me" (Victor 2048). That same old-time torch classic is dressed up in one of the best of all Artie Shaw swing arrangements (Bluebird 10126). Artie is also present with "Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise" (Bluebird 10054).

Dick Powell becomes the keynote singer of all the militaristic themes you should soon be hearing a lot of. In an album collection, Dick does the official song of the Army Air Corps, the Coast Guard marching "Semper Paratus" and one each from the other branches of the service. For good measure, he's thrown in a couple of good football marches—notably Notre Dame's famous "Victory March" (Decca Album 142).

The memory of the screen's "Grapes of Wrath" will linger for a long time. It will be kept fresh by one of the most unusually good sets of recorded songs ever put together. Woody Guthrie, an Okie, did the ballad singing in the film. The Guthrie "Dust Bowl Ballads" (Victor P-27, 28) have all his own songs—including "Tom Joad," a singing analysis of the film.

From the now aged "Till We Meet Again," a product of the Brothers Warner, comes "Where Was I?"—a song hit that is outliving its source. Tony Martin's tenor singing helps that situation along. To complete the couplet, he picks an item with a peculiar title and theme—but it, too, is in the best-seller class: "When The Swallows Come Back To Capistrano" (Decca 3246).

Or, if you like a mellow baritone better, there is Dick Todd singing about the Swallows' return. The other side comes from a Tex Ritter horse-opera known as the "Westbound Stage." The song is "It's All Over Now"—a good solid representative of the hill country (Bluebird 10769).

There's a new swing number which is now practically a standard part of all jittering maestri's repertoires. Identified simply as "Rhumboogie," it popped up first in Universal's "Argentine Nights." Bob Zurke's is the band that does a very, very hot job on it. And, if you're still in the mood, turn over and there's "Cow Cow Blues"—no relation to Hollywood, but authentic boogie-woogie (Victor 26646).

Long hair or no, Dorothy Lamour still faces the recording microphone with sarongogenic aplomb. Her selections this time are "It Had To Be You" and "I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues." Her interpretation is low-voiced and sultry—just about what you would expect (Bluebird 10758).

Intent onlookers: Bill Grady, Mrs. Spencer Tracy, Spence and—right up in the front row—young John Tracy and Jorgen Hansen



Star-gazing at a high one: Clark and Carole Lombard Gable —too busy, at the moment, to open their bags of peanuts!

Taps

THERE'S tragedy in the news we have for you now, and heartbreak. The terrible shadow of this Second World War comes closer than ever. . . .

Do you remember a story Cal told a few months back—about the young French student whom Margaret Lindsay met long ago on the lovely Isle of Capri and the brief, beautiful friendship that might have turned into love had Fate written differently? And how they lost track of each other until the war began and then Margaret received a card from the young man, now a soldier "somewhere in France," saying in French, "When the future is dark, thoughts turn back to yesterday. . . . ?"

Well, "yesterday" is gone forever, now, for that French student-soldier. You see, Margaret received another message from "somewhere in France." It was a letter from another French soldier and it told her the youth of the Capri



Nail-biter de luxe: Home-team rooter Rosalind Russell, tense during a crucial play—though her unruffled friend takes a calmer view of the proceedings

Popcorn eaters: George Murphy and the Jimmy Cagneys, taking "time out" for themselves—and a bit of nourishment —before the big seventh-inning rally



Gene Raymond's contribution for his Red Cross tag at Tom May's benefit party brings a gasp from salesgirl Olivia de Havilland, who wears her official silk shoulder sash over her ermine jacket



Bob Montgomery (who's been speaking for the Red Cross on his experiences at the Front) pauses with his wife to wish salesgirl Claudette Colbert a good "take" on her tambourine

idyl had been killed in action.

"He wanted you to know if anything happened to him," the letter said, "and to tell you *'au revoir.'*"

Hollywood Chuckles

TYRONE POWER tells it on himself, so it must be true.

After a scene on location for "Brigham Young" Ty went home to his hotel room exhausted. The heat was unbearable so he phoned downstairs to have a couple of fans sent up.

Two minutes later two giggling girls stood in the doorway with autograph books in hand.

A plane passenger tells it on George Raft.

It happened on George's recent flight from New York to Los Angeles with his friend and companion, Mack Grey. Two English refugee children, also on the plane, had no berths.

"Quite all right, quite all right," they said with British fortitude to the anxious stewardess and proceeded to sit calmly, their little heads nodding with sleepiness as the evening wore on.

Raft stood it as long as he could, then he shook Grey awake. Whereupon, the two arose, sat up and nodded their heads till morning while the refugees occupied their berths.

A set worker tells it on Gene Raymond.

Skipping up behind his wife Jeanette MacDonald on the "Bittersweet" set, Gene cried, "Hello, babe."

Jeanette whirled and glared at him icily, while Gene froze.

"It's Mrs. Babe to you, please," she finally said. Gene and the cast roared.

Cal's Alphabetical News:

ALICE FAYE is still trying to decide between Sandy Cummings and ex-husband Tony Martin.

Barbara Stanwyck is trying to think up ways for husband Bob Taylor to put in his time on his vacation while she labors in "Meet John Doe."

Cary Grant is trying to dodge the Countess of Jersey (his ex-wife, Virginia Cherrill) who is a Hollywood visitor, while he's going out with Barbara Hutton.

Don Ameche claims the birth of his fourth son had nothing to do with his latest picture, "Four Sons." It is not a publicity gag, he storms.

Eleanor Powell couldn't be more radiant over her marriage to Merrill Pye. And the groom is beaming.

Fredric March, who is again vocally renouncing Hollywood, is going right ahead with his plans for a Hollywood residence. The American Way, one wonders.

Greer Garson may become Mrs. Benny Thau (M-G-M executive) any day now. Are the swains out here blue!

Humphrey Bogart couldn't be happier over inheriting Paul Muni's gangster role in "High Sierra," only he's worried for fear he'll inherit "one of those high-class gent roles" next time. "With a goatee," he moans.

Irene Dunne has renounced all serious heavy roles, with a lot of heavy sugar involved, in favor of comedy. You want to laugh, she says. Do you?

Jimmy Stewart flew Olivia de Havilland to Vancouver, B. C., for a vacation. Or was it a secret wedding, Jimmy?

Katharine Hepburn is a shade kinder to the press, but that big sign on her set of "The Philadelphia Story" says "Positively No Admittance" and that means you, visiting fans.

Lloyd Nolan is so excited over the expected arrival of his new baby he's had the nursery decorated in both blue and pink, "so the baby's feelings won't be hurt either way."

Madeleine Carroll gets that misty look in her blue eyes when one mentions her recent Atlantic hop. She failed to locate her real heart, that French aviator.

Nelson Eddy tore down the old barn on his new property last week and scared M-G-M out of their wits when he showed up for "Bittersweet" with a smashed finger, a bruised shin and a shiner over his right eye.

Orson Welles, minus the whiskers, is the constant, beaming escort of the beauteous Dolores Del Rio at all charitable social fetes. They couldn't look happier.

Paul Muni and Pat O'Brien both tussled with their studio, but Pat stayed, on a compromise, while Paul went, his Beethoven script under his arm. Hollywood says it's the beginning of the end for all big salaried stars with a grouch, which is mighty significant, my friends.

Queenie Vassar, grand old lady of "Primrose Path," is looking about for a glamour dame role and will find it, ten to one.

Robert Taylor, lonely while wifey Barbara works, tried golf and lost his temper, his niblick, his head. He's gone back to solitaire.

Shirley Temple is drawing nearer and nearer to that Universal contract and Hollywood bets she'll be a Pasternak sensation all over again.

Tom Lewis, the seventh-heaven groom of Loretta Young, declares his bride is the most beautiful in the world.

Una Merkel, after knocking the Straw Hat summer stock circuit cold with her cute Southern accent, is toying between Broadway and Hollywood. All Merkel movie fans had better scream loud for Una.

Virginia Bruce gives out with a rhumba in "Hired Wife." Her partner-foil will be the tall-dark-and John Carroll.

Wendy Barrie is twoing with the blond and handsome newcomer, William Orr, but declares it isn't serious.

X stands for the kisses that mark Mickey Rooney's very special letters to his real heart, Mary Beth Hughes, J. Barrymore's new leading lady.

Y stands for Youth and the lesson it teaches to flighty Hollywood in the constant devotion of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul.

Z is for the Zip of Jackie Cooper on the drums, while his eyes follow Bonita Granville about the dance floor.

Hollywood Divorce Receives a Jolt:

WAYNE MORRIS is not giving up his beautiful wife, Bubbles Schinasi Morris, and their baby, without a struggle.

In fact, Wayne was the first Hollywood actor to take advantage of the new Conciliation Act passed by the California Legislature in September, 1939, which prevents either husband or wife seeking a divorce without first talking it over before a judge. At the home of Judge Ben Lindsey the pair met recently to talk over the situation before Bubbles applied for her divorce in court.

In the meantime, Bubbles is being seen at the local night spots with different escorts. But Morris continues to hope and Hollywood hopes with him.



Another stellar seller, Greer Garson, gets Basil Rathbone's donation. Main feature at the May affair was Lotte Lehmann's singing



Bette Davis and her director, William Wyler, prove to be in step at the R. C. concert-ball



Another dancing duo at the charity gala in Tom May's home—this time, Roger Edden and Margaret Sullavan



When John and Frances Langford Hall give a South Seas "luau," Lucille Ball and newcomer Desi Arnaz forget romance long enough to eat



"Sea Hawkers" Alan Hale and Brenda Marshall have a quiet (?) laugh over the whiskers Brenda's fiance, William Holden, is growing for a picture

Hollywood's Best Titter of the Month

THE word that John Barrymore was visiting on "The Philadelphia Story" set flashed quickly about from extra to star, for visitors on that set are few and far between.

At the conclusion of a scene John, who helped Hepburn in her first screen effort, "Bill of Divorcement," stepped into the limelight while everyone listened for his comment.

"Well, Katie," he said, "I've just been watching that scene and do you know who, in my opinion, is the finest actress on the screen?"

Katie beamed. "Who?" she asked.

"Virginia Weidler," John Barrymored and, chucking Virginia under the chin, he bounced, literally bounced, hippety-hop, off the set.

Love, By Gosh!

LACK of sales resistance has nothing to do with the fact that Richard Halliday, attractive new husband of Mary Martin, has a brand-new car which he doesn't want. It was love.

Seems that during their courtship Mary had complained because the top of Dick's perfectly good convertible coupe wouldn't go up and down very easily—took, in fact, a couple of men and a horse (Mary says) to work it properly. "Why don't you get one with an easy-to-manipulate top like mine?" she kept asking him.

So, as it happened, on the day they eloped to Las Vegas, albeit long before he knew they were going to do it, Dick had an auto agency send around a new car like Mary's for a trial. Then they decided to get married and, without considering the consequences, Dick raced with his bride-to-be to Nevada in the new car and then, of course, had to drive it back again.

Well, six hundred miles are a lot of miles to put on a car if you're only going to *look*

(Continued on page 81)



★PASTOR HALL—James Roosevelt-United Artists

OF all the screen indictments of German Naziism, none is so powerful as this British production, based on the case of Pastor Niemoller (the Lutheran minister who dared to oppose Hitler's edicts and precepts) and released by James Roosevelt. Wilfrid Lawson plays superbly *Pastor Hall,* who is thrust into a concentration camp where brutality stalks in manner never before seen on the screen. Nova Pilbeam is his daughter and Marius Goring a vicious Storm-Troop leader. Introduced by a prologue in which Eleanor Roosevelt explains reasons for its presentation in this country and dedicated "to the day when it can be shown in Germany," "Pastor Hall" should prove sensational.



★THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES—20th Century-Fox

FRANK JAMES (played by Henry Fonda, as in Fox's "Jesse James") comes out of obscurity to avenge the death of his brother in this Technicolor epic. Feeling that the Midwestern railroad with which the family feuded for years is morally responsible for Jesse's death, Frank decides to finance his search for the Ford brothers, Jesse's actual assassins, at the railroad's expense. There is a terrible fight during his very first foray and a company watchman is murdered. Jackie Cooper, disobeying his brother's command to stay away, is in the midst of it all. Romance flourishes when Frank falls for Gene Tierney, a girl reporter. But you should see for yourself the climax to this he-man drama.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES



★DULCY—M-G-M

MAISIE, the shrewd, becomes *Dulcy,* the dumb. But shrewd or dumb, Ann Sothern proves once and for all that she's one of the outstanding actresses on the screen! There's a certain something about her—an aliveness, an appeal—which sets her apart not only as an actress but as a personality. *Dulcy,* a lovable nitwit with a genius for doing the wrong thing at the right time, is bent on helping the man of her heart (Ian Hunter) sell an airplane gadget he invented to Roland Young, a plane manufacturer. She invites a party, Ian and Roland among them, to her cabin on a lake, hoping that propinquity will help to close the deal. But Roland, it seems, is a very nervous gentleman and *Dulcy,* always with the best of intentions, manages to do everything possible to make him more so. The climax comes when she arranges a formal unveiling of the gadget, but happens, also, to dislodge one of its salient parts, whereupon, when Roland bends over to look at it—but that would be giving away the funniest situation of all. Reginald Gardiner (once upon a time Hedy Lamarr's boy friend) contributes to the nonsense. So do Billie Burke, Lynne Carver and Dan Dailey Jr. Incidentally, if you feminine movie fans have a weakness for frothy white organdie frocks, you'll love the one Ann wears for the unveiling of the gadget. It has a black taffeta apron!



★FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—Wanger-United Artists

BIG, thrilling, different, this picture portrays the adventures of a young American (Joel McCrea) who goes to Europe to dig up the truth concerning a certain foreign political situation previously reported by one government and contradicted by another. Filmed with the realism which is a specialty of its director, Alfred Hitchcock, "Foreign Correspondent" is as graphic as a newsreel and to all intents and purposes as timely—even though much of its action does take place before Hitler's legions marched into Poland. With true American flippancy mixed with idealism—or vice versa—Joel pursues his mission, only to find his life in danger because, at last, he learns too much. Herbert Marshall is notably in the cast, together with Laraine Day in a wonderful role, George Sanders, Albert Basserman and—to make you laugh—Robert Benchley. Scenes filmed in Amsterdam before it was bombed and an airplane crash so spectacular you can scarcely watch it are some of the high lights. Through it all run vivid suspense and an authenticity you don't always find in an adventure epic as exciting as this. First called "Personal History," the title of Vincent Sheehan's best seller, it was renamed "Foreign Correspondent," since because of the rapidity with which the European scene changed, the film finally evolved with no relationship to the book at all.



★ THE GREAT McGINTY—Paramount

BRIAN DONLEVY, who used to earn your hisses as a villain, plays a romantic role in this. As the foreword says, this is the tale of two guys who meet in a banana republic. One has been a right guy all of his life, except for one crazy moment; the other a wrong guy. It is of the "wrong guy" (Brian) with whom most of this tale is concerned. He tells it himself—how he was a bum, how he caught the eye of a grafting political boss (Akim Tamiroff) who liked him because he used his fists instead of a "rod." He tells you how, because he was tough and smart, he got to be mayor of a certain city, the "graftingest" mayor a city ever had. And how he got to be governor of a certain state. And how, right then, came the "crazy moment." You see, he had suddenly fallen in love with his wife (Muriel Angelus) whom he had married only for political reasons and she wanted him to go straight. So he did—or tried to. And wound up in the banana republic. This is a different kind of picture from any you've seen for a long time. For all it's a man's story, feminine movie-goers will ask themselves how they ever happened to overlook the romantic side of this Donlevy chap. Incidentally, this film has a special merit—produced at a reasonable cost, it is still one of the best written, best directed and most entertaining of the year.



THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER—RKO

THIS old-time melodrama showing the curse of drink and the tragedy that follows in its wake is played with dead seriousness in the old exaggerated style by Richard Cromwell as the victim of the demon rum, Anita Louise his faithful and long-suffering wife, Alan Mowbray as the villain who pursues the pure Anita, and Hugh Herbert as the reformer. Mowbray lures Cromwell to take to drink and within a very short time he and his family are penniless. Cromwell, in shame, leaves his home and Anita follows to search for him, but the villainous Mowbray continues his evil machinations. Billy Gilbert, as the master of ceremonies, will invite you to hiss the villains and applaud the hero.



MONEY AND THE WOMAN—Warners

NOT much that is unusual, here, or much that is exciting, either, although the excellent performances of Jeffrey Lynn, Brenda Marshall and Roger Pryor must count for something. Jeffrey is vice-president of a bank; Roger, head of the savings department; Brenda, the latter's wife. Roger must go to the hospital for an operation and Brenda takes his place in the bank. Meanwhile, Jeffrey discovers a $5,000 shortage in Roger's account, but generously lends Brenda the money to cover it up. But when Roger recovers he steals $90,000 from the bank, intending to spend it, as he did the $5,000, on Lee Patrick. Of course, justice triumphs in the end—and so does the true love of Jeffrey and Brenda.



CAPTAIN CAUTION—Roach-United Artists

THIS is a picturization of Kenneth Roberts' story of the War of 1812 as it was fought on the high seas, in this instance mostly by Victor Mature, a Yankee sea captain, and Bruce Cabot, a slave runner with whom money is the all-important issue. Louise Platt, daughter of an American shipowner, is out to avenge her father's death at the hands of a British man-of-war and it is through her furious denunciation of Mature as a too-cautious coward that the story derives its name. Life on the high seas is portrayed here in a rough-and-tough fashion, making this a vital story of action. There is too much fighting, however, among both ships and men, to make it anything but a man's picture.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Return of Frank James
Boom Town
Pastor Hall
Young People
The Great McGinty
Foreign Correspondent
Dulcy
I Love You Again
When the Daltons Rode
The Lady in Question
Texas Rangers Ride Again
The Man I Married
Queen of Destiny
The Ramparts We Watch
South of Pago-Pago

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Clark Gable in "Boom Town"
Spencer Tracy in "Boom Town"
Wilfrid Lawson in "Pastor Hall"
Brian Donlevy in "The Great McGinty"
Joel McCrea in "Foreign Correspondent"
Ann Sothern in "Dulcy"
William Powell in "I Love You Again"
Broderick Crawford in "When the Daltons Rode"
Brian Aherne in "The Lady in Question"
Ann Sothern in "Gold Rush Maisie"
Anna Neagle in "Queen of Destiny"
Anton Walbrook in "Queen of Destiny"
Lana Turner in "We Who Are Young"



★ YOUNG PEOPLE—20th Century-Fox

SOPHISTICATES will say, perhaps, that there is too much hokum in this last picture of Shirley Temple's under the banner of 20th Century-Fox. But you'll find it a pretty good kind of hokum. In the first place, Shirley isn't the whole show, which is a refreshing change from past Temple pictures. Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood are in there pitching, too. With Shirley, they comprise *The Three Ballantines,* vaudeville stars who decide to settle down in a certain little New England town. They want to be a part of the town and to help it grow. The young people, headed by George Montgomery (who has turned out to be a very attractive screen personality) and Arleen Whelan, are with them, too, but the oldsters are so cold and suspicious that they almost break down even the *Ballantine* variety of good will and intentions. Through it all, Shirley seems less a child prodigy than ever before and more a lovable little girl. You'll realize anew what a wonderful trooper she is, too, what with her new songs and dances. This is an ideal vehicle for her in that respect. Two of the best songs featured are "I Wouldn't Take A Million" and "Fifth Avenue" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren. The picture is really packed with fast entertainment and you'll come out of the theater hoping to see more of Shirley—if it isn't already too late.



★ BOOM TOWN—M-G-M

AN elegant picture with a wonderful cast and a laugh or a thrill a minute; a picture that will make you forget your troubles—and how! The story's about two rough-and-tough guys, *Big John McMasters* (Clark Gable) and *Square John Sand* (Spencer Tracy), who meet the ups and downs of the oil business with whatever it takes. When Claudette Colbert, with whom *Square John* has long been in love, comes to town, *Big John* ups and marries her. Follows then the first of a long and two-fisted series of quarrels between the two *Johns,* whose mutual regard is too often submerged in mulish pride. Each makes and loses a couple of fortunes or more before *Big John,* always on the lookout for bigger and tougher worlds to conquer, moves into New York to play the oil game with kid gloves on instead of a driller's bit in his hands. Here he meets Hedy Lamarr, the most beautiful and the smartest financial tipster in the Big Town, and kind of strays from home and fireside for a while. But he really loves Claudette all the time and in the end proves it to the satisfaction of all. High lights? Well, Clark and Spencer parading around in long underwear in their hotel room, 'way in the first of the picture (they look positively *terrible!*); Hedy's breath-taking beauty in every scene she's in.

(Continued on page 95)

We Cover The Studios



Cary Grant offers Katharine Hepburn a choice of weapons for a duel of wits in "The Philadelphia Story," with Virginia Weidler and Mary Nash

In which movie-detecting involves an itinerary from Pennsylvania to Burma—and all points in between!

BY BARBARA HAYES

THE door on sound stage 24 at Metro announced in very big type, "Absolutely No Visitors." Beneath this smaller type warned, "No exceptions." Beneath that, it said even smaller, 'This means you." At the bottom ordinary type commanded "Keep Off."

So we opened the door and went in. Don't think we weren't frightened, though, for this stage was the stage where Miss Katharine Hepburn was engaged in making her movie comeback in "The Philadelphia Story."

Admittedly we had moved heaven and earth and almost Louis B. Mayer to be there, but even with an okayed pass we still didn't know what was to happen. We have encountered career Katie before and we know how one of her freezing looks can turn one into an igloo at thirty paces.

The set was one of the most beautiful and accurate our busy little eyes have ever beheld. We stepped, first, into a vast garden where real flowers were blooming and real grass was sprouting and where a real and most lovely stone wall shut off some of the distant view (which we must admit was only a view painted on canvas). The atmosphere was persuasive enough to prepare us for anything, but even at that we never did expect that when Miss Hepburn issued out of her set dressing room clad in an Adrian full-skirted, wide-sleeved dress of white mousseline topped with a sleeveless blouse of red, white and blue, she would come voluntarily over to us and actually sit down and talk and be utterly charming. That was enough of a shock, but we were equally dumbfounded that we fell for her and her charm with all the ease of a kid falling for Santa Claus.

While we sat there, polishing our best manners and telling Katie sincerely that we thought her one of the screen's greatest actresses, Katie enchantingly told us "The Philadelphia Story" plot. It seems as how she is an arrogant young heiress who is known as a "moon goddess," meaning a girl who has no tolerance for human frailty and who, because of her impossible ideals, has divorced her first husband (Cary Grant) and is about to take another (John Howard). Cary, however, wanting to stop the wedding and to win her back to himself, introduces a reporter (Jimmy Stewart) and his girl-pal photographer (Ruth Hussey) into the sacred precincts of Katie's life and home, which leads to numerous complications and an eventual hilarious and happy ending.

We stuck around while the whole cast did a scene where Cary, unwanted and uninvited, barges in and makes Katie's mother ask him to stay for lunch. It was a very difficult scene, as Ruth Hussey had to snap pictures and drive Katie mad, Cary had to annoy John Howard, and the butler had to walk in and stop everything with that classic line, "Luncheon is served, Madam." It was the kind of scene that George Cukor directs superlatively and when it was caught in two takes, Cary came over and told us how good Hepburn was going to be; Cukor came over and told us how good Hepburn was going to be; and Hepburn came over and told us to come back some more.

Melted completely by such warmth, we walked out and bumped head on into Jeanette MacDonald, who was advancing toward her first day's work on "Bittersweet." We started to tell Miss MacDonald how wonderful we were and how well some stars treated us, but she only laughed and said, "Be yourself and come on over and talk to Nelson and me."

"Bittersweet" is that charming play that Noel Coward ran up several seasons ago and it will give that MacDonald-Eddy duo a chance to be both back in the past (where most of their admirers seem to demand them) and up in the present, where they both long to be, and singing divinely the while both places.

WE caught Nelson, who always was charming but who is a perfect angel now that he is so very happily married, draped around an old-fashioned square piano. In the flash back into olden days, he is music teacher to Miss MacDonald and that's what he was being this first day of shooting. "Bittersweet" will be in Technicolor which will give you a chance to view that MacDonald crowning glory in all its glorious color which we think is a thrill, for there is to us nothing like those MacDonald golden-red locks.

But, when it comes to coiffures, we just don't like that pompadour movement around town and currently on Bette Davis' and Ann Sothern's heads. We caught Annie down at Metro where she's getting a rest from "Maisie" by playing a bird-brain wife named "Dulcy." We discovered her sweltering away in an all-wool, two-piece, black-skirted, orange tunic-ed dress and with that aforementioned pompadour topped by a dizzy hat made entirely of flowers. We discovered through Annie, and later through Roz Russell at Universal, that apparently we are going to wear two-toned wool combinations this winter. It was just our bad luck that we caught the girls dolled up in them when the thermometer stood at 98 in the shade of the old pepper trees.

YOU'RE probably aware that the Russell belongs at M-G-M but it's "Hired Wife" she's working on at Universal. We don't know that the Hays Office is aware that it is selling matrimony as a gay and funny institution to the public all on account of its restrictions on unwed romance. There are Grant and Hepburn,

Most of "They Knew What They Wanted" is location stuff, but this early scene catches Nester Paiva, Grace Lenard, Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, Millicent Green and Bobby Barber on a studio set

husband and wife in "The Philadelphia Story." There's Sothern being a wife in "Dulcy" and here's Russell as a near-wife at Universal. The reasons are the same in all cases: You can get away with so much more in a movie plot if the man and woman have been through a supposed, or actually binding, marriage service.

In Roz' case she has framed Brian Aherne, her boss, into marrying her, because she loves him and she also wants to get him away from Virginia Bruce, who desires him (and whom he, poor man, prefers). The situation we walk in upon finds Roz and Brian facing a justice of the peace who is confessing to them that he's discovered his license had run out a few days before he wed them, so they don't legally belong to each other. This delights Brian and agonizes Roz.

They have to do the scene three times and the trouble is not Roz but what the heat does to her. Every time the poor girl sits down wrinkles appear in the back of her dress. The dress actually is in two tones of light and dark beige and collared in white piqué. So what happens in that temperature of 98? Well, they can't stop to have Roz undress every time, so girls from the wardrobe department pop up after each take with wet towels and while Roz stands, a martyr to her art, they iron the dress

(Continued on page 91)

After the mob scene with Walter Abel and Ray Milland, Claudette Colbert just had to put her suit on for later sequences such as this in "Arise My Love!"

In "A Little Bit of Heaven," Gloria Jean has eight "uncles" who will never be forgotten by fans, past or present—Pat O'Malley, Maurice Costello, Noah Beery, Charles Ray (lower row with Gloria); Kenneth Harlan, Fred Kelsey, William Desmond and Monte Blue (upper row)





I



Jerry and Mac of Paramount's "I Want A Divorce": Joan Blondell and Dick Powell



The domestic troubles of a girl like Peppy would spice up any front page. The papers went to town on this, Mac's first divorce case



"Mr. Appleby, did you ever know a Miss Peppy Chickonia?" Mac asked the marine. "Yer durn tootin' I did," answered Appleby with feeling

WANT A DIVORCE

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Every married woman has to face, at some time or other, a situation like this. Jerry MacNally thought she knew just what to do about it

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THERE probably never was a pair of sweethearts in the whole world who didn't feel that all their troubles would be over the minute they got married. Certainly young Alan and Jerry MacNally were no exception. Weren't they ecstatically in love with each other? Hadn't Mac passed his bar examinations and got a job—not much of one, it's true, but still a foothold—in the law office of the sensationally successful Erskine Brandon?

Of course, for Jerry there was the tragic example of Wanda's broken marriage. But Jerry adored her scintillating older sister and could understand very well why Wanda couldn't stay married to a critical old fogey like David Holland. Her own Mac wasn't a bit like that. Jerry was only terribly sorry for little Davey Holland, being passed around like an unwanted piece of cake, from papa to mama and back again.

There was Jeff's situation, too. Jeff Gilman was a dealer on a gambling ship, but he was Jerry and Mac's best friend just the same. They liked his ready frankness and sympathized with his desire to be free of his petulant wife. "Peppy" Gilman was greedy and grasping—not at all like Jerry herself.

So they didn't worry much about the marital tangles around them. And, whenever Jerry did have a twinge of doubt, she always thought of her own Grandma Brokaw and Grandpa and their long happiness together on their little fruit farm. Didn't that prove how well marriage could really work out?

Only—Jerry sometimes wondered if maybe she didn't have too much time on her hands. There was so little to do around the tiny apartment and there wasn't any money to spend anywhere else during the day.

How could Jerry have guessed that money—which had seemed so unimportant in the face of their love for each other—and money alone, was enough to imperil their happiness?

BUT it was, as Jerry learned one fateful day, months after her marriage.

She awoke, as usual, at the sound of the alarm. She crept out of bed, regarding herself in the mirror with the unhappy conviction that she never looked beautiful in the morning. Then she grinned philosophically, combed her hair, put on a neat-and-clean house dress and began the process of waking Mac. Usually there was a roughhouse and this was no exception. When he went back to sleep for the third time the coffee was already perking and she poured a glass of water down his neck drop by drop. That did it, but the damage was considerable because Jerry was pretty strong herself.

They wrestled and tumbled like puppies, until suddenly he jumped free, picked her up, gave her a swift kiss and disappeared into the tiny bathroom.

Jerry heaved an ecstatic sigh and put the toast on. Mac's rush to the table, the hurried breakfast which he ate with one hand while he held the paper with the other were all right on schedule.

At the door she said, "Darling—I hate to mention the matter, but how's the family exchequer this morning? There's some old-fashioned theory about having to eat to live."

That morning it really got serious.

There were three silver coins in Mac's pocket, a dime, a quarter and a fifty-cent piece. He gave Jerry the fifty-cent piece.

"Don't spend it all in one place," he said.

Jerry said, "But—what'll we do when this is gone?"

"I'll get some today. Brandy promised me some."

"Brandon and his promises," said Jerry. "He isn't being a bit fair to you. You work so hard."

"He's all right," Mac said. "He spends an awful lot of dough. The contacts he keeps up come high, but I guess they bring in business."

"So he buys polo ponies and your wife can starve."

Mac's face went dark with that sudden temper that came so swiftly and mercifully so seldom. "I didn't know I'd let you starve yet."

"Oh, Mac, no," she said, "only you're just as good a lawyer as he is and you do most of the real work and then he never gives you any real salary or any credit—you ought to threaten to leave him and then where would he be?"

Mac laughed. "Point is, where would I be?" he said. "You're a fool to even think of such a thing. I'm lucky—"

"Don't call me a fool," Jerry said. "It's one of the things I specially don't like."

"I didn't," said Mac.

"You did so," Jerry said furiously, near to tears, clutching the ignominious fifty-cent piece hard in her hand.

"I did not," Mac shouted.

Jerry opened her mouth to shout back and then began to roar with laughter. "Did—didn't—did—didn't," she sputtered at him and then Mac was laughing, too, he had kissed her, the way a lover kisses his beloved good-by, ruffling her hair and looking down into her face. Then he was gone and everything was very quiet and Jerry's day alone had begun.

ALWAYS the thought of Mac pervaded the place. She picked up the paper and peered at the page he had been reading—the sports page. "Baseball," said Jerry. She went to work in the bedroom and couldn't resist smoothing tenderly the pillow where his head had rested and putting her cheek against the coat of his pajamas as she hung them up.

The phone rang and it was Wanda. Jerry lit a cigarette and settled down for a long conversation.

"Come over for lunch and play bridge," Wanda said.

Jerry winked at the fifty-cent piece and said, "Can't afford it this week."

"I'll carry you," Wanda said.

"Mac wouldn't like that."

"Why tell him?"

"I always tell him everything."

Wanda's voice sounded thin. "More fool you. Don't mind me, I've got a hangover. I was out with Mac's boss last night. I expect he's got one, too."

"You shouldn't," Jerry said. "You'll ruin your complexion and it's so lovely."

"It ought to be," Wanda said, and this time Jerry was sure of the bitterness. "It costs enough."



Jeff was shaking Mac's hand like a pump handle. "Boy, you sure pulled that one out of the hat!"

"Hey, don't be like that. I'm coming over now for a while—"

"Don't bother," Wanda said. "I'm going out."

Jerry wrinkled her nose in distress, but there wasn't anything she could do about it. The pace Wanda was going worried her.

On her way out, she met the fat little woman from next door.

"You through your work already?" the little woman said. "You're wonderful, I think. I get so behind. But I got a new book—'The Corpse with Two Heads'—and I just had to finish it. I'll lend it to you if you want."

"Thanks, I'm going over to the Farmer's Market now," Jerry said.

"My goodness," her neighbor said, "that's too far for me. I'll bring the book over later."

The Farmer's Market was a wonderful place. The fruit looked so fresh and lovely and the colors were so gay. Jerry loved to trundle the little wicker cart behind her and stroll around, looking at everything and pretending to buy it all. Making fifty cents cover dinner tonight and breakfast in the morning was a trick, but she managed. She got to talking to the farm woman who sold her two ears of corn for a nickel.

"You grow this corn yourself?" she said.

"My husband does. We picked it fresh this morning!" Smiling, then, she slipped in an extra ear and Jerry's spirits soared. Mac could have two pieces.

"I wish we had a farm," she said. "I expect it keeps you awfully busy. My grandma lives on a fruit ranch—"

"It keeps me too busy," the woman said.

"That's better than not being busy enough," Jerry said.

"Aren't you going to sit under the blue umbrella?" the woman said.

"Why—I hadn't thought—"

The woman smiled. "We have a superstition around here about the blue umbrella. We watch it. If you sit under it, sooner or later you're sure to see friends. If you're lonesome—why don't you try that?"

Jerry sat down under the blue umbrella. She wondered if she'd see a friend and who it would be.

Then there in the crowd appeared David and little Davey and a woman, a nice-looking, rather plump woman, with a wicker basket behind her. Jerry shouted, "Hi—Davey—"

The little boy looked surprised. Then he came running. He was a sturdy little boy with freckles on his nose and he was illuminated with excitement.

"Hello, Aunt Jerry. We stopped here, but Dad's going to take me over to the ball game."

"I think that's fine," Jerry said, holding him with an arm around his shoulders. "Aren't you going to see your mother? I thought you were in school."

"Sure—but this is a vacation and I don't have to go to see Wanda in vacations. Vacations I'm supposed to go with my dad."

David and the woman came up and David introduced her. She had a kind smile, but somehow it infuriated Jerry to see David and Davey and the woman all looking so happy. How could a man who had been married to Wanda look happy with a woman like that? They went off, with Davey pulling the wicker basket.

"If that's the best you can do in the way of friends—" Jerry told the blue umbrella—and just then she saw Jeff, same old sourpuss. She ran after him.

"What in the world are you doing here?" she said.

"Sell some of our fish to them," Jeff said. "I bought a half interest. Come on—I'll show you."

They walked on. "Aren't you on the barge any more?"

Jeff looked gloomier than ever. "Sure," he said, "got to support my wife. Fishing launch doesn't pay much yet. Say, the grunion are running tonight. Why don't you and Mac come on down—I'll meet you at the Malibu pier."

"What are grunion," said Jerry," and what are they running from?"

"Grunion," said Jeff, "are fish. They run during a full moon. Millions of 'em—if they run, which sometimes they do and sometimes they don't. They come right in on the waves and there isn't any better eating nowhere at all."

"Maybe we'll come," Jerry said.

JUST before he left the office, Mac went in to see Brandon.

He said, "Look, Brandy, I'm awful broke."

"There is nothing unique about that," said Brandy cheerfully. "So am I."

"Being broke with you is one thing," said Mac, trying to match the cheerfulness, "with me, it's another. They say nobody ever starves to death, but I'm beginning to wonder."

"I'll check up on it," Brandon said.

"I've worked pretty hard lately," Mac said. "That brief I drew in the Mercereau case—we won an appeal on it."

Brandon regarded him quizzically. "You think you ought to have more salary?"

"More?" Mac grinned. "I think I ought to have some."

"You're a good kid, Mac," Brandon said. "I like you. But I might as well be honest. I can get 5000 good young law students and 2000 good young lawyers every day in the week for nothing. You know that, don't you?"

Mac said, trying with desperation to hit just the right note, "Oh, sure—but not as good as I am."

"Maybe not, but they'll do," Brandon said, still smiling. "You're getting a lot of valuable experience here."

"Also, I have learned to know your ways and it'd take you quite a while to teach anybody else to save you as much time as I do."

"What's more," said Brandon, "it's experience you have to get sometime."

"I know," Mac said, "but—my wife says she can't buy bread and butter with experience. You know how women are."

"An interne," said Brandon, "has to serve his time in the hospital and he gets eight bucks a month. This is your internship, see? You're getting experience and prestige. You can't really expect me to pay much for the privilege of teaching you your business, can you?"

"I do quite a lot of work you have to get done somehow," said Mac steadily.

"That's right," said Brandon, "but I can get a lot of bright boys to do it gladly—for the chance."

"Then that's the kind of work you'll get," Mac said. "Most men who work for nothing are worth just what they get."

"If you're not satisfied—" Brandon said slowly.

Mac squared his shoulders. "I like to be able to feed my wife at regular intervals," Mac said, "and it would increase my morale and pay you dividends if I got a little pay regularly, too."

"A man shouldn't get married until he's sure he can do that," Brandon said, "and as for your morale—tell you what I'll do. I'll give you fifty percent of any new business you bring into the office. We could use a little new business right now. That fair?"

"I guess that's fair," said Mac bravely and went out.

New business! As far as Mac was concerned, he decided that crime wasn't paying just now. There wasn't any new business.

WHEN he walked into the apartment he was very tired and very hungry and as low as the underside of a steam roller. He couldn't smell any dinner and Jerry was curled up on the window seat reading a book with an amazing picture on the cover and a scarlet title reading, "The Corpse with Two Heads."

"That's a fine kind of a book for a decent woman to be reading," said Mac bitterly, coldly.

Jerry's face came from behind the book. Her

CAST

Geraldine (Jerry) Brokaw	Joan Blondell
Alan MacNally	Dick Powell
Wanda Holland	Gloria Dickson
Jeff Gilman	Frank Fay
Grandma Brokaw	Jessie Ralph
Grandpa Brokaw	Harry Davenport
David Holland, Sr.	Conrad Nagel
David Holland, Jr.	Mickey Kuhn
"Peppy" Gilman	Dorothy Burgess
Erskine Brandon	Sidney Blackmer

Screen Play by Frank Butler

Directed by Ralph Murphy

eyes were as big as saucers. She hadn't even heard him. Fine thing, Mac thought, when a man came home worn out after battling with the boss and found his wife sunk in a lousy detective book.

"You put that right down," he yelled.

Jerry threw the book at him and he grabbed her. She saw that he was very angry.

"I ought to put you over my knee and spank you," he said.

Panic seized her. "Mac, don't," she said. "Don't. I'm sorry—oh, please. I didn't mean to—"

They were in each other's arms then and she was crying. "I don't know why I did," she said, her lips against his cheek. "I—I felt so bad about Wanda—and then I worried so about you and—the money—Mac, I love you."

"It wasn't us," Mac said, slowly, wearily, "I was just taking it out on you about Brandy—I'm sorry, too."

He hadn't, he admitted, gotten any money. They ate dinner in a silent panic.

"I can get some from Wanda," Jerry said. "A couple of dollars—just casually like I forgot my purse."

Mac threw down his napkin. "Not from Wanda," he said. "I'd rather starve. She said you were a fool to marry me—she said I'd never take care of you—"

"Grandma B. didn't," Jerry said. "They don't have much, but she'd give me anything she's got."

"Not Grandma B. She thought I'd make good—not your folks. And Dad's worse off than we are."

THEY sat in silence again. What did you do when you didn't have any money at all? How did you go on? The rent for the apartment was almost due.

Mac came and put his head on her shoulder. "Brandy was right," he said, "I shouldn't have married you until I was sure I could support you."

"If everybody waited to be sure of everything," Jerry said, "half the lovely things in the world wouldn't happen."

"But I was so sure I'd burn up the old courts—only you can't burn them up if you don't get any cases."

Her arms held him close. "It'll come, darling. That old Brandon. He'll be sorry someday. You'll be the best lawyer in the world—and you'll be a judge and maybe governor—"

"Fine judge I'd make," said Mac, muffled. "Jerry, that's what I'd like to be—if I ever could." It was the first time he had ever confided that secret ambition, but it seemed at the moment the only gift he had to give her.

"You will be," she said, but somehow he did not seem to be comforted.

It was then she thought of Jeff and the grunion. That was free. The car still ran and even if it burned up the last of the gasoline it would be worth it.

So they went grunion hunting, putting on their bathing suits and old sweaters over them. The moon was full and the night was glorious. In spite of themselves, their hearts lifted.

Jeff was waiting for them at the pier with pails and flashlights.

"How's business?" he asked.

Mac said, "What business?"

"The law," said Jeff. "From what I read in the papers there's a good many folks need lawyers."

"They haven't heard about me yet, though," Mac said.

Jeff played his flashlight carefully on the waves. "My wife," he said, "is still hankering after a divorce."

"I don't take divorce cases," Mac said. "Sorry."

"I thought maybe you might do it for a friend," Jeff said. "My wife's got a lot of fancy ideas about how I owe her a living for the rest of her life because I was sucker enough to marry her—"

Mac turned his flashlight suddenly on Jerry's face. She looked very small and sort of forlorn just then, standing up to her knees in the big ocean, in her oldest sweater, her hair blowing.

Jeff went on, "You got to be sensible. You can't be idealistic unless you got plenty of potatoes in the bank. You can't put them ideals of yours on toast for breakfast."

Jerry said, "Then you can go hungry," and her voice was a little unsteady.

"It's not like my divorce was one of these collaborated ones," Jeff said. "My wife—she'll give you a fight. This ain't a tank job. I got business interests to be looked after in this divorce. It'd be a favor to me."

In a loud voice Mac said, "All right—"

"Mac, not if you don't want to!" Jerry said.

Jeff took a roll of bills out of his sweater pocket. He said, "How's a hundred bucks for a retainer?"

Mac's flashlight caught the hundred-dollar bill square. Half of a hundred was fifty. Fifty dollars. "That'd be fine," Mac said.

Choking a little, Jerry said, "Mac, you mustn't do anything—not for me or Jeff—" and broke off. Somehow she was aware in her heart that this was a crucial moment and that there was something in it of which she was afraid. The fear mounted until it was almost worse than not having any money.

The flashlight in her hand made an arc—and the waves were silver, they were solid silver, they were alive. Jerry cried out, "Oh, look, look, Mac, the silver horde—oh, oh, isn't it beautiful?"

With loud shouts, with waving flashlights, with shouts of "The grunion are running, hurray, hurray," people plunged into the water.

Little things, unexpected things, the timing of things, change your whole life and you hardly know it. If the grunion hadn't run that night Jerry might have made herself say something more before Mac pocketed Jeff's hundred-dollar bill.

As it was, she tried once more, going home in the car. "If you don't want to, Mac," she said.

"Look, my fishermaiden," Mac said, "beggars cannot be putting too fine a point on things. Fifty bucks—that's my share—is more money than there is in the world. Don't worry. One little divorce case doesn't make me a divorce lawyer."

"Somehow, I don't like it," Jerry said. "We could get by. I might get a job—"

The car jumped. "Not and stay married to me," Mac said.

"Oh—it's that way, is it? Strong man stuff."

"Dumb bunny," said Mac. "Jobs break up marriages too many times."

"Not ours," said Jerry. "Nothing could do that, ever."

"I know," Mac said, "but let's not take chances, huh?"

MY INCOME

ONE MINUTE INTERVIEW WITH CLAUDETTE COLBERT

THE result of the 1938 income tax poll revealed, to the unmitigated surprise of a million motion-picture fans, the name Claudette Colbert as the woman receiving the highest salary in these United States for that year, the amount being $426,944.

"This black and white report leaves me with mixed emotions," Miss Colbert told this reporter in frank honesty. "Out of that $426,944 I had left for myself $100,000, which isn't hay. I consider the rest, absorbed by taxes, as a gift to the Government, and one I am glad to make. I hope every cent of it is used in defense." Miss Colbert is a naturalized citizen, born in France.

"Mixed with this pride and gratitude, though, is a feeling of *fear.* How long can I remain in a position to command a salary large enough to carry me over the years when there will be none? Fear that tomorrow will appear *that new girl,* a star's constant threat, who will steal one's favor with the fans. Fear of living over one's means.

"It has great danger, that kind of dough. Every one in Hollywood does live over his means; don't let anyone tell you differently. I thought I was smart. I'd fool 'em. I'd take a lesson from those who once had much more than I and now have nothing.

"Despite this, I know that everyone who earns that amount is going the same direction—into a future that no one has the power to label or to control.

"The successful businesswoman who earns $25,000 a year as a salary that goes on indefinitely is better off than I. How, with that amount of money credited to me, can I gauge what *must* be spent as a star now and still provide for big future years?

"I am grateful, but fearful and, I repeat, that kind of dough *is* dangerous."



CLAUDETTE COLBERT chooses for her cover costume a smoldering burnt amber suede jacket featuring the new high-buttoned design with sharp decisive revers and muted huckleberry plaid tweed collar that matches the slim skirt. Her hands, too, hold fashion importance—by way of the whipstitched doeskin shorties. Look to America for color accent—see it here in the Navajo red scarf. Costume from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

FROM every standpoint it seemed that Mac's first divorce case turned out very well indeed.

In the first place, Jeff was a character. The domestic troubles of a blackjack dealer with a face like a persimmon and a girl named Peppy who sang on a gambling ship would spice up any front page. The newspapers went to town.

Jerry went to the trial and so did Wanda and her friends and a good many other people. They were all more than repaid when the climax came.

Peppy had seemed to be getting all the best of it until Mac crossed to the judge and whispered in his ear. The judge beckoned to the bailiff and whispered in *his* ear.

"Hubert Appleby!" bellowed the bailiff.

There was a scuffle of feet and all eyes turned to a colossus of a marine as he heaved his vast bulk out of his seat and moved toward the stand.

When the bailiff had sworn him in, Mac took the floor.

"Mr. Appleby, did you ever know a Miss Peppy Chickonia?" Mac asked him.

"Yer durn tootin' I did," answered Appleby with deep feeling. "At's her right there," pointing his finger at Peppy.

"You married her, I believe," continued Mac, "in Tia Juana, Mexico, on or about the eighth of July, 1934?"

"'At's what she tol' me!"

"And she divorced you in Mexico a year later?" asked Mac.

"'At's what she wrote an' tol' me!"

From the corner where Peppy and her family sat, vowels and hands flew in all directions and Peppy looked scared stiff.

"You're sure the divorce was granted in Mexico?" asked Mac.

"I got her letter here, it's what she said."

"And all this time you've been paying her alimony?"

"Twenty-five bucks a month—reg'lar." And as an afterthought Appleby offered, "The wife's gettin' kinda sore about it!"

The judge was startled, "Wife! What wife?"

"The one I got now," the big marine told him.

Mac turned to the judge.

"Your Honor," he said calmly, "on the grounds that the Mexican divorce from Mr. Appleby has not been properly substantiated, I submit that my client, Mr. Jeff Gilman, has never, at any time, been legally married to the plaintiff." He paused dramatically. "And I further submit that the case against him be dismissed!"

"Case dismissed," said the judge emphatically. Turning to the clerk, he added, "Have the plaintiff remanded to the custody of the bailiff to await action by the district attorney's office on charges of bigamy and perjury!"

Jeff grabbed Mac's hand and shook it like a pump handle.

"Boy, you sure pulled that one out of the hat! Any time you figger on runnin' for district attorney better lemme handle your campaign."

A YEAR later young Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacNally had a charming new home in Beverly Hills, with a pretty little garden, a colored maid and a sedan.

The history of their change of fortune was in the records of the divorce court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

MacNally was the man everybody thought of first when they wanted a divorce. A great many people, apparently, wanted divorces.

To Jerry, the air seemed full of divorce cases. They whirled around her head, they were in the air she breathed, the dreams that came at night when she slept in the twin bed beside Mac's.

Life in the new house was different, of course. In the first place, there was Celestine. Celestine was large and black and placid and especially devoted to Mac.

She was handing the toast that particular morning when Jerry saw the picture of young Mrs. Furness—Mrs. J. Broderick Furness—on the front page of the paper. Of Mrs. Furness' extreme beauty there could be no doubt. The caption said, "Glamorous society beauty who is seeking to divorce her second husband." Down in the column of type was Mac's name. Mrs. Furness was being represented by Alan MacNally, of the firm of Hymer and Brandon.

"You didn't tell me," Jerry said, too casually, "that you had the Furness case."

"U-uum," said Mac, from behind the sport page.

Jerry regarded him wistfully for a moment. They'd used to read bits of the paper out loud to each other and there had been lots of laughs and kidding and kisses at breakfast. Now Mac was always preoccupied, always absorbed. There was also Celestine.

Jerry said, "What's *she* getting a divorce about?"

"A beautiful woman," Mac said absently, "has certain rights other women don't have. Just by being beautiful. She wants a divorce and it's my business to get her one. If I get her the settlement she wants, you can have a new fur coat like Wanda's."

He kissed her hurriedly and was gone. Jerry went to the front door and stood watching him. He liked his bit of lawn and the small garden and usually stopped to putter and pick a dead leaf or two. "Will you be home early or are you going to be in court?"

Over his shoulder he said, "Home early, lamb. Be a good girl."

Jerry went back into the house and looked about disconsolately. Maybe she was all wrong. Maybe she was on the wrong track altogether. Mac had admired Wanda, he had been in love with Wanda. Maybe she was still second choice. Now that he was getting up in the world, maybe she didn't fit in the picture any more. All very well when they were broke and lived in one room, but now he wanted to entertain, he wanted a maid—and he thought a woman as beautiful as Mrs. Furness had special rights in the world.

She wanted, she found, to talk to Wanda. They made a date for lunch.

AFTERWARDS it always seemed to Jerry that it hadn't actually happened. Things like that didn't. People were always telling you about them and you were always reading about them, but they were like the murders on the front page—they didn't happen to you.

Never in her life had she known so strangely violent an emotion. All the blood in her heart seemed to hold perfectly still for a moment, turning colder and colder until she knew it would never move again, and then it exploded like firecrackers through her veins. Probably every woman in the world had it at some time—that first utter shock of fear, of something deeper than jealousy, something more poignant than anger.

It came to Jerry MacNally when, over the small luncheon table, she stared at her husband and the woman whose picture she had seen for the first time that morning in the paper.

It came upon her as a shock, yet as something she had been expecting, something she had seen before or foreseen. The woman caught her eye first, the flash of recognition came to her, though in the paper she had been haughty and now she was laughing.

How well she wears that silly kind of a hat. I'd look a fool in it, Jerry thought, but on her it's elegant, it's distinguished.

She was frozen, she was afire and almost at once her mind began to work in fantastic circles, driven by emotions she could not name. If only Wanda didn't notice. But Wanda had seen her face and turned. Mrs. Furness wasn't laughing now, she was looking very pathetic and brave, as though she was discussing something delicate and important. And Mac reached across then and patted her hand and then she smiled dimly, sadly.

Wanda said, "Who is she?"

"She's a client," Jerry said. "Mrs. Furness."

"Lucky man," said Wanda. "I remember her now. Society glamour girl. Mac's getting up in the world."

"He has to take clients to lunch sometimes," Jerry said. "She wants a divorce and he has to get it for her. Her husband's very rich or something and I'm going to have a fur coat."

"Darling," her sister said, "this is Wanda. Remember me? You don't have to put on an act for me. But you'd better take yourself in hand. That's real competition."

"It isn't competition at all," Jerry said, icily. "What a mind you've got. You don't think I'm going to get all green-eyed because Mac has to have lunch with a client and she happens to be a —a knockout, do you?"



Now well on her own way in the acting profession, Jean Cagney takes a day off from Paramount to visit her big brother James on Warners' "City For Conquest" set—where Jimmy's not doing so badly for himself, either!

She began to feel better. Almost, she convinced herself. She and Mac weren't like that. It wasn't jealousy, only that awful, old, never-conquered fear that she wasn't good enough for Mac, that he would regret choosing her, that now he was getting up in the world, as Wanda put it, she wouldn't be at all the kind of wife he wanted.

As though she had read the thoughts, Wanda said, "You know, I'll have to admit I was wrong about Mac. He's going places. He's gained in personality and looks and everything. You'll be a dope if you don't go places with him. Plenty of wives lose their husbands for just that reason."

Jerry was watching Mac and Mrs. Furness. They hadn't seen her, Mac hadn't turned around. Maybe he wouldn't and it would be easier.

"I'll do all right," Jerry said. "Mac didn't marry me for my beauty. He married me because—"

Wanda gave a funny little laugh. Maybe it was accidental that it came right there, maybe she didn't mean anything by it, maybe Jerry's own nerves betrayed her into a misinterpretation of that silky little laugh. To her it sounded like a taunt and for a moment she almost believed that Wanda had shouted at her, "Oh, you silly little goose, don't you know that he married you because he couldn't get me, on the rebound, second choice."

Under it, Jerry stopped dead. Sat very still, holding her face as quiet as she could, holding it rigid like a mask between her and the world that in a few brief hours had turned so unfriendly, had become an enemy.

Wanda put out her hand and took Jerry's. "Look, baby, I know how you feel. I've been through it myself. Don't get sore. Just remember, if you need me, I'm around and even if I don't go around playing the big-sister act to soft music, I'm for you and I know quite a lot about men. If Mac—"

"Mac's okay," Jerry said. "You're sweet though, Wanda darling. You know darn well how I feel about you."

They had to pass the table, Mac and Mrs. Furness. Jerry realized that suddenly and panic took her and she decided to get out of there in a hurry, she wanted the check, she wanted to go, but she hadn't been quick enough.

The introductions were easy. Mrs. Furness was quite casual, it seemed ridiculous in the light of that very casual, everyday greeting and of Mac's undisturbed manner, to think anything. He kissed his wife, quite naturally.

None of it meant anything until they had gone and Wanda said easily. "My, aren't we all awfully civilized these days."

"Sure," said Jerry. "Did you expect me to pull her hair or something? Wanda, you're a dope."

SHE felt much better, she felt normal, she felt fine—until about eight o'clock that night. She had been out on the front lawn since five o'clock, waiting for Mac to come. There were four or five special rosebushes that had to have special care and of course you couldn't water anything until the sun was going down.

It kept going down and Jerry finally decided to water the lawn, which was Mac's task. At seven-thirty Celestine said from the doorway, "I thought Mr. Mac was coming home early. Shall I put the steak on or not do you think?"

"I'll eat now," Jerry said.

"Ain't you going to wait for Mr. Mac?" asked Celestine.

"No—no."

At the table she couldn't eat. She said, "Celestine, do you think there's anything wrong with the telephone?"

"No, ma'm," Celestine said. "Telefoam's all right."

After dinner, she put up the card table and sat down with her back to the phone. If I don't look at it or think about it until I finish one game of solitaire, it will ring. The quickest, easiest kind and even when she cheated it wouldn't come right. After the third game, the telephone rang. Jerry knocked over a chair getting to it, but it was the wrong number. She called up the operator then and said things to her about getting people dashing around the house answering the wrong number. "You better test the phone," she said. "Maybe if somebody tries to call it, they will get some other number."

The test shrilled. The phone was okay.

When she had read eleven pages without knowing what was on any of them, she called Mac's office. No one answered. The clock said 10:30 and she turned it to the wall. Once she heard a car stop and a man's voice and she ran to the window, but it was only Celestine's Bill saying good-night. Celestine came in, grinning sheepishly.

"You want anything?" she said. "You ain't been crying, is you?"

An awful thought came over Jerry. "You don't think he's been hurt or anything, do you? Maybe his car—oh no, no—he couldn't—"

"There now," said Celestine, "the times I imagine some no-account man laying out there 'it his head mashed in—" she laughed, richly, "and then fine out for sure they was gallivanting!"

Celestine padded upstairs and Jerry went back to her solitaire.

At one o'clock, in her nightgown and woolly bathrobe, she went shakily to the phone and called the Receiving Hospital. There were so many accidents and Mac was such a reckless driver. But no accident was on file there for the night and she walked up and down, the vision of Mac somewhere in the darkness, pinned beneath an overturned car, rising to terrify her.

When at twenty minutes after one she heard a car stop and voices coming up the walk she ran to the door, warm with hope and welcome. The light showed Wanda and two strange men and Jerry's heart sank. She stepped back, feeling wooden and silly, holding the robe clutched about her.

One of the men was big, hearty, good-looking. The other was slight and the hair grew back from his forehead. Both of them were a little flushed.

"Jerry," said Wanda, "what in the world? Where's Mac—we came to see if you wouldn't go dancing."

Jerry stumbled over her words. "I—he didn't come home—he was detained on important business. I—I—"

Wanda began to laugh. "Oh, my precious little nitwit. First time your husband doesn't come home to dinner and I suppose you think he's been run over." Her arm slipped around Jerry's shoulders. "She's really quite bright, my little sister," she said, "and very pretty, though you might not guess it at this moment. Jerry, this is Putz Harvey—and Mr. Willis. Get your clothes on, child, and come out and hear some music with us. What you need is cheering up."

"I couldn't," Jerry said. "Suppose Mac came home and I wasn't here—"

"A very good thing for him," said Wanda. "He hasn't worried about you, any, has he? Get your shawl, and teach him a good lesson. Next time he'll remember to telephone, at least. At that, I don't understand how you put up with him skittering around with all these cute little divorcee numbers. I sometimes wonder how far Mac goes to—

(Continued on page 76)

Daintiness is important! This Beauty Bath makes you sure



YOU know the importance of protecting daintiness—making *sure* of perfect freshness. You will love the way a daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath delicately perfumes your skin—leaves it *sweet.*

LOVELY SCREEN STARS, clever women everywhere use Lux Toilet Soap as a daily *bath* soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh from top to toe. You'll love this luxurious, *sure* way of protecting daintiness. You'll find this beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you—leaves your skin delicately perfumed, *sweet*. Just try it!

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

(Continued from page 74)

drum up trade," and her laugh tinkled through the room. The men laughed, too, and Jerry's cheeks went hot.

"All right," she said, "I'll come. Wait just a minute, will you?"

Wanda was right. Teach him a lesson, make him remember to treat her with a little more respect. The icy fear turned into an icy anger. That Mrs. Furness—probably out with her. She hoped—she *hoped* he'd come home and find her out.

THE plane slid down onto the airport just as dawn cast a pale, luminous light. Mac swung down the little steps and shaking his head at the big airport car grabbed a taxi. Get home quicker that way.

He had expected the house to be dark—still dark and shadowy with the drawn curtains. He dropped his brief case, flung his hat and took the stairs two at a time. A moment later he came down even more rapidly and went into the dining room and the kitchen, turning on lights as he went.

His voice rose in a frantic shout, "Jerry!" When there was no answer, he shouted again, "JERRY!"

From the doorway behind him, Celestine said, "She ain't heah."

Mac jumped and swung to face her. "What do you mean she's not here? Where is she—what's happened—she's not—"

Celestine said, "She gone out. That's where she gone." In her eyes there glowed a faint satisfaction, a fellow woman seeing another come into her own. Sure is upset, Celestine thought.

"Out?" said Mac. "But it's—" he glanced at his watch, "it's five o'clock. How could she go out—out where—"

"With her sister," said Celestine. "And two very fine-looking gentlemen."

"When?" said Mac stupidly.

"Oh, they been gone quite some time," said Celestine. "Dressed up, too. I never seen Mrs. McNally looking so dressed up and cute. They come for her and—pss-sst—out she went."

Mac didn't say anything. He stared. Then he sat down.

"Celestine," he said— "you mean, the four of them?"

"What I mean," said Celestine. "And one of the gentlemen—"

"Go to bed," said Mac. "Now. Right now."

When she had obeyed, he still sat, staring at the light growing gradually whiter in the square of the window. After five o'clock and Jerry was out somewhere with two strange men and Wanda. *Wanda.* He never said much to Jerry, but Mac, as a man, had his own opinion about Wanda. Were they strange men? Jerry was always hanging around with Wanda. Maybe she knew these men already. Maybe they'd been just waiting for him to go out of town, be away some evening, to stage a party like this. Going out dancing the very first minute his back was turned—planning a wild party—an all-night party, the very first time he had to be away. A fine kind of a thing that was.

He didn't have time for any fear, no time for reason, no time for his first furious anger to die down. Behind him, he heard the sound of the front door opening carefully. He didn't move. Then there were small, tapping footsteps crossing the hall. He swung to face Jerry in a white evening coat, with her hair combed high on the top of her head.

The stage is set for a bang-up quarrel—and both Jerry and Mac are in a mood to act their roles. But neither of them, in all their anger, can foresee the tragic consequences of this domestic crisis, as revealed in November PHOTOPLAY.

Thanks for the Memories

(Continued from page 23)

feet," is his light explanation.

He excelled in all sports at school, which probably kept him interested. He was never exactly aflame for knowledge, but he loved basketball, football, track and baseball. Whatever he did he did well, and still does.

The change in his name was brought about when Bob entered East High School. It was customary that each pupil give his last name first as the teacher called the roll. Adams, Joseph; Brown, John; Collins, William—thus it went on down the line until a voice called out Hope, Leslie. There was a titter. The teacher frowned. Leslie looked about him, bewildered. The titter grew into a laugh. It wasn't until recess and the boys began calling, "Hey, Hopelessly," he realized what it was all about. He quickly amended the name to "Les" and the boys just as quickly took up the cry of "Hopeless." Several years later, after Les had taken to the boards without knocking either customer flat he began to think maybe there was something to the "Hopeless" gag.

On that instant he became Bob Hope.

When Bob was about twelve, the Charlie Chaplin craze hit Cleveland with a wallop and the first buds of show business began sprouting out of his ears. Bob copped more first prizes as the dapper little tramp than any kid in Cleveland and its surroundings.

"Boy, I did a Chaplin around corners on one foot so fast," he says, "people thought I was a streak of lightning with a mustache on it."

Singing became important to him at this time for a very shady reason—he could bum rides on streetcars by singing for his fare. He and Jack and their crowd would wait for a car with a congenial conductor.

"Look, mister, we'll entertain you with songs all the way down to White City, if you'll let us ride free."

Once at White City, with all the sights taken in, they'd gather outside Peter Schmit's beer garden and sing their heads off.

"All right, all right," Peter would finally say. "I'll pay your fare if you'll go home."

Instead of going home, however, they'd go on still farther to Euclid Beach, spend their money on the roller coaster and Fun House and then sing their way home on another streetcar.

Uncle Frank's wife on her way to visit Bob's mother would spot her nephew on the corner with the gang.

"I tell you it isn't good for a boy to loaf on corners," she'd scold to Bob's mother.

"I trust him to come out all right," Mrs. Hope would say. "I trust all my boys."

They rewarded her with lifelong devotion. Today they'll gather to talk about her, three years after her death, and each is positive he and he alone was his mother's favorite.

LOVE bit Bob full blast about the time he'd become a helper in an older brother's shop. Bob would look at the lady cow-eyed as he chopped away at the lamb roast.

"Her legs were on upside down and her teeth were gorgeous, both the gold ones, but I thought she was a dream."

The brother stood it as long as he could. What was being done to his legs of lamb by the entranced Bob was a sin and shame. Finally he decided to put a stop to it.

"Hey, Les," he yelled, as Bob gazed into her eyes, "carry that hog's head down the cellar. I mean the one *under* the counter."

That ended it. Settled was that piece of romance for all time. Bob, aglow with quivering emotions and his brother talking of hog's heads yet!

He walked out on that job flat.

Crazy for sports, he used to hang around after school at Charley Marotta's Athletic Club on 79th Street.

"Go on kid, I dare you to put on the gloves," one of the fighters teased.

"Oh, you do!" Bob said, and put on the padded gloves. True to sport form, he made a good showing. Growing cockier by the minute, he decided just boxing around the club wasn't good enough. He'd be a real boxer himself. Taking the name "Packy East" (now don't ask us why) he entered the Ohio Novice Championships with all the aplomb but not quite the finish of Jack Dempsey.

"My knees knocked so hard before my first fight," he says, "a man ten blocks away thought it was a woodpecker keeping him awake and chopped down the tree."

"Packy" did all right, however, and won right up to the semi-finals. Then he entered the ring with Happy Walsh, the state champion, and never knew what hit him. Birdies were giving music lessons, mermaids were fan dancing, stars were doing the Conga.

Mr. "Packy East" Hope called it a day and took himself over to Sojack's dancing academy to become a hoofer. There was an easier and not so tough way to fame.

IN three months, when Mr. Sojack was called away to Hollywood, our young hoofer took over the school. With a one, two, three, he gave lessons to Cleveland's sprouting Fred Astaires.

"They sprouted down, instead of up. It was the wrong time of the moon, or something," Bob explains.

"You're getting nowhere fast," brother Jack finally said. "Quit that dancing school and I'll get you a job, a good respectable job with a future, working with my company." His company was the Chandler Motor Company.

No truer prophecy was ever spoken. It *was* a job with a future. A future that eventually led to millions of fans chuckling over "Brenda and Cobina," of Bob's antics on the screen, of a million radio fans demanding to be told, "Who's Yehudi?"

Hope was finally on his way to show business. The turning point came when the late Fatty Arbuckle arrived in Cleveland for personal appearances and wanted a couple of local acts to complete the bill.

Bob, who was in reality supposed to be a clerk, was actually the fourth part of the company's quartette, its master of ceremonies at picnics and luncheons, its one-man riot.

"Why don't you go down there and show 'em?" the office force ("that's what I keep telling them down at the office") demanded.

SO, grabbing himself a partner, George Byrne, Bob showed them. He showed them in every tank town this side of the Mississippi and, frankly, they didn't go into convulsions over Hopeless Hope. He put black goo all over his face and smeared it clear out into the suburbs on a nose that always wandered around a corner long before he did. He sang (oh Lawd be merciful), he danced, he changed scenery, doubled in a quartette ("that made eight of me if one wasn't enough") and one night he got to the theater too late to put on the black face.

Right then and there he slapped old Lady Luck in the—I mean it changed his entire life plan, that skipping of the stove polish, for the audience thought his face even funnier without the goo than with it.

They couldn't get over that sudden square stop on the end of his nose, like a mule backing up all of a sudden, or the chin that always pointed east by northeast, even in the Middle West.

Then one night in a little Pennsylvania theater in New Castle, an event occurred which directly precipitated a chinny young man called Hope onto a motion-picture screen and gave to radio audiences the fastest wisecracker in the history of entertainment.

An event—but we'll tell you that one later—

Came the day when Bob would willingly have accepted any contract—if only to use it for padding in his worn-out shoes. The offer he took didn't look much better than that—but just read what it did for him, in November PHOTOPLAY!



"Family Album" rehearsal in the series of Noel Coward plays enacted for British war relief: Director Peter Godfrey (on floor), C. Aubrey Smith, Margot Stevenson, Sidney Fox, John Halloran, Claire Trevor, Joan Fontaine, John Garrick, Ralph Forbes, Valerie Young, and Philip Merivale

When comfort means so much



• Inside the surgical-gauze covering of the new Modess, is a filler so downy-soft that we call it "fluff." It is this extra-soft filler that makes the new Modess sanitary napkin so wonderfully comfortable —so wonderfully comforting. You'll have a new feeling of security, too; read why, in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store.

It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve.





Addition: A beauty at badminton—Rita Johnson—acquires a suntan, her delight in summer, her despair in the fall. But come autumn, she turns pale, pink and pretty by a special process

Subtraction: Bonita Granville goes through a "de-tanning" regime: Lemon juice in the rinse water once every day

FACE TO FACE WITH *fall*

BETWEEN dinnertime and dawn the change suddenly takes place. Comes the proverbial nip in the air, the frantic rush to exchange shorts and salads for suits and steaks—and the first heavy conference of every woman with her magnifying mirror. Then it starts—the annual moan-and-groan chorus of the sisterhood who, face to face with the excommunicating effects of a summer's communication with the sun, are mirror-shocked into the realization that what was beauty on the sand turns into a bad point in the salon.

Just as no woman would be caught dead or otherwise in a spring hat come autumn, so she wouldn't face fall with a skin that brags about the great outdoors. In order that your fall reconditioning process may not get you too far down and that you'll lose your summer face with as much pleasure as we hope you had acquiring it, we give you here the quick and painless cure-alls of an efficient Hollywood for your fall restoration period.

For that leathery look—

Good for gloves, but not so glamorous for new fall evening dresses. Therefore, toward the end of summer, rub a fine almond oil all over the body until it is absorbed, then stand under a moderately warm shower and scrub like a vigorous washwoman with a rough towel. Then turn on the cold water. Instigator of this foresighted procedure is Brenda Joyce—"This is especially good for restoring the fineness of texture to neck, arms and shoulders, and it's particularly helpful to anyone who has a dry skin."

For a passé nut-brown maiden—

Be it ever so even, a tan becomes a yellow peril in September. Hollywood, quick on the beauty uptake, uses these fast methods of bleaching without acquiring an "in between" tinge. For Bonita Granville, "lemon juice in the rinse water once a day." For Ann Sothern, buttermilk spread over face, neck and arms each night before retiring. If you have a definite antipathy for the latter, try the Rita Johnson special—a bleaching mask. If you're an enterprising soul, you'll probably turn pink and white the Laraine Day way—by rubbing lemon directly on your skin and then following it with a thin application of olive oil to counteract possible resultant dryness. If you'd like a bit of variety, there's Gale Page's thirty-minute bleach. You mix a half-cup of buttermilk to a stiff paste with cornmeal, spread it completely over your face and throat and then relax for thirty minutes.

From freckles to fairness—

A freckled-faced sister is one of the loudest of the fall groaners because sometimes those persistent spots won't out even with the best bleaching processes. This fall, however, a new cosmetic appears to save your face—a new opaque cream that covers up skin blemishes of any kind. Rub a bit of this onto the freckles and you'll have a nice cover-all, plus a most effective powder foundation. Or try that other lifesaver—a liquid powder foundation that does a perfect job of camouflage.

For that parchment feeling—

If your face feels like stretched elastic when you smile, you're in danger of being a dried-up young maid this fall. Count as toll taken by summer tan the fact that you've lost a lot of natural oil from your skin and go out and discover the new oil that's on the market. You cleanse your skin with soap and then smooth on a few drops of this new oil. Leave it on all night and you'll wake up beaming like a baby.

The leopard changes spots—

. . . and fortunately you can, too, this fall. Meaning that if you find your skin all mottled and patchy from having grabbed a sun tan too hurriedly, you can cover up beautifully with a make-up that's the stand-by of Hollywood's Ginger Rogers, Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr. It's a compressed powder make-up and you apply it with a moistened sponge. Spread it evenly all over your skin and you'll emerge just as patch-proof as the aforementioned Circes. Extra dividend on this is a nice luster that really glows for hours and makes you look like a candidate for the best-groomed women list.

Look sharp, sister—

. . . or your eyes will suffer from the summer's exposure. Since eyework is so important in the motion-picture business Hollywood certainly does look sharp and comes up with a find—a fine white cream that does a top-notch lubrication job. This also means that those fine wrinkles you've thought a sign of old age will disappear practically overnight, as they're merely caused by dryness, which is the very condition this

(Continued on page 97)



MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)

BEAUTY CREED:

"I'd rather have a beautifully-cared-for skin than Beauty."

So you asserted pridefully—and rightfully.

And, contrariwise, this beautifully-cared-for skin of yours proclaims you a Beauty!

For no girl who exercises such care of her skin—joyously and meticulously—ever fails to exercise similar care of two other aspects of her person which, indeed, set off her skin's beauty. Namely, the shining sculptured glory of her well-kept hair, the chic simplicity of her dress.

All three are matters of Taste. And Games of Skill!

Play *your* part in the exciting game of skin care with enthusiasm and with a wise head—and you will have exciting rewards.

Play it, as do many members of our foremost families, according to the authoritative rules laid down by Pond's:

There are five moves in this stimulating Game. Each has its definite intention, its ample rewards.

QUICK RELEASE—Bury your face under lush, luxurious Pond's Cold Cream, and *spank* it forthrightly for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes—with cream-wreathed fingers. Pond's *mixes* with the dried, dead cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on the surface of your skin, softens and sets them free.

REMOVAL—Clean off the softened debris with the white tenderness of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off also are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

REPEAT—A second time spank your face with cream-softened fingers. This spanking increases both the actions of Pond's Cold Cream—cleansing and softening. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Notice that superficial lines seem less noticeable—pores look finer.

COOL ASTRINGENCE—Now splash with cool, fragrant Pond's Skin Freshener, slapped on with cotton dripping wet with it.

SMOOTH FINISH—Last, mask your face with a downy coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's specific duty is to disperse remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, leaving your skin silky, smooth, pliant! Wipe off after one full minute for the richest rewards. Then observe with what ease your skin receives its powder, how surprisingly it holds it.

Play this through at least once daily—before retiring or during the day. Repeat it in abbreviated form when your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily rules for a fresh and flower-soft skin, with Pond's authoritative Creams. Nearly one-third of the women in the United States now use Pond's!

Send for Trial Case. **Fill in and forward at once the coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 15-CVK, Clinton, Conn. Please send me a Pond's kit of the 3 Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.**

Name_____

Address_____

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WOMAN-SKIN

so different from a man's in its compelling softness . . . its ineffably tender look and feel. Instinct-wise, women since time began have nurtured and protected the priceless heritage of flower-fresh skin, made it a true and natural accent of their essential femininity.



MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY), like many other members of distinguished American families, has for years observed the Pond's rules for skin care

Glamour Duo By CUTEX

Riot and Rumpus



Dance into his heart with fingertips in gay Cutex RIOT!



Fun-loving hands love Cutex RUMPUS—and so will he!

IT'S A DATE! You have a rendezvous with romance in one of these glamorous Fall nail tones.

RIOT is rich red—gay, clear, irresistible! Marvelous with your stadium furs and woolens . . . a flashing accent for "big evenings."

RUMPUS is red with a deep blue overtone—very young, immensely flattering. Lush with gray and black . . . an added heart throb with all the new colors with a hint of blue or purple—by day or by night!

Get set for a gay and glamorous Fall! See the new Cutex glamour duo—Riot and Rumpus—this very day! Other Cutex favorites: Old Rose, Cedarwood, Laurel, Clover, Cameo, Tulip. *Guaranteed to wear longer or your money back! Simply return the bottle to us (with at least three-fourths of its contents) during 1940.*

NORTHAM WARREN
New York, Montreal, Paris, London



CUTEX
Salon Polish

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

at it and the upshot of the whole thing was that Dick finally had to buy it, whether he would or no . . . And of course he *wouldn't* if he could have helped it, since Mary's convertible is now in the family and one should be enough.

But, as Mary says, that's love!

How's Your Love-Making, Young Fellow?

Say, young man, are you aware of the brand-new technique in screen love-making? Or are you blundering along in the old 1938 model?

Well, come on then, son, draw up a chair and let old Uncle Cal explain a few facts. Now let me begin by asking if you've noticed anything new in the technique of the screen hero lately. What, you haven't? Well, son, the hero's now being cagy, almost indifferent. He's doubling his he-mannish fist and punching the heroine lightly on the jaw. That's to denote tenderness. He's even mocking her. Or, if he's really serious, he's giving her the brush-off or the "I'm indifferent" treatment.

That, my friend, is the brand-new Oblique System. It's new, it's dynamic and it works, take Cal's word for it. It caught Ann Sheridan hook, line and sinker in "Torrid Zone." It worked for Jeffrey Lynn, when he cold-shouldered Olivia de Havilland in "My Love Came Back," didn't it? Not for many a moon have you heard a man on the screen say to a maid, "I love you, I adore you, will you be mine?" have you, son?

So, young man, think it over. Approach your love-making in the new Hollywood oblique fashion and see if it doesn't work. Of course, if it doesn't, remember Cal's an old man who wears these glasses because he has to, so restrain yourself, young fellow.

Sackcloth

HOW the old burg has changed. Cal remembers when barbecues and swimming parties, Mayfair balls and masquerades, dances with gags, were Hollywood's main diversions. But now—well, the town's grown up, that's all. It's dropped its robe of romantic glamour and taken on the sackcloth of cold hard realism.

On his studio office door, Director Woody Van Dyke has hung a sign (knocking visiting Iowans for a loop) reading "Marine Recruiting Station." He means it, too, and boss Louis B. Mayer suffers daily agonies lest Bob Taylor or Spence Tracy, in a blue moment, sign up. On the door of the beautiful Douglas Fairbanks Sr. mansion hangs another sign reading "British Allied Relief."

In the meantime, the Red Cross work goes on, with all the women's committees talking frantically at the same time. All petty feuds and jealousies have been forgotten, with Sam Goldwyn and Mary Pickford (cool for years) working side by side and even Mary and Sylvia Fairbanks, who supplanted Mary as Mrs. Fairbanks Sr., working shoulder to shoulder.

Planeloads of stars are whisked off to New York, San Francisco and Houston for Red Cross benefits. Knitting needles are clicking with a frenzy that would shame Madame Defarge.

To those people outside the community who criticize the English contingent for remaining in America, Hollywood offers boos.

(Continued from page 1)

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS



13. "MOVIE-STAR" SLIP

Meet the famous Scarlett O'Hara "Gone with the Wind" slip—a record-breaker like the successful movie for which it was named! Like the movie, too, it wins awards. Awards for the fine-fitting, sleek bra-top, the sweeping skirt and the rayon satin or crepe of which it's made. $1 at department stores and specialty shops.

14. CO-ED CUSTOM

It's the current custom of our better dressed co-eds to copy the style of the best-dressed man on any campus. This is the masculine trick of the week—Shepherd's lamb's-wool zephyr slipover, $1.95; matching knee-high socks, $1.95; a plaid sleeveless knitted weskit, $3.95.

15. CALLING ALL COFFEE-HOUNDS

You haven't tasted good coffee until you've brewed your morning nectar in Mirro's all-aluminum Vacuum Coffee Maker. Coffee by the vacuum process is fragrant, filtered coffee indeed! The satin-finished 8-cup measure aluminum pot has a heat-proof handle that will save your disposition for the day. $1.95 at department stores thruout the country.

16. SIDE-LINE STUFF

If you don't want to buy a new side-draped dress you can get the same effect with Belt-Mode's side-line belt—a girdle of suede, bright colored or black, with two flowing tabs lashed to the buckle. Should Fashion change its mind overnight—so can you, by removing the tabs. $1.50 at Saks 34th, New York.

17. VELVET SISTER ACT

On your head—a "jockey's" cap—for its running mate a handsome velvet half-moon pouch with a capeskin binding that avoids the ravages of wear and tear. The bracelet puller gets you into its roomy depths. Cap $1.83, bag $2.77, at R. H. Macy, New York.

18. JUGGLER'S JERKIN

On very little cash—$3.98 to be exact—you can turn yourself into the best-dressed girl in your set. Just juggle this little red jerkin and beanie set around. To lead the sporting life, wear it over a casual skirt and shirt. When you're out to do the town, wear it with a basic black dress. R. H. Macy, New York.

Eric Blore, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ronald Colman, Charles Laughton (of course, he could make swell faces at the enemy) all are World War veterans past the age limit. Herbert Marshall, a veteran of the first World War, was left a cripple and is now unfit to fight. Roland Young, Cary Grant, Ray Milland and several others have long since taken out American citizenship papers. Young Dick Greene and Robert Coote are war bound.

Yep, it's a different community these days. Only Orson Welles remains normal.

Orson still goes on trying on mustaches, wigs and sideburns for his picture.

Triangle

IT all began back in the days when Virginia Bruce used to live near Toluca Lake and was a neighbor of the Bing Crosbys and the Dick Arlens—and her small daughter, Susan Gilbert, Gary Crosby and Dick Arlen Jr., aged about five, respectively, were bosom friends.

In those days, Susan was the avowed sweetheart of Gary and Dick was a sort of tolerant "family friend." The situation continued even after Virginia, upon becoming Mrs. J. Walter Ruben, moved to Pacific Palisades. But not long ago, when Susan entertained her two young gentlemen friends at dinner, something happened to upset the apple-cart.

Seems Miss Gilbert, though young, is already well-versed in the wiles of woman and, complacently sure of Gary's devotion, turned perverse just for the heck of it.

"You're not my boy friend any more," she announced to Gary out of a clear sky. "I love Ricky now."

But instead of being crushed as perhaps she thought he would be, Gary took the bad news without a flicker of an eyelash.

"Oh, well," he said, "that's all right because I have a new girl friend, anyway."

Miss Susan looked startled. "Who?" she demanded.

"Why—er—Judy Garland," he brought out, finally.

Whereupon Susan promptly had a fit. "I was just fooling," she wailed. "I don't really love Ricky. I love *you!*"

But Gary stuck to his guns. "Judy's my new girl friend," he maintained stubbornly. Virginia spent the better part of the evening alternately trying to persuade Gary to change his mind and consoling her lovelorn daughter. While Ricky, apparently not at all interested in the situation one way or the other, calmly played games by himself.

Special to Photoplay

THE month being September and the second Friday falling on the thirteenth, we recall that this shunned day is Donald Duck's birthday. The quacker celebrates a birthday on every Friday the thirteenth, since he came into this world via a paint pot and brush six years ago on that date.

This is Donald Duck year, we hear from the Disney studio. Ten of the eighteen Walt Disney shorts will star Donald. Most stars would perk up about this preferential treatment, but Donald is by this time blasé.

Dan Cupid has been busy with Donald this year. In his new short, "Mr. Duck Steps Out," Donald, rivaling Fred Astaire in a jitterbug sequence, falls for Daisy Duck. But romance or no, Donald is letting nothing come between him and his cherished ambition to play *Hamlet* sometime. When not at the Disney studio, he practically lives in front of his duck-length mirror.



The new champion waved me aside. "A speech? Nothing doing! I'm just a tennis player." . . . "Wait!" I ask. "You've won the tennis cup, now you've got to tell them how you did it. Here—settle yourself with a stick of Beeman's. The flavor's great and that tang—"

"You win!" says the champ. "Gotta hand it to Beeman's—it's got what it takes. A fresh taste that's doubly refreshing. A dash and tang. A flavor that's too good to last—yet does." He laughed. "Sure I'll make a speech! It'll be good, too—if you'll just keep that package of Beeman's on tap!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

"My Fight for Jimmy"

(Continued from page 19)

Hollywood, dazzling everyone with her white and black beauty. I have known Gene since he was the "catch" of the town, the sophisticated man of the world who had wooed such beauties as Ina Claire and Gloria Swanson and who had won lovely Joan Bennett for his first bride. When Hedy and Gene met and fell so deeply in love everyone thought they would be sincerely happy. They seemed so right for each other—the gorgeous Hedy and the successful and polished Gene, one of the most important producers at 20th Century-Fox.

I'll never forget my excitement when they sent me a note in the middle of the night giving me the scoop about their elopement. Gene wrote:

"I must tell you that Hedy and I are leaving in a few minutes to be married."

While still honeymooning, they came often to Marsons Farm to dine with us and spent quiet Sunday afternoons down at the pool.

Yet, in less than a year, they were parted. What happened to this marriage that started out so brightly is hard to say. Certainly I can't think of two people who tried harder to fight against the insidious developments that came into their happiness almost from the start. That they failed isn't either of their faults. I believe they are both heartsore and saddened about a parting they strived valiantly to stave off.

Perhaps the first great trouble was that Hedy and Gene met and fell in love too soon after his separation from Joan Bennett and while his heart was still torn over being parted from his adored little Melinda. Not that Gene was even remotely in love any longer with Joan. That is an unfair implication. They had parted the best of friends and there was no "torch carrying" on either side.

But where there is a child deeply loved by both parents there are always intangible bonds that even a divorce court cannot sever. Another great influence in Gene's life was his mother, whose passing last year left him so saddened. Mrs. Markey was devoted, too, to Joan and her little granddaughter. When she lay so seriously ill—close to death—it was for Joan she asked. Hedy and Gene were there, too—but Hedy waited outside in the hospital corridor while Joan and Gene were at his mother's bedside.

A difficult situation for a bride, you must admit. A situation that required the tact of supermen and women, not just ordinary mortals with sensitive feelings and emotions.

It is ironic that both Joan and Hedy should have been rivals for Hollywood's beauty crown. It is even more ironic that they look a great deal alike—particularly since Joan changed her golden locks to raven. They are amazingly similar on the screen.

Naturally, this was much played up and written about. It was bound eventually to create a situation that might never have happened if the two women Gene Markey had wooed and won had been plain "Mrs." instead of famous girls in the spotlight with every move they made furnishing food for gossips and columnists.

Hollywood "friends" have a way of making these delicate situations no easier, either. I have been present when someone cattily remarked to Joan something Hedy was supposed to have said about "la Bennett dying her hair to look like mine." I know well that Hedy never made such a remark. You heard over luncheon tables and, of course, Hedy heard it, too, "Joan won't permit Melinda to visit her father and Hedy. He worships the child. He's brokenhearted because he feels it is asking too much to expect Hedy to go to Joan's to see the baby."

Such gossip was obviously unfair to both Joan and Hedy. I know Joan so well that I can say her unselfishness, her natural sweetness, would never permit her to do such a cruel thing as to keep Gene from his baby. When he and Hedy separated she telephoned to tell him she was sorry and she honestly meant it, for Joan is supremely happy with Walter Wanger, her present husband.

Hedy, too, is a sweet, understanding person. She understood Gene's devotion to his daughter and tried to make up to him in every way his heartache over being separated from Melinda. She once told me that this was one of the things she loved best about Gene—his love for children—the way he acted when he was with any child.

When they first started talking about adopting a baby I think Hedy wanted to help Gene forget what she realized was a deep loss in his life. That was in the beginning, before they began to search high and low for just the little son they wanted to adopt.

Perhaps Hedy was so set on the idea of a boy because she realized it might be hard for Gene to learn to love any other little girl as much as his own flesh and blood.

ON October 16, 1939, fat, chubby little Jimmy who is one of those adorable babies with "personality" came to live with Hedy and Gene and it seemed that their cup of happiness was overflowing. What plans and commotion went on!

The hilltop house where they had been honeymooning seemed small for a nursery, so Gene and Hedy promptly moved into the second-best bedroom and turned their room into the baby's domicile.

I'll never forget dropping in when Hedy was in the throes of picking out wallpaper for the nursery. Samples were strewn all over the place and Hedy sat in the middle of the floor looking like anything but a glamour girl as she excitedly looked at "toy" paper.

"This is it!" she finally cried, holding up a sample of paper showing little fat ducks waddling up and down the wall. "This is what Jimmy will like best. It will make him laugh. He's so fat himself."

After that, I don't think Jimmy was ever out of Hedy's thoughts no matter what she was doing. Following torrid love scenes with Spencer Tracy (they were making "I Take This Woman" at the time) she would rush to the telephone to see if Jimmy had eaten his spinach or if he had lost a pound! "He's having to diet," she told me one day. "He's a little overweight. Isn't that cute? When he gets big enough, though, we're going to eat ice cream to our hearts' content and not care how fat we get," Hedy laughed.

Gene loved the little boy deeply, too. He loved him as fondly as though he had been his own—but with men, I think, more than women, blood is thicker than water. Gene still had obligations of the heart for his own little daughter and it was harder on him than anyone will ever know because it was so difficult for him to spend as much time with Melinda as he wanted to.

It was a trying ordeal for everyone involved—for little Jimmy had become almost an obsession with Hedy. Who is to say who was right and who was wrong? They wouldn't have been human, as I said before, if there hadn't been misunderstandings.

TO add to the domestic complications—both Gene and Hedy were having career problems at the time. Gene was winding up his long and successful contract at 20th Century-Fox with "Lillian Russell" and there were several important deals on the fire which necessitated many conferences with his manager.

Hedy was not happy about "I Take This Woman." M-G-M was trying desperately to find just the right story that would set their lovely star off to the same advantage as "Algiers."

The whole thing was too much—too much of a strain for two swell people who wanted so much to save their marriage not only for their own happiness but for the sake of the baby they had adopted.

If they had been less honest with reporters who heard about their quarrels—if they had wanted to live out a sham of happiness, they could have remained together until the fateful "first year" of the adoption was over.

But Hedy and Gene couldn't lie. When the reports that she and Gene were having trouble became too loud to ignore—she finally gave out the simple and dignified statement that it was true.

"Why didn't you wait, Hedy?" I asked her. "It was such a short time more—and you could have saved yourself so much of this heartache?"

"I couldn't," she said. "We tried, Gene and I. I feel nothing but the deepest fondness for him I respect him so much. But it was the only honest thing for both of us—to admit that we weren't able to make a go of our marriage.

"I will just have to fight it out this way—the honest way. Surely they (the Children's Society) will understand. They must realize that this thing that has happened to Gene and me cannot in any way affect the way I feel about the baby. I am still just as good a mother to him as I ever was—better perhaps—because this fight for his custody has made me realize deeper than ever how much he means to me."

So Hedy took up her battle to keep little Jimmy—a battle that was her own heartache but which she did not have to brave completely alone, for I happen to know that the person who appealed to the Children's Society and begged that his former wife be allowed to keep her son was none other than Gene Markey.

You know now the sequel of this fight. The Children's Society listened to the pleas of Gene and saw the tears on Hedy's cheeks—and wisely they decided that the screen's greatest beauty is also one of the finest mothers in the world. All this the newspapers have carried—a happy ending for a story that might have been the most tragic in Hedy Lamarr's life.

She called me the day it was all settled: "I can keep him," she almost sobbed into the telephone. "Little Jimmy is all mine. Of course, the adoption can't go through for another year. It is almost as though the probationary period were starting right now instead of when Gene and I took him. I've been appointed his legal guardian and later, after the year elapses, the adoption will come up again. But I know in my heart it is all right now. I know it!"

I know it, too, Hedy—and I know that one of the finest stories ever written behind the scenes of Hollywood is the love and devotion the great "glamour queen" of the screen feels for the small boy who is now the greatest happiness in her life.

Safeguard the Appeal of Lovely, Smooth Lips



if your LIPS DRY...try Hollywood's Lipstick

You can safeguard the appealing loveliness of soft, smooth, red lips by using Tru-Color Lipstick created by *Max Factor Hollywood.* Just note the four amazing features of this remarkable new lipstick.

1. ***lifelike red of your lips***
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Isn't it wonderful to discover a lipstick that has all the qualities you've always wanted in perfect lip make-up? What a thrill awaits you the very first time you make up with Tru-Color Lipstick. Try it today. Color harmony shades to accent the allure of your type...$1.00





POWDER...

CREATED in original color harmony shades, *Max Factor Hollywood* Powder imparts the look of lovely, youthful beauty. Satin-smooth, it really stays on longer...$1.00

ROUGE...

THE LIFELIKE color harmony shades of *Max Factor Hollywood* Rouge give just the right color accent for your type...50¢

MADELEINE CARROLL

in Cecil B. De Mille's Paramount Picture

"NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE"

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Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*.....FREE. 1-10-62

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(NOT GOOD IN CANADA)

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	*If Hair is Gray check type above and here* ☐

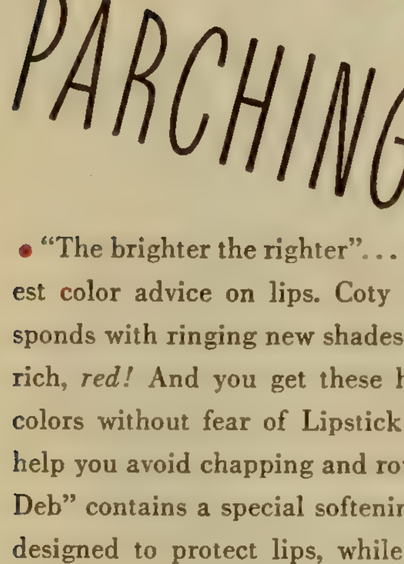
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without fear of
LIPSTICK PARCHING

• "The brighter the righter"... is fashion's latest color advice on lips. Coty "Sub-Deb" responds with ringing new shades—bright, clear, rich, *red!* And you get these high-style Coty colors without fear of Lipstick Parching! To help you avoid chapping and roughness, "Sub-Deb" contains a special softening ingredient—designed to protect lips, while it gives them exciting color. You'll adore "Sub-Deb"...try it!

THRILLING RANGE OF 9 SHADES!

Ask especially to see the very new "Magnet Red"... a vital *red* red, full of dash and style.

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SIGNALS STYLE!



Double Sub-Deb $1.00
Sub-Deb 50¢

COTY

How Clark Gable and Carole Lombard Live

(Continued from page 32)

ing repertoire company had left him stranded in the Middle West. However, eager to return to the theater, he was saving every cent possible against a trip to Portland.

In 1933 Carole and Clark played together in "No Man of Her Own," had fun during the weeks they worked together, then went different ways. Carole was married to Bill Powell then. Clark was married to Ria Langham.

They met again, several years later, at a White Mayfair Ball. Carole was the hostess. Cesar Romero was her escort. Clark—and they probably had to hog-tie him to get him there at all—arrived late and planned to leave almost immediately.

But he and Carole danced. . . .

Then, finally, came the March day in 1939 when Carole, Clark and Otto Winkler, Clark's friend and a member of the M-G-M publicity department, drove to Kingman, Arizona.

The minister of the little church where they stopped before the ink on their license was dry was out making sick calls. They waited in the parsonage for him to come home, sitting upright, side by side, on the sofa.

He came in at last, his arms full of groceries.

"Kenneth," his wife said, "I want you to meet Miss Lombard and Mr. Gable. They've come to be married."

SURPRISING how little time Carole and Clark have spent away from the ranch since that day. . . .

"We *die*," Carole says, "if we have to go out of an evening. When there's something important going on—like an Academy dinner—we have scouts who call us up and tell us what is happening."

All of which is all right with their friends. They adore going to the ranch to see Carole and Clark. Clark has an easy way of making people feel at home. And Carole can make things go.

On Sunday only one maid is kept on. Carole and Clark like to be alone, with no set time for anything. In the afternoon, however, they're likely to ask the family and a few friends over.

"Then it's something to see Carole go into action," says Alice Marble, the tennis champion and a frequent guest. "If someone particularly likes a Rum Collins that's what is served. If he makes a Rum Collins especially well he'll be put behind the bar.

"However, even when Jessie, the cook, is in the kitchen Carole takes nothing before dinner. She's too busy looking after things, talking to people.

"'Come on in and help,' she said to me one Sunday, on her way to the kitchen. I went. But I didn't help. She had the broilers under fire and two salads made before I could turn around. She didn't have to ask where things were, either. She knows her kitchen as intimately as any woman who does her own housework!"

Evenings when Carole and Clark are alone they play backgammon, with stakes that result in one owing the other thirty or forty cents by bedtime. Or they read. Carole likes biographies. Clark goes for mysteries. If they're working they have lines to study. Clark has a photographic mind and gets things at a glance. Carole, in spite of her mental versatility, has to figure things out. Then there's ranch business to go over, for week ends find them occupied outside. The house, the flower gardens and the chickens are Carole's departments. Clark looks after everything else.

Beyond the house are the stables, the workshop, the barns, the kennels, the chicken houses, the alfalfa field, the vineyard and more citrus groves. Ten of the twenty acres are now planted. The alfalfa they use for feed. The grapes they send to the hospital. The Farmers Association markets their citrus crop for them and the M-G-M commissary buys their fowl.

It's not impossible that the ranch will be self-supporting one day, in spite of the fact that it's stocked, equipped and run in a way to comprise a dream world for most women and men who farm as an avocation. For both Carole and Clark are practical.



The bride wore "water lily blue" when Loretta Young deserted Hollywood's list of ten most popular belles to become the wife of Tom Lewis, 38-year-old advertising man

"They're quick to help anyone they know who is in trouble," Fieldsie says, "but heaven help the parasites!"

TALK to a dozen people who know Carole and you'll get as many different, exciting stories. Essentially, however, all the stories will be the same—proving she's a champion!

Eleanor Tennant, the famous tennis coach, known throughout the tennis world as "Teach," which is the nickname Carole gave her, says: "Carole has natural good form. And I've never known anyone who wasn't up in tournament play, who didn't have tennis in their blood, who got tennis-drunk the way she does. 'Now I have it!' she'll yell when we're having a lesson. 'Keep shooting them at me!'"

Harry Fleischmann, who taught Carole to shoot, says: "She instinctively knows what to do. She wanted a gun that fit her. And she took it home and played around with it, got used to it, before she came for her first lesson. Now she uses a 410-gauge gun, the smallest gauge made, the hardest to shoot, and when we were in Mexico she got her limit of fifteen doves every day.

"On a hunting trip she carries her own equipment. She retrieves her own birds. She lies down in the mud. She fights her way through cactus and brush. She's patient in a duck blind, if need be, from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon. There's never a beef out of her.

"At the moment—because we talked a lot about it when we were in Mexico—she's excited about fishing the Oregon for salmon. She's getting equipment and flies ready. And she's practising casting all over the lawn!"

Next to the Gable living room there's the gun room. It's done in knotty pine with built-in cases. In these cases there are a few antiques, but most of the guns—eight of which are Carole's—are oiled and ready for immediate use. There are guns for big game and fowl, target pistols and rifles. There are big chairs in this room, too. And smoking tables. It represents complete country comfort and it might as well be the living room because Carole and Clark spend so much time in it.

Fieldsie, forever being asked what she thinks attracted Clark to Carole, always answers the same way: "When other girls around town were saying, 'Tomorrow's the big premiere at Grauman's Chinese'—unaware tomorrow had any other importance—Carole was saying, 'Tomorrow's May Day!'"

Which is very apt indeed. Carole's never forgotten there's a world outside Hollywood. Clark would like that. And even when Carole was being elegant you only had to scratch her silken surface slightly to find her simple and salty underneath. And Clark would like that, too.

"Carole still can surprise me," Fieldsie says. "But Clark always seems to anticipate what she's going to do.

"She stood by while my baby was being born, completely adequate except that she turned pretty white. And when I asked Clark if this hadn't amazed him—as it had me—he shook his head and grinned. It was the same when the floods came. While Clark was throwing chains and blankets into the station wagon Carole was loading it with food and thermos jugs of milk and coffee. When he started off to pull out neighbors who were in trouble there she was sitting up beside him. And he was grinning again—the same way."

Hollywood perpetually wonders if Carole and Clark are happy and if they'll make a success of this marriage. Carole and Clark haven't stopped to think about it. They're pretty busy.

They have to decide if they'll put in walnuts . . . they worry over the condition of the coat of one of their short-haired German retrievers . . . they give any picture they're making all they have . . . after backgammon—it's almost a ritual with them—they drive over to a stand in the valley for chili and beans . . . they have to get ready for a hunting or fishing trip when autumn comes around, for they both have clauses in their contracts which give them freedom during October, November and December, the time for such things.

"She's quite a girl!" Clark says of Carole.

And Carole says, "Pappy's such a swell guy!"

IN NOVEMBER PHOTOPLAY—STAR-BRIGHT, STYLE-RIGHT FASHION FORECASTS!

Here Comfort Joins Radiant Beauty...!

★ These smart new Heel Latch shoes have a flair for winning praise... a spirit of youthfulness you wouldn't expect to find in footwear so comfortable. And it is expressed in the newest, most appealing autumn colors.

Slip into a pair of Heel Latch shoes today! You will love the glorious comfort of their sure support . . . the patented design that keeps your heel from sliding forward. Know the true thrill of wearing *comfortable* shoes that are "tops" in fashion.



PERT—Black suede, black ruching trimmed open toe step-in pump, pyramid heel.

BARODA—Elasticized black or brown suede, or black crushed kid, continental heel.

ORCHID—Black suede or smooth leather tailored high-riding U-throat tie, continental heel.

NANCY—Elasticized black suede, or smooth black leather, lattice front step-in, cuban heel.

LAREDO—Elasticized black or brown suede, simulated reptile trimmed, walled last, cuban heel.

Heel Latch Helps:

...LOCK THE HEEL IN PLACE
...SUPPORT THE ARCHES
...MASSAGE THE METATARSALS

Heel Latch SHOES

$5 to $6

Slightly Higher at Distant Points

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND Branch of International Shoe Company ST. LOUIS, MO.



Billie Naylor, recently voted United Airline's most popular stewardess, casts her vote for

Artplus Hosiery

"When you're an airline stewardess, your legs are pretty conspicuous," says Billie Naylor. "You have to be sure they're attractive all the time. That's why I wear Artplus Hosiery." 79c to $1.25. At your favorite store or write for name of nearest dealer.

ARTPLUS HOSIERY, 319 Fifth Avenue, New York

TO GIVE YOU A SMARTER BUSTLINE



Vassarette Brassieres Are Full-Fashioned... Uplift Without a Wrinkle

How you'll revel in these new Vassarette Brassieres . . . full-fashioned like your stockings to fit your bustline smoothly as a stocking fits your leg. No wrinkles, sagging or binding. Your bosom is younger, smarter, gloriously smooth. And, plus all this, Vassarette Brassieres wash in a few seconds, never need ironing. Priced at $1.50 to $3.50 at fine stores everywhere. Fashioned of lastex, rayon and lisle.

Write for booklet! Vassar Company, 2535 Diversey Parkway, Chicago

UNDERNEATH IT ALL . . . A Vassarette

MANUFACTURED UNDER PATENTS 1863697, 1965860 AND 2121483

Hitler's Spies over Hollywood

(Continued from page 21)

and he wanted to live at his club. No sooner had he put the place up for rent than it was taken by two affluent-looking people. They paid a good rent, $350 a month, in cash, and three months in advance. As far as he was concerned, it was a perfect deal.

A month later, thinking he'd better see if there was anything his tenants needed, he drove out. No one was home, but three Swedish servants who told him the tenant he asked for didn't live there. "Who does, then?" asked the startled owner. They named another name, a German one. After much explaining on his part that he was the owner of the house and must see the new renter, they gave him the address of a chain shoe shop in Los Angeles. Inside it, pounding leather soles at $22.50 a week, was the man he sought, a young, pleasant-looking German. When he introduced himself the German youth greeted him warmly, rose and suggested running out to the house for a drink, apparently under no apprehension about his job. They walked across to a parking lot, got in a shiny new $3,000 Packard and rolled out.

The owner now found three more similar new expensive Packards parked in his drive. Three other handsome blond youths were swimming in the pool. They entertained him royally but left him wondering vaguely if something wasn't funny in the whole setup.

The next day the decorator ran across a friend of his in the village, an official of the telephone company. "Those are swell tenants you have in your house," the telephone man said. "They're my best customers. Their phone bill was over $1,000 last month. They call Switzerland three times a day and talk as long as they please!"

At this writing the decorator is in a dilemma. That is all he knows. They might be perfectly good tenants. In fact, he really likes them. If he has them investigated he loses them and his rent. If not—his conscience will eat him up. Are they spies? Hollywood is full of curious stories like that today.

Possibly because the genuine spies and Nazi intelligence legions are professionally smooth and clever, there is always mystery connected with them and their Hollywood trails. For the opposite reason, the propagandists, agitators, Bundsters and prophets of Hitler's new order within the Hollywood Fifth Column are more crude and easily spotted. In the main, they are amateurs.

BUT the objectives of this second file of the Hollywood Fifth Column are different, too. Their aims—strictly domestic—are (1) to discredit Hollywood anti-Nazi movie-makers, stars and all pictures which faintly repel Nazi doctrines; (2) to find and develop Nazi sympathizers among the influential screen elite; (3) to stir up studio labor; (4) to spread the doctrine of Hitlerism continually and lavishly; (5) to secure an expert knowledge of Hollywood and its studios for *Der Tag* when Hitler takes over.

The technique used is clumsy—but sometimes effective. Scurrilous pamphlets, organized "smearing" campaigns, depredations, threats and some subtle parlor conversation by Germanic glamour boys constitute its heavy artillery.

Often at night the mailboxes of homes in the movie residential districts are stuffed with flaming pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic pamphlets. Similar pamphlets are slipped inside morning papers, under milk bottles. Major studio heads, stars and workers have found them in their automobiles. A plane flew over a country club outside Hollywood recently where a group of studio producers were assembled to plan a counter-attack on Nazi propaganda. It dropped sheaves of Nazi literature on the lawn even as they considered that very problem.

One day not long ago, when the crowds at Hollywood and Vine, the crossroads of Hollywood, were at their densest, a cloud of pamphlets wafted down. Looking up at the roof of the Taft Building, whence the leaflets obviously fell, quick-eyed bystanders saw a couple of men dumping sacks. They quickly disappeared down a fast elevator and got away in a car. This performance was repeated several times from various buildings in Hollywood.

The pamphlets themselves, for public consumption, are mostly dodgers glorifying Germany and ridiculing England and France.

They carry catch phrases like "God Save the King—the Yanks Aren't Coming!" (the immediate objective of all Nazi propaganda is to keep the U.S. out of the war) and so forth. For studio union labor edification the copy is usually more specialized, harping generally on the anti-Semitic theme.

Excerpts from a recent one read: "Suicide of the Motion-Picture Industry . . . American families are on the edge of starvation while studios employ Jewish refugees . . . Why should international Jews be allowed to destroy foreign markets for American pictures? . . ."

Films such as "Blockade," "The House of Rothschild," "The Life Of Emile Zola," "Confessions Of A Nazi Spy," and others are then named and credit sheets printed emphasizing the Jewish faith of everyone connected with the film.

"Motion pictures of this type disgust American audiences," declares the handbill " . . . provoke propaganda against friendly governments . . . deprive thousands of unemployed actors, technicians and extras of opportunity to work. . . ."

"Raise these points at Union Meetings!" pleads the pamphlet.

"Defend your rights . . . Refuse to sacrifice yourselves and your families to the political insolence and arrogance of these Anti-American, Shameless Jew Producers . . . WAKE UP!"—And so forth.



Autographs for two near the Westwood Theater—courtesy of Edna May Oliver

Much of the pro-Nazi propaganda literature distributed in Hollywood has been traced to the local Bund, presided over by the local Bund *Fuehrer*, Hermann Schwinn. The Bund also assists in placing German domestics in Hollywood homes.

Through the Bund and its workers are also directed the free copies of "*Der Stuermer*" which have recently been covering Hollywood. "*Der Stuermer*," perhaps the most violently anti-Semitic publication in the world, is printed in Germany, under the aegis of Julius Streicher.

"SMEAR technique" is frequently directed at prominent movie personalities. Not long ago Marlene Dietrich, an erstwhile German citizen who recently became a naturalized American, was a victim. A photograph showing Dietrich being sworn in as a U.S. citizen was distributed with a German caption which represented the picture as Dietrich "betraying her Fatherland."

Usually, however, the "smear technique" of Hollywood's Nazi Fifth Column is much more aggressive and widespread. It often consists of a sea of letters and telegrams backing up whispering campaigns of unusual viciousness.

That everyone is prone to believe almost anything about a Hollywood motion-picture star has often been demonstrated in the past. Hollywood is a gossipy town and the Nazis know it. Rumors are extra credible in a town which continually thrives on them. Since parts of Hollywood had a parlor-pink reputation up until the Hitler-Stalin deal (even Shirley Temple was once named in connection with a front organization) the term "Communist" is a convenient red herring to be flourished by Fifth Column hands.

Much of the "Communist" hue and cry which greeted the recent appointment of Melvyn Douglas to a commission in the California National Guard was traced to Hollywood Fifth Column troopers. Douglas is not a Communist, as shown by the story in September PHOTOPLAY, being only a politically minded Hollywood star with liberal ideas. But the furor was successful.

The same technique is currently being used on Fredric March and several other prominent Hollywood stars. Several times recently star appearances have been needed for patriotic programs, rallies and so forth. But many big screen personalities who were eager to lend their names and talents had to be turned down because of Communist stigma attached to them, in large part, by the smearing methods of Hollywood Nazis.

As a result, Hollywood stars have to step carefully to dodge Fifth Column traps. Even then it is difficult. A well-known American star of many recent films on Americana shares an antique-hunting hobby with his wife. They have a special collection of delicate and beautiful figurines made in Germany.

Recently, at dinner, both were complaining to friends that it was now impossible to find any more of the figurines, with Germany blockaded. Their butler, overhearing, excused himself and interrupted. He said he had a friend with a small shop across town. The friend had some of the precious figurines.

The star hurried over to the address given. It was a small, dark little shop with living quarters in the rear. The proprietor led him back, where a group of Teutonic-looking men were gathered in a corner. On the table was a swastika-draped photograph of Hitler.

(Continued on page 88)

Where are the BLOOMERS *of yesteryear?*





Girls bless the day when old-fashioned bloomers gave way to neat, trim shorts. No more hampering bulk and bunchiness . . . thanks to skillful designing there's far greater freedom!

For girls today want just that . . . greater freedom . . . greater comfort! And that's why you'll find Kotex sanitary napkins preferred to all other brands! Because Kotex is *less bulky* than pads made with loose, wadded filler. Made in *folds* (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less where it isn't), Kotex fits better . . . doesn't chafe!



When you want to look swish—wear a sleek, slinky evening dress that flatters the figure. But beware of stubby-end napkins . . . they're bound to make "tell-tale" outlines! With Kotex your secret is safe! For Kotex has *flat,* form-fitting ends that never give you away.

What's more—Kotex has a new, *improved* moisture-resistant "safety-panel" that gives you *extra* protection!



3 Cheers—Kotex* comes in 3 sizes . . . Super—Regular—and Junior. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes offer you the comfort of softness without bulk . . . the confidence of flat, pressed ends . . . the protection of moisture-resistant "safety panels". *And all 3 sell for the same low price!*

FEEL *its new softness*
PROVE *its new safety*
COMPARE *its new flatter ends*



*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"You scarcely know you're wearing it"

Penny Singleton,

lovely Hollywood star appearing in Columbia's "Blondie on a Budget," says, "The MASTERS tables are the smartest I have ever seen."



ATWOOD Piecrust Table **$24.75***



Let's discuss **YOUR** *problems!*

NOW YOU CAN ENJOY TABLES THAT HARMONIZE BY SELECTING FROM

Imperial's

MASTERS

Group



MERRILL Dropleaf Lamp Table **$19.75***

KENYON Magazine End Table **$14.75***

Here's an ideal solution to your decorating problems! Like the stars of Hollywood, you can now select from Imperial's new MASTERS Group of smartly styled tables in fullest confidence that they harmonize with each other and with most leading styles. 12 popular types are included. Beautifully crafted of choice mahogany yet decidedly inexpensive, these fine MASTERS Tables are now featured at leading dealers in special group displays.

IMPERIAL FURNITURE COMPANY

Grand Rapids, Michigan



IMPERIAL FURNITURE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich., Dept. 10-F.
Enclosed find 10c for which send me your new illustrated booklet, "The Choice and Use of Tables."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from page 86)

The figurines were there, all right, which pleased the star in spite of the sinister atmosphere. He wasn't so pleased when an article came out in a subversive publication telling all about his visit to the Nazi den (which it was) and gleefully branding him as one of them!

The Fifth Column made an especially vigorous campaign against Warner Brothers' film exposé of Nazi activities in the United States, "Confessions Of A Nazi Spy." While it was being filmed, every cast member received letters threatening awful retribution unless he quit the picture (none did; nothing happened). Some expensive portraits were marred—the only downright sabotage yet reported on a Hollywood set. Extensive pamphlet campaigns were directed against the picture. When it was recently reissued, large teaser billboards featuring a swastika and the words, "Stop The Fifth Column!" were extensively defaced all over Hollywood and the words "Heil, Hitler," and "Gott Mit Uns" daubed over them. A pro-Nazi Los Angeles theater owner also called Warners when the billboards first came out and ordered them to be taken down at once or face the consequences. They faced the consequences.

ACTUAL Fifth Column penetration into the creative departments of Hollywood studios is having a much tougher time. In the first place, the studios are alert to the danger and have taken measures to have filled out an extensive questionnaire covering employees' entire lives. Intimate questions about race, religion, investments, ideologies and such—never asked before—must be filled in.

In the second place, so many people must pass on the eventual form of a finished Hollywood picture that it is virtually impossible for a Nazi propagandist to inject Hitler's message into a movie undetected.

The only Hollywood incident involving a studio high-up with the Nazi Fifth Column that has come to light is indirect. It concerns an important producer's wife. She started giving afternoon teas for her friends "to discuss the world situation." The talks, somehow, always led to Nazi ideology and then out came stacks of Nazi literature. When word of these goings-on reached her husband, the goings-on stopped right then. Just what he told his wife has not been recorded and possibly couldn't be, anyway.

Nevertheless—while Fifth Columnists are still being repulsed from the inner sanctum of Hollywood's studios, there is little doubt they have an eye to taking over eventually and Nazifying the movies if the dream of a Hitler world revolution ever spreads this far. Hitler's American Bund Fuehrer, the discredited Fritz Kuhn, has promised "a thorough cleaning of our most important medium of propaganda and entertainment, the Hollywood film industry," when, supposedly, the great day dawns for "Unser Amerika."

Meanwhile, Hollywood's Nazis have shown they can work well and play at the same time. Of late, at movie colony cocktail parties, dinners, private soirees and in the public dinner-and-dance rendezvous favored by Hollywood's upper crust, charming young men of ingratiating ways have been introduced. Not all of them are German. Some of them are young Americans; some the sons of rich parents with ideal social entree and standing. Whether they are converted, intimidated, paid or what, is in most cases still a mystery. With wit, good manners and looks (and, of course, enough money to spend and a suitable wardrobe) these young men are a polished section of the Fifth Column. Their approach is usually the same.

THEY start by criticising the Roosevelt Administration. That gains a sympathetic ear in plenty of quarters, naturally. As the conversation warms up, the subject gradually passes to anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism. Then the national situation comes in for an inning. The general conclusion is that things are in a mess. The glib young men suggest that what this country needs is "a man who can do something." They wonder (casually, of course) if perhaps Hitler hasn't done the German people a lot of good. In no time at all the conversation is entirely about Hitler, Germany and the Nazi faith. That is where the surreptitious licks for the Nazis come in.

Hollywood is not letting the Fifth Column tramp along entirely unharried. While it is true that most of the town dismisses Nazi termite work as fantastic, there are elements in Hollywood who take it seriously, as it certainly should be taken. A number of privately financed counterespionage and counterpropaganda groups have been formed to keep tab on the progress of the Fifth Column. One voluntary vigilante group of five, consisting of a prominent star, a writer, director, press agent and technical research man, devotes all its off-studio time to scouting the Nazi column. Their secret files alone could rock Hollywood. But the only ones who can see them are officers of the FBI.

There are explosive indications daily that things are going to be tougher and tougher from now on for Hollywood Nazis, if not downright painful.

The other night, in a sophisticated late spot out on Hollywood's Sunset Strip, the Sphinx Club, a big and handsome assistant to the German consulate in Los Angeles discovered that.

The playboy, member of an aristocratic family of Potsdam and formerly a member of a Potsdam regiment, has been in Hollywood some time and is well known in social circles, having engaged in various luxury businesses in the past. Recently he joined the German consulate in Los Angeles under Dr. George Gyssling. There was speculation then whether or not the budding diplomat's movie colony connections were taken into consideration.

At any rate, this Germanic gentleman is said to have Heiled Hitler indiscreetly the other night at the Sphinx. Indiscreetly, because the chap he did it to was Sy Bartlett, popular Hollywood writer and a man not at all sympathetic with the Nazis or any of their works.

"Yeah?" replied Mr. Bartlett, swinging one from the floor, "Well, shake hands with an American!"

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 8 with these correct ones

CORRECT ANSWERS:

1. Gale Page
2. Universal
3. Joan Crawford
4. Cary Grant
5. Rosalind Russell
6. Joan Fontaine
7. George Raft
8. Paulette Goddard
9. Irene Hervey Jones
 Helen Gahagan Douglas
 Sandra Shaw Cooper
 Florence Eldridge March
10. Anne Shirley (from her picture, "Anne of Green Gables")

Ray of Light on Milland

(Continued from page 27)

sense of humor, just smiles sweetly and says, "I'll call up Central Casting and have them send out a few extras dressed as dinner guests!"

Because of this same unpredictability, advance invitations are never accepted by the Millands. Ray is never sure how he is going to feel and advance dates worry him. This attitude sometimes puts Mrs. Milland on a spot.

For instance, when Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, with whom the Millands are very friendly, decided to give a masquerade, the first person Ann called was Mrs. Milland. In her tactful way, Mal explained that they would just love to come, but that Ray didn't like large parties. Ray didn't like crowds. Ray didn't like to get all dressed up—it was too much like showing off. She was sure Ray would be perfectly *miserable* at a masquerade party.

Not wanting Ray to force himself to go for her sake, Mrs. Milland decided not to tell him anything about the invitation.

THE day of the party Ann met Ray at the studio. She told him she was terribly sorry he and Mal weren't coming.

"Why, I'd love to come to your party," exclaimed the amazing Milland. "I'll call up Mal and tell her to go right out and rent a costume. I'll get one here."

So the Millands went to Ann's party, Mrs. Milland thankful that Ann was in the category of understanding friends. Mr. Milland, dressed as Daniel Boone, had the time of his life and was the last person to leave. The next day he bought Mrs. Milland a beautiful silver-fox cape! What would you do with a guy like that?

There is no doubt that Ray would have gone to the top much sooner had he been able to overcome his aversion to being an exhibitionist. He *has* tried—but not hard enough. So, purely for his own defense, he gets furious at others who exploit themselves. When he was only ten, Ray had already read everything of Chékov, Tolstóy and Ibañez. He could speak three languages well. Yet he shuts up tighter than a clam when a perfectly normal conversation affords him the opportunity to speak with authority. Then he thinks the next fellow is just showing off because *he* is able to express what he knows and feels.

But there are three topics Milland will talk about at the drop of a hat. One is his new son, Daniel David, born last March. Ray has turned into a typical Hollywood father. If he's away from home overnight he must put in a long-distance call to find out about the baby. He'll talk about David to anyone, anywhere.

The next Milland love is his home—a beautiful house in Beverly Hills, most of which Ray designed himself. He even made the furniture for the baby's nursery in his own workshop.

Thirdly, there's his new boat—the Ramada, named for himself—"Ra," from Ray; for his wife, "ma" from Mal; and for his son, "da" from David.

HE never misses Jack Oakie, George Murphy or the Ritz Brothers on the screen. He loves the Murphy brand of stories, told in inimitable Murphy style. He owns one of the finest collections of symphony recordings and he'll sit listening to them far into the night. Yet he can go to the cheapest kind of corny vaudeville and laugh longest and loudest at stale jokes.

When he didn't have a dime to his name, he bought an accordion and a special-built car. He had a horse sent home once when he lived in a one-room apartment. Now that he's in a position to buy anything he wants and keep it, he's content with a small coupe and a horse rented from the Bob Young-Allan Jones stables.

Over at Paramount they've long since ceased being surprised at anything Milland does. At times he's exasperating. When photographer John Entsted, who handles the stars with great diplomacy, asked Ray to pose with a scarf and a pipe, that gentleman hit the ceiling. "You're not going to make a ham out of me," he raged. "I've made fun of actors all my life for taking themselves so bloody serious. I'm not going to give anyone a chance to poke fun at me!"

Yet he's ready and willing to go on the air—gratis—and help plug his pictures, something other stars seldom do. He'll take overnight trips by plane to make a personal appearance—also gratis. Once he went around the lot raffling a radio so a secretary could get a free one for herself.

Since the birth of David, he's taken a greater interest in his career. He's sought better parts and gotten them, too. After his fine work in "The Doctor Takes a Wife" and "Untamed," Paramount handed him the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in "Arise My Love," no small tidbit for any up-and-coming young male star.

What spare time he has Ray devotes to pursuits that will make him a better actor. He takes singing lessons. He works daily on his diction. He studies French. He's experimenting with new make-up. He takes a daily workout with a trainer.

Here's hoping Ray doesn't realize that he's developing into an exhibitionist. That perverse streak in his nature would make him fight against it. As it is, it's such a good healthy sign. He'll probably end up being a ham at heart—and loving it every moment.

And don't say we didn't warn you!

BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN

He might be any young man from any section of the country, holding in common with every American boy those rights and privileges—and abilities—pertaining to U. S. citizenship and inevitably rising to the top in any trade or profession he might choose. The fact that he happened to be born in the heart of the Middle West, with a background of early New England ancestry, makes him only more typically American. And the fact that he happened to be Henry Fonda, actor by both preference and temperament, makes his story (and the remarkable never-before-published pictures with which it's illustrated) unusually significant to every reader.

BEGINNING IN NOVEMBER PHOTOPLAY

"A Miracle is happening to you right now— 'NEW-BORN SKIN' for your OLDER Skin!"

says Lady Esther

Is that possible? Yes! For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger and lovelier and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.



JUST BENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every breath, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a *more glamorous* skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it *can!* If...

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help free your skin from those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should *any* woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Yes, why should she be a victim of her old, her lifeless skin? says Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes. Impurities are lightly whisked away...your skin is so smooth that powder stays on *for hours!* My cream cleanses *so thoroughly* and *so gently* that it actually helps nature refine the pores. All the world sees your skin in its New-Born Beauty!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition,* administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't *true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about to be born!

Try my 4-Purpose Cream *at my expense.* See if it doesn't bring you *New-Born Beauty*—yes, keep your *Accent* on *Youth!*



★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER, (60)
7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



The Battling Duchess of Garson

(Continued from page 27)

toughest town in the world to crack. Very few actresses, hinted Ritchie, had the stuff to succeed in pictures (Greer had never faced a camera before). "Of course, you've already clicked on the London stage," Bob remarked casually, "but I wonder if you could in Hollywood?" Then was when Greer reached for the fountain pen!

Greer has always been popular. The "gallery girls" who roost in London's theater baconies took her to their hearts long ago, affectionately titling her "The Duchess of Garson." When the producer of her very first stage play fired her on the eve of the opening, every actor in the cast voluntarily threatened to go on strike, thus saving the all-important break for her. But she has to make her success the hard way. Long before her Hollywood heartbreak year, she found that out.

GREER had just got off to a good start on the British stage when a perfectly marvelous chance came to do a George Bernard Shaw play on tour. Greer leaped at it, pooh-poohing the rigorous routine. Every night she had to take a bath and change make-up between scenes. Three months on the winter tour in this pneumonia part and her doctor said, "Quit!"

Greer said, "No"—and—well, she landed in a nursing home with a septic sore throat and stayed there for five months! When she'd recovered, she had to start all over again—and it wasn't easy.

Another time, just after Sylvia Thompson, the novelist, had spied Greer sitting broke and dejected in the University Women's Club, tapped her on the shoulder, introduced herself and handed her the lead in the new Thompson play, Greer unfortunately used the wrong prescription for her eyes. She went blind temporarily and, even though she tried to stumble through the play for a few nights, it was curtains again to her career.

By the time she'd won her way back with a hit in "Old Music," came Hollywood and what Greer calls "My Great Deflation." Began then the toughest battle of her life, although she didn't know it at first.

Being an ex-business lady, Greer made all the arrangements with M-G-M herself. The idea, so she thought, was a quick trip to Hollywood and a quicker plunge into new exciting work. But after the 6,000 mile journey there wasn't any work.

Now Greer Garson loves a battle when there is something to fight. But if there isn't she goes "Boom!"—and explodes in little pieces. Her life has been filled with work, a restless search for bigger and better things.

Greer had been a famous and toasted star at the very peak of her glory in London. In Hollywood she was a stranger on her own studio lot. No one paid her the slightest attention. The change was like a plunge into an icy pool. It stunned her.

IT was no dark, deliberate design, of course, on the part of M-G-M to lure Greer to Hollywood and then relegate her to oblivion. It's just an old Hollywood custom. The right part for a new star, like a good man, is hard to find.

A few months of this stewing and fretting and Greer knew a nervous breakdown was stalking her.

One day she wrenched her back in a swimming pool. A little later she wrenched it again riding horseback. Her nerves ganged up on the weak spot and before long Hollywood specialists were shaking their heads gravely over Greer's aching backbone.

That's when they issued the ultimatum about ten months in a plaster cast—and they might have got their way except for one thing: About this time Sam Wood picked Greer to play *Kathie* in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

The rest, of course, is history. Robert Donat was the star of that picture; but Garson was the discovery. The call of "Encore" was nationwide and M-G-M put her to work with no time lost. Which was just what Greer Garson wanted.

Play-loving Hollywood still can't quite understand this serious drive in Greer Garson. She's nice to everyone, but she hasn't made many friends. She likes people, but she's very unsocial. Night clubs never see her, nor do Hollywood parties. Even romance rumors can't light in her neighborhood—though M-G-M producer Benjamin Thau wonders why. She loves books, collects old ones and jade and leads a quiet life with her pretty bright-eyed mother and two tyrant pets, a frolicking French poodle named Coco and an austere Siamese cat called Rama. Although "Pride and Prejudice" has doubled her first victory and made her one of Hollywood's main conversational topics, she still dodges social life like a nun.

At present her life's a study in serenity. But if there's any real trouble coming up I, for one, am plunking my roll on the battling Duchess of Garson. She's a perfect lady—but where she shines is in a scrap.



Soon to be a couple of married couples—and an in-law? Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forbes (Heather Angel), producer Benjamin Thau, Greer Garson and her mother

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 69)

wrinkleless again right while poor roasting Roz is in it.

We slip away from such sophistication for the sparkling simplicity of little Gloria Jean, back under the direct supervision of her discoverer, Joe Pasternak, in "A Little Bit of Heaven." Gloria is that same little girl of the "Underpup" in this one and all those uncles she talked about are visible, in the presence of eight stars of former days. We see them all there on the set—Charlie Ray, Maurice Costello, Monte Blue and the others, and we hope they are getting some happiness from this visible proof that Hollywood hasn't entirely forgotten them.

As for twelve-year-old Gloria, she is unlike any other youngster in Hollywood, utterly and completely natural. We stay long enough to hear her sing "So They Called It Ireland" (she becomes a little girl who gets on the radio in this one, only to have her family, but not herself, get the big head) which puts us in such a mood of gaiety that we don't even mind that neither Warner Brothers nor Twentieth Century-Fox has a single new picture in the works this month.

We discover that "They Knew What They Wanted" is shooting at RKO with Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. This is the film version of the late Sidney Howard's prize-winning stage play and it puts Lombard right where lots of people think she belongs—knee-deep in heavy drama. She plays a girl who works for her unglamorous living in a California eatery, where she meets a grape-grower, which role, of course, is fair meat for Mr. Laughton.

The whole picture will give audiences a good idea of what happens when a girl doesn't marry for love, but, being too hot already to excite ourselves with any conjurings on that subject right now, we move over to Paramount, where we find that the roaming Miss Colbert has come home at last.

Claudette is working with Ray Milland in "Arise My Love," which is another of those near-wife-near-husband situations. To be blunt about it, Miss Colbert is lying just as merrily in this one as she did in "Midnight" and getting herself in just as much trouble. Here she is a newspaper girl who has got a newspaper man out of jail in Spain by saying she is his wife. Ray, the n.m. has never seen her before and detests her on sight, but in order to save his life he has to be stuck with her. Just fancy how those two farce players can go on from there.

There is a heat wave on the Colbert set, too. Mitch Leisen, the director, asks Miss Star if she is dressed for the scene. "I've got my hat on," says Claudette. "None of the rest of me shows."

Milland sets up a howl at this. "Only the top of me shows, too," he cries. "I'm going to take off my pants." This breaks up all the extras on the set.

LIKE Roz Russell in "Hired Wife," Claudette is being dressed by Irene for this production and she can't praise that designer enough. The suit Claudette ought to be wearing (hanging meekly off stage, it is) is of beige light wool, tailored in that long-torso line you'll be hearing more about. Its large square pockets, as well as its collar, show white piqué trim. While Leisen is setting the camera for a second shot we ask Claudette, as a girl who is always on the "best-dressed women in Hollywood" lists, what she thinks is the best rule for smartness. She says, "Suits and more suits, ever and always, except when they don't fit the climate you live in and then tailored dresses—the simpler, the better." Claudette also added that if you are going to have your picture taken and have to wear a hat, always choose an off-the-face model as all others throw ugly shadows athwart your girlish beauty.

We had left "Moon Over Burma" until the last this month because that is one of those Dottie Lamour-sarong epics and we rather thought there wouldn't be much to talk about in that, as they do all seem to be so much alike (and they all, so help us, make pots of money). But the moment we walk onto the sound stage, all got up to look like some tropical spot, we know we are wrong, for we see Bob Preston. Dottie is bobbing around on the porch of a little shack telling a crowd of natives to be nice and quiet, but they, looking at her, don't feel quiet a bit.

The Paramount press agent who is with us and who is male says with great emotion, "Look at her." Looking at Mr. Preston's shoulders we murmur, "Look at him." The press agent groans at such a flagrantly feminine reaction, but we aren't a bit embarrassed. In fact, as we stand gazing at Mr. Preston's handsomeness, we begin dreaming happily of next month when, they promise us, we shall be visiting Mr. Power on the set of "The Californian" and Mr. Gary Cooper on the set of "Meet John Doe" and Mr. George Brent on the set of "Honeymoon For Three" and even, perhaps, Mr. Gable on the set of "Osborne of Sing Sing." Can you imagine our doing all that and getting paid for it, too? Hollywood, it's wonderful.

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Out of Spencer Tracy's Yesterdays

(Continued from page 59)

kets, sandwiches, and beer. The next day, as George recalled, we had driven farther north and wandered aimlessly and exploratively along the "snake trails," as Michigan's winding backwoods roads are known.

Somewhere up there, we came to a country schoolhouse, closed for the summer but unlocked. Irish humor which was sometimes in Tracy's eyes, sometimes in the quirk of his mouth, but always present in his character, came to the surface as we entered the little room with its clean blackboards, plain teacher's table and scattering of desks. Finding a piece of chalk, he drew a picture on the blackboard labeled "Our Teacher" and outlined two other characters whom he christened "Herman and Verman."

Now, waiting for Spence, we wondered what that teacher would say if she had known that the young artist who had drawn on her blackboards and eaten popcorn at her desk was Spencer Tracy, the cinema idol.

GEORGE lit a cigarette and mumbled something about Tracy's first movie.

"That wasn't the first time Tracy was shot with a motion-picture camera," I replied. "Don't you remember the film I showed you?"

I was thinking of that August day, years ago, on the shore of Houghton Lake in northern Michigan. Spence had played the hero in "Buried Treasure," a scrap of homemade drama I filmed with my 16-millimeter camera. "That's the first time I ever had my picture taken with a movie camera," he had said. Someone replied that he'd probably get used to it someday when he got to Hollywood and we'd all laughed. It had been quite a joke—then.

Later, we had gone on over to George Russell's fishing camp on the Ausable River, but Tracy had felt a summer cold coming on and didn't take the river trip with us in search of rainbow trout. That evening we planned to drive across the river and up the hill to see the sunset. At the last minute, Spence decided he would hike up and meet us, so I explained the devious trails he would both cross and follow, gave him my rifle and watched him start off into the woods with George Russell's dog.

We waited on the hilltop that evening for Tracy, but he didn't arrive. When we got back to camp, we found him there. He had become confused among the many twisting trails. Anyone who knows those Michigan woods roads couldn't blame him for that—but he had returned with a tall story about a bear.

Something had rustled in the bushes. He had tried to shoot the rifle. It wouldn't go off. He looked for the dog. It had disappeared. Spence was alone in the darkening forest.

While it's true there are bears up near George Russell's (and some big black brutes, at that), they've never been known to attack anyone and Spence took a good deal of kidding about his "bear in the bushes"—which the rest of us figured was probably a porcupine or rabbit. Now I wondered if the years had marred his delightful ability both to take a joke and to make one.

Why should Spencer Tracy care about renewing such an antiquated and mildewed acquaintance as ours? We had nothing to offer him, not even the old democratic standby, popcorn. What would we talk about? It could no longer be the intimacies of the stage and a stock company wherein everyone knew everybody's business. There could be no more chatter about the serious trivialities such as: "How big was the house tonight?" or "When will we get our closing notice?"

At last, the door swung open and in swung Spencer Tracy, topcoat flapping from broad shoulders, the familiar Irish virility radiating from every flexing muscle as he strode across the room to our corner. And, so help me, I've never been more jittery in my life! One quick glance at George and I could see he suffered, too.

And then I was shaking Spence's hand. He was pounding us both on the back and we were slapping his shoulders. All of us talked at once and no one paid the slightest attention to what the others were saying. But suddenly there came the silence we had dreaded, as both George and I remembered who Spencer Tracy was today—twice winner of the Academy Award and pulling down a salary of Presidential proportions. What could we say now?

But Spencer Tracy, in one simple sentence, proved to us that he was the same Tracy who once went camping with us, brushed his teeth (and washed his feet!) in the same river on early summer mornings, told his bear story and drew pictures on a blackboard.

In one small second he proved what many men who have climbed to similar heights have been unable to prove—that old friends are still good friends.

"Where the hell," said Spence, "can we get some popcorn—*bushels* of popcorn?"



Lew Ayres goes "steady" (?) with so many attractive girls these days it's hard to keep track—but this is Evelyn Keyes with him at Ciro's

How to Get a Raise without Asking

(Continued from page 41)

"You! You with the red hair. Where'd you get those shoes and stockings? They're all wrong. They'd ruin the effect of a Russian sable."

Jeanette took a deep breath and then said, smoothly, "I'm awfully sorry! Maybe they are wrong. But they're what I have. Now"—she was purringly eager to please—"now, if you'll just order what you think I should wear and have them delivered to me, I'll be delighted to wear them!"

She said it so sweetly! The gentleman wilted. "Oh, I guess they're all right," he muttered. "With those feet and ankles you can get away with anything!"

That was a small triumph, Jeanette supposes. She didn't lose her temper or her dignity. What was more important, she didn't lose her job!

"I had a chance that summer to watch high-powered businesswomen dealing with those hard-boiled men," she remembers. "Some of them wanted to buy and others wanted to sell. I was always impressed with a quality in these women which I can only call crispness. They knew what they wanted and they knew how to say it briefly and pointedly. They were always well-groomed and almost without exception they had good speaking voices. I don't mean the overcultivated voices you sometimes hear on the stage. I mean that they spoke clearly and they were never shrill, however unpleasant the men might be with whom they were dealing."

One of the women in the office of that company told Jeanette something which she hasn't forgotten. "She said that girls in offices have no idea how much depends upon what they wear. Your clothes and face and hands and hair can annoy a busy man more than you imagine. If you think a minute you'll realize how right she was.

"Study your budget and plan to buy things which will be smart and feminine without being obtrusive or perishable. Don't plan to have any frills on your frocks which will wilt by nightfall. Don't have any pretty dinguses which will come loose and have to be pinned up during dictation or an important conference! Don't wear costume jewelry which glares in the light or clanks distractingly when you move. Bosses have been known to want to commit mayhem on pretty little girls who clanked. Don't wear heels which clatter or throw you on your face when you walk across the office. And please—a simple hair-do which won't collapse over your eyes at crucial moments!"

MADELEINE CARROLL wasn't so much concerned with the comfort of her bosses as she was with treading carefully around delicate situations. For Madeleine's job, before she entered pictures, was schoolteaching. When you teach school your bosses are men—the principal and the schoolboard or the trustees—and usually the entire institution seethes with politics. So you do have to watch your step. One of the first things she learned was the importance of trying to keep her professional and her private lives separate.

"Don't confide in your boss or your male business associates," she urges. "Don't tell him what you did over the week end or about your date for next Tuesday. Don't tell him your private ambitions. It may only bore him. If he wants to tell you about his domestic problems or his love affairs, just listen with as much interest as you can. But don't try to advise him. It may backfire.

"And don't, under any circumstances, discuss any other people who are working with him or for him if you can possibly help it. If you are cornered somehow and have to express an opinion of another employee, say something kind—or be completely noncommittal.

"Don't tattle. Don't gossip. Don't confide. Keep your private affairs to yourself and perhaps people will be so curious about you that you'll take on an importance that you don't really deserve!"

Madeleine thinks that what one does after working hours and on week ends is very important. "Relax in whatever way you like best," she advises. "Try to forget your job. Come back on Monday bright and renewed and with your viewpoint fresh. If your boss is the kind who takes a brief case full of papers home to work on over the week end, he'll find you a downright inspiration on Monday morning if you haven't thought of work since Saturday noon.

"There is another thing which is connected somehow with this idea. Maybe it seems a small thing but believe me it isn't. Don't be a clock watcher. Never, never suggest by word or gesture that it's time to stop work if the boss is still in the mood! Not if it's midnight and you have a toothache.

"If you take the boss' job to heart and let him know that you do, you'll be all right."

DOROTHY LAMOUR'S ex-boss came to see her a year or so ago when he was in Los Angeles. She worked in his real-estate office in Chicago. He was still affectionately interested in her progress—which must prove something!

"One thing," Dorothy said, "I didn't try to practice my acting on *him*. I'd never have got away with it. You can't pull acts on any really good boss—not even after you get to be an actress! It simply won't work. I mean by this that it is very unwise to have tantrums, however much your nerves are strained. Hysterical women are menaces to any well-run business and an efficient boss hasn't time to bother with them. It means that you will be foolish to pretend to be ill when there is extra work to be done. Your employer is pretty likely to say, 'Poor little thing! She isn't strong enough to handle such a strenuous job. We'll let her go and get someone who is in better health.' It means that you won't pretend to have had a better offer when you are trying to persuade him to raise your salary. This is extremely dangerous. He may call your bluff, feeling that he mustn't stand in the way of your advancement. Then where will you be?

"The thing to keep in mind is that your boss is smarter than you are—more experienced and wiser—else he wouldn't be the boss. If you put on an act of any sort for him and he sees through it, then his respect for your intelligence and your integrity shrivels to a peanut size.

"Most bosses are pretty human and most of them won't impose on you or take advantage of you. I think you'll find it pays to be a good sport, too."

After delivering herself of this sound advice, Dorothy suddenly thought of a postscript which she says is *not* frivolous.

"Don't," she pleads, "douse yourself

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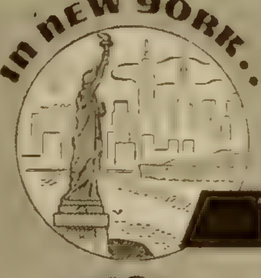
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Some of the girls whose work has been almost exclusively in pictures think that they have learned lessons which might be useful if they knew that tomorrow they would have to seek work in some other fields. Here are a few brief ones:

Bette Davis: "The most difficult thing I've had to learn is to hide my feelings, especially if I'm mad or if my feelings have been hurt. You mustn't give bosses that advantage. The most difficult acting I've had to do has not been on the screen!"

Ann Sheridan: "My toughest problem is my temper. In this business your private life is so tied up with your job that your boss has every right to dictate what you do with yourself when you are on a vacation—even when you are on the other side of the continent. It wasn't easy for me to learn to take that sort of supervision. But I *learned.* —learned to weigh things and get a perspective before I get red in the face."

Rosemary Lane: "The very worst thing you can do in any sort of job is to turn into a 'positive' female! I used to be so sure of myself, so firm in my opinions about everything. I found that I was often very wrong and I've found, too, that it pays to be flexible. It's diplomatic, for one thing. Another important thing is that if you won't listen to anyone, if you can't be persuaded—well, how are you ever going to learn anything?"

So there you are. These are all successful women. Their experiences are varied, yet they all agree, "Learn to get along with the boss and you'll get a raise without asking for it!"

"Star-Cross'd Lovers"

(Continued from page 29)

and taking a bow or with the usual inanities of most personal appearances, Vivien gave Noel Coward's famous toast scene from "Cavalcade" and Larry delivered that thrilling speech from "Henry V," ". . . Once more unto the breach . . ." $500,000 was raised—enough to send five bombers to England.

Several weeks prior to this trip to Toronto, Vivien and Larry had visited Canada to find a haven for their children—Vivien's six-year-old Suzanne and Larry's four-year-old Simon, offspring of their former marriages. Little Suzanne is with her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Hartley, and Simon is in the custody of his mother, Jill Esmond. Both children will remain here "for the duration." Hollywood will see neither of them.

AS this is being written, Larry and Vivien are deep in production of their first co-starring vehicle in America, a screen treatment of the famous love affair between Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. It is their first reunion with Alexander Korda, in whose British-made production, "Fire Over England," they first met.

Beyond this, their plans are as indefinite as tomorrow's headlines. Of course, this isn't deterring Alexander Korda and David O. Selznick from lining up commitments for them.

If they don't return to England, and *if* Vivien can be temporarily released from any one of her two contracts, they'd like to have another fling at the legitimate stage. The beating they took, both financially and professionally, for "Romeo and Juliet" hasn't discouraged them.

Naturally, at first they were terribly hurt and bewildered by the panning they received.

Their sincerity was misconstrued. They were criticized as two motion-picture personalities—*Scarlett O'Hara* and *Heathcliff*—trying to cash in on their screen reputations.

What seems to have been overlooked is that Larry is well known as a Shakespearian actor in England, having played many roles at the Old Vic, traditional theater for England's finest Shakespeare, and received superb notices.

"And Vivien is the most thorough student of Shakespeare of any young actress I know. I only wish you could have been at Elsinore three summers ago, to have seen her *Ophelia!*" And Larry's grey-green eyes danced with excitement at the memory.

That Larry and Vivien can now laugh about their Broadway fiasco is proof of their divine sense of humor. Recently, at a charitable function for the American Theater Wing of the British Relief Funds, Larry had to present a prize to the lucky winner of a raffle ticket. The prize turned out to be a book with a compilation of reviews of every play produced during the current year. Larry rose to the occasion magnificently. "My friend," he announced, "in awarding you this macabre piece of literature, I hereby put in a bid for pages 303 and 4—they are the reviews of 'Romeo and Juliet'!"

But if "Romeo and Juliet" didn't achieve happiness at the hands of Shakespeare—and the critics—their real-life counterparts will. Free to marry in September, they have not as yet set the wedding date. Only this much is certain; they will not be married in Hollywood.

UNLIKE a great many stars who protest loudly against any infringement on their private lives and then go everywhere just to be seen, Vivien and Larry really enjoy the privacy they seek. During their recent visit East, they lived in the country and the familiar New York haunts of all the other Hollywood celebrities saw none of them. When they did stay in town to dine with friends, it was always at some restaurant off the beaten path.

In Hollywood, Vivien has leased a small unpretentious cottage, while Larry maintains bachelor quarters at a near-by hotel.

As I looked at Larry and Vivien across the tea table, I reflected that it isn't often in this lifetime that one comes across two people who have everything—youth, good looks, health, success, love. No wonder that when they look into the future, they repeat the toast from "Cavalcade": "Let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find dignity, greatness and peace again."

Because only in such a future will Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier find the ultimate happiness that they want so desperately and have fought so gallantly to achieve!

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 67)

★ TEXAS RANGERS RIDE AGAIN—Paramount

BELIEVE it or not, these Texas Rangers ride to work in V-8's, tow their mounts in trailers and even when roamin' the plains carry their radios with 'em. Then, too, to brighten the plot, there's Ellen Drew, a dainty Parisian refugee who returns to her childhood home, a Texas ranch composed of a thousand square miles or so, five hundred men and May Robson, Ellen's mother. May is, in a voice as far-reaching as her ranch, getting mad about some cattle-thievery a-goin' on, so Texas Rangers John Howard and Broderick Crawford ride in and after a lot of excitement settle the rustlers' hash. Ellen, meanwhile, becomes accustomed to ranch life, even fond of it—and of John. It all makes a swell picture with laughs all the way.

★ I LOVE YOU AGAIN—M-G-M

IN this hilarious comedy Bill Powell, assisted to some degree by Myrna Loy and Frank McHugh, will keep you in stitches from beginning to end. At first you see Bill on shipboard as *Larry Wilson,* an impossible stuffed shirt; but when he falls overboard and is accidently hit on the head by an oar in the hands of a rescuer, it develops that prior to 1931 he has been *George Carey,* a crook. When *Carey* discovers that as *Wilson* he had apparently accumulated some money he and *Doc Ryan* (Frank McHugh), another slicker, hurry back to *Wilson's* home town to get it. But, as can happen in amnesia cases, all sorts of strange situations develop. Among them the fact that *Wilson* has a wife (Myrna) who, having come to despise him for his petty frailties, is about to divorce him. Whereupon, still posing as *Wilson, Carey* sets out to make her change her mind, at the same time rigging up a shady oil deal whereby he and *Ryan* hope to reap a quick profit and skip town. But, of course, the story writers had different ideas.

Bill's comedy, although more slapstick than usual, is superfunny throughout and when the last laugh is in you'll be gladder than ever he is back on the screen to stay.

BLONDIE HAS SERVANT TROUBLE—Columbia

ANOTHER hilarious evening with the *Bumpsteads* whose peace and quiet are this time upset by *Blondie's* yearning for a maid. Opportunely, or so it seems, Dagwood's boss, *Mr. Dithers,* offers them a house of his rent-free and promises them two servants. But it turns out that *Mr. Dithers* has ulterior motives. He has been trying to sell the house, has failed because it is said to be haunted. The *Bumpsteads'* occupancy is to dispel that rumor, but when they get there, fearsome things happen to them. The audience, though, has a swell time!

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—Universal

"WACKY" is a good word for this streamlined illustration of how the ancient Greeks would act if they were suddenly transported into the twentieth century. Hilarious is another, although not all of the myriad gags are as funny as they were probably meant to be. The plot (such as it is) involves identical twin brothers (both Allan Jones) familiary known as *Antipholus of Ephesus* and *Antipholus of Syracuse;* their respective slaves, also identical twins (Joe Penner); and the mix-ups they encounter. Martha Raye has a finger in most of the pie. Rosemary Lane, lovely and beguiling, and Irene Hervey, ditto, provide romance. Charles Butterworth is the *Duke of Ephesus,* inevitably introduced with a fanfare of trumpets. The whole thing is a fine bit of diversion, high-lighted by half a dozen grand songs.

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE WAX MUSEUM—20th Century-Fox

THE best *Charlie Chan* picture yet, with a murder mystery which keeps the audience guessing as well as the characters—all of the characters except, of course, *Charlie* (Sidney Toler) himself, who always knows everything. Sen Yung, *Charlie's* engaging number-two son, is better and funnier than ever, while C. Henry Gordon and Marc Lawrence, to say nothing of the gruesome wax figures scattered here and there, will make you shiver in your boots.

DREAMING OUT LOUD—RKO-Radio

LUM and *Abner,* whom you no doubt know on the radio, bring their homespun philosophy to the screen, where they continue to run their country store. The story drags at first, until a city slicker manages to sell them several cases of bath salts. From then on the troubles of Frank Craven, a struggling country doctor; the death of a little girl at the hands of a hit-and-run driver; the serious illness of young Bobs Watson, which leads indirectly to the solving of the hit-and-run mystery by *Lum* and *Abner;* and the romance between the postmistress, Frances Langford, and Irving Bacon will keep you quite entertained. As a whole, though, "Dreaming Out Loud" is rather disappointing.

GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY—Republic

YOU'LL find plenty of thrills in this drama of "the snow country" portraying the humane work of a young doctor (Chester Morris) and a nurse (Jane Wyatt) among the Alaskan natives. That Chester is a fugitive from justice, charged with murder, adds to the drama, especially when Charles Bickford, a detective dedicated to his capture, appears on the scene. There's a climax that will play on your heartstrings, for all you can pretty well guess the ending before it comes.

GOLD RUSH MAISIE—M-G-M

MAISIE, Ann Sothern, pretty, shrewd, warmhearted as ever, discovers gold in the Arizona desert but discovers, also, that gold isn't everything. Her prospecting partners are members of the *Davis* family, immigrants from the dust bowl who meet Lee Bowman, a hardhearted rancher, and his hardhearted hired man, Slim Summerville. The picture is a medley of laughter and tears; *Maisie* herself was never more lovable.

HOLD THAT WOMAN—Producers' Releasing Corporation

A COMEDY that doesn't pretend to be anything but what it is—very light, indeed—with James Dunne and Frances Gifford as hero and heroine. Jimmy, a "skip-tracer" (a fellow that ferrets you out and then takes away your radio, car, furniture and what-have-you when you've reneged on the payments) has a good deal of trouble doing his job.

*

Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer in 20th Century-Fox's new hit "The Man I Married."

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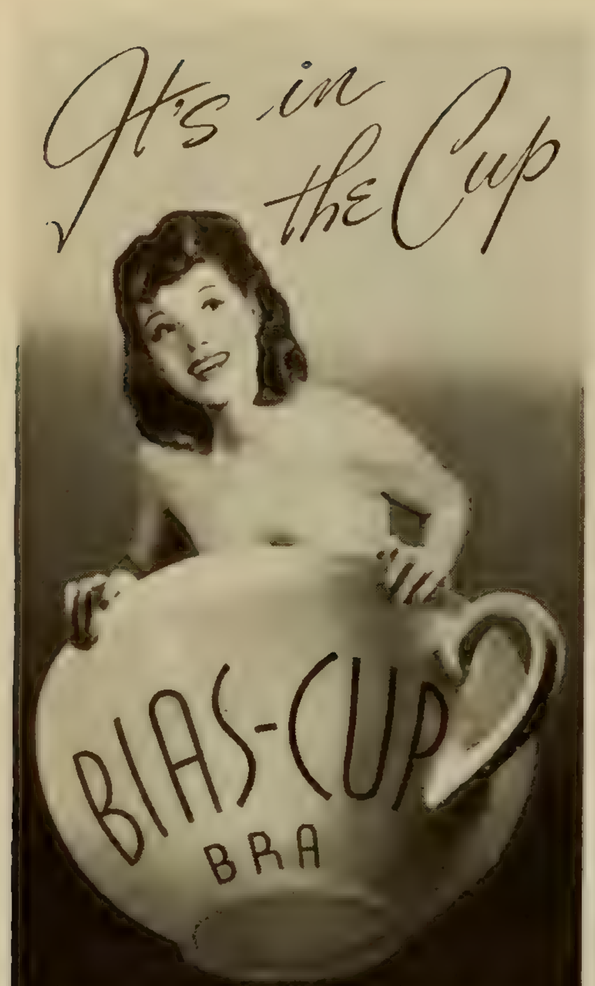
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★ THE LADY IN QUESTION—Columbia

ALTHOUGH nothing very much seems to happen in this beautifully directed picture, the fine performances of its cast and its purely middle-class French background make it well worth your while. Brian Aherne plays a shop owner called to jury duty. He acquits Rita Hayworth of a murder charge and continues to befriend her by bringing her into his home and bicycle shop under an assumed name. His son, Glenn Ford, falls in love with her, although he knows her background, and the denouncement comes when Curt Bois, a fellow juror, convinces Aherne that they had given the wrong verdict in the trial. Irene Rich is Aherne's understanding wife and Evelyn Keyes is his daughter.

I'M NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW—Universal

EVERY once in a while a little unimportant picture turns out to be surprisingly good. It happens here—not so much because of the story but because of the excellent cast. For various reasons, the parents of Dennis O'Keefe and Helen Parrish want their offspring to marry, but the latter have different ideas, Dennis being in love with Constance Moore and Helen with Lewis Howard. Their scheming mothers (Laura Hope Crews and Marjorie Gateson) go gaily ahead with wedding plans. On the other hand, the young quartette arranges for Helen to leave Dennis at the altar and elope with Lewis and for Dennis to run off with Constance. But you know what happens to "best-laid plans."

★ THE MAN I MARRIED—20th Century-Fox

THIS is another picture dealing with the German Nazis. But unlike "The Mortal Storm" and "Four Sons," it is leavened by humor. In the first scenes Joan Bennett, an American, her German husband (Francis Lederer) and their small son set out from their home in New York for a holiday in Germany. There, of course, this being early 1938, they run smack into the Nazi machinery moving into high gear preparatory to war. Inspired by the sophistries of Anna Sten, an ardent Nazi, Francis embraces the Nazi doctrines. Meanwhile, Joan has made friends with Lloyd Nolan, an American, who proves a friend in need when trouble finally comes. The story is climaxed by a development so unexpected that it takes your breath away.

THE MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH—Warners

THERE is nothing new about this picture, but it is pretty well done, if you like those underworld melodramas. George Brent is the young lawyer who chooses to forget ethics for income. Virginia Bruce is his attractive secretary who hates to see him traveling such an unprincipled and dangerous road. William Lundigan is George's younger brother, another lawyer, who agrees with Virginia. You don't have to be told much more.

★ QUEEN OF DESTINY—RKO-Radio

ANNA NEAGLE, the lovely and versatile British actress, gives in this another vivid and beautiful portrayal of England's Queen Victoria. Of course, since it is based on fact and not fiction, this picture cannot differ greatly from "Victoria the Great" in which Miss Neagle starred three years ago. But her interpretation is so sincere and so delightful that you readily forgive the picture as a whole for being slightly episodic. As in "Victoria the Great," Anton Walbrook's performance as Prince Albert, Victoria's consort, is perfect. Gorgeous Technicolor and Herbert Wilcox's sensitive direction contribute still more toward making this one of the finest pictures of the year.

★ THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH—March of Time—RKO-Radio

FOR the title of its first full-length feature, The March of Time chose that of Major Eliot's "The Ramparts We Watch: A Study of the Problems of American Defense." The film itself, however, is more a panoramic history of "the American community"—any sizable American community, faced with the prospect of war. Filmed in New London, Conn., it is peopled with players from every walk of life; some are professionals, but few have faced a movie camera before. Not one has a stellar role, though the theater's John Adair does fine work as a small-town editor and radio's Elliott Reid, as the young "rookie," looks like a definite cinema personality. All are subordinate to the theme, which is presented with amazing impartiality, showing clearly how growing war sentiment affects the foreign-born, the pacifistic, the bereaved old and venturesome young. There is no room for plot, as movie-goers understand the term, but it will hold their attention just the same. No matter what his beliefs or prejudices, no American can fail to be engrossed by this awakening of a community to the knowledge that anything worth preserving is worth fighting for—in peace, as well as in war.

SAILOR'S LADY—20th Century-Fox

NOT such a much, this, except for the personality and performance of *Skipper* as portrayed by Bruce Hampton, aged one year. Nancy Kelly and Jon Hall (a sailor) are engaged, and Nancy wants to adopt *Skipper*. But Jon's navy buddies object to his getting married, to say nothing of his becoming a father so precipitately, and manage to prevent both events for a while. Meanwhile, Nancy stows *Skipper* away on a battleship, about to embark upon war games—which thickens the plot considerably.

SCATTERBRAIN—Republic

A ROLLICKING, also melodious, travesty on Hollywood in which Judy Canova of radio fame does such a good and such a funny job that you're certain to want to see more of her. The story's about the director (Alan Mowbray) who signs the farmer girl (Judy) because he thinks her a screen star in disguise. Learning his mistake, he tries desperately to get out of his contract until—but you should find out what happens yourself.

SING, DANCE, PLENTY HOT—Republic

A COMEDY with music which will provide a pretty good evening's entertainment, even though it won't exactly make screen history.

Johnny Downs is the honest, unsuspecting partner in a shady theatrical agency which uses charity benefits for its own gain. When, on the eve of an orphanage benefit sponsored by two eccentric old maids, Johnny's unscrupulous partner (Lester Matthews) absconds with the bank roll, Johnny and Ruth Terry use their own talents as a song and dance team to put over the show.

SLIGHTLY TEMPTED—Universal

HUGH HERBERT "woo-woo's" his way through another picture, helping himself to objects of interest in gaily klepomaniacal fashion—this to the anguish of his daughter, Peggy Moran, engaged to Johnny Downs. Of course, Papa's intentions are of the best, but his conscience is off duty most of the time.

★ SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO—Edward Small—United Artists

THE old story of how the white man's greed can wreck havoc in a South Seas Eden, but an old story haunted with a beauty which lifts it out of the commonplace. Victor McLaglen is the ruthless trader who finds pearls at the bottom of the blue lagoon off Monoa. Jon Hall, as handsome as he was in "Hurricane," is the chief's son who has the welfare of his happy, innocent people at heart. Frances Farmer is the bitter woman of the streets, companion of McLaglen in his pearl venture, with whom Jon, in his clean simplicity, falls in love. That McLaglen may have a clear way to exploit the native pearl divers, Frances consents to marriage with Jon and a honeymoon idyl on a near-by island. Those scenes you'll not forget. Nor the poignancy of that inevitable moment, later on, when she makes amends for her treachery.

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M

A HORSE-RACING picture but not quite so "horsey" as it's title would imply. At least, romance has a place in it, too. You'll like better than ever Robert Young as *Myles Vander*, a Virginian race-horse owner in disrepute in his own community through no fault of his own. He falls in love first with Lynne Carver, but it is Maureen O'Sullivan (Lynne's sister) who finally shows him the meaning of true love. Yes, there is a horse race at the end that makes everything come out all right.

WAGONS WESTWARD—Republic

ANOTHER Western, though a more ambitious one than usual. Chester Morris plays twin brothers—a law enforcement officer and the leader of a band of marauders—which makes things quite exciting right from the start. Ona Munson and Anita Louise provide romance.

WE WHO ARE YOUNG—M-G-M

YOU'VE already seen other versions of this story . . . how two young people get married and pretty soon a baby is on the way and then the husband loses his job and they struggle and suffer but finally come through someway. Nevertheless, this picture is news because of its two principals, Lana Turner and a newcomer, John Shelton. You may have thought of Lana as a glamour girl and nothing else, but when you see her here you'll find that not only has she youth, beauty and sex appeal plus, but also that she can act! As for John Shelton, he looks a lot like Robert Taylor. He can act, too. You'll want to see more of him.

★ WHEN THE DALTONS RODE—Universal

A RIP-SNORTING Western packed with excitement, suspense, humor and thrills—not the least of the latter being the magnificent performance of Broderick Crawford, playing *Bob Dalton*. As you probably know, the story—admittedly half fiction, half fact—is based on the exploits of the famous rancher family of Coffeyville, Kansas, who, coming under the thumb of land-grabbers, rebel and are outlawed. Randolph Scott is the romantic lead opposite Kay Francis; Brian Donlevy, Stuart Erwin and Frank Albertson playing the other three *Dalton* brothers; Andy Devine and Mary Gordon *(Mrs. Dalton)* make up one of the best casts ever assembled.

"Mother" Wayne

(Continued from page 26)

Well, as Mrs. Wayne says, you can't even get the local weather reports let alone San Francisco.

There was the time, too, he came home with the worst lot of blue paint (bargain price, mind you) and proceeded to paint everything around the place. Fortunately, he got only the inside of the garage finished in maniacial blue before Bond phoned him to go hunting. He forgot all about the paint by the time he got home.

AGAIN, John Wayne differs from any other cowboy star in that he lives not on a ranch out in the valley, but in an exquisitely furnished home in the swankiest section of Hollywood. And has no yen for horses off the screen. Bridge he dotes on and will hie off to the Hollywood Athletic Club, where between swimming and softball, he'll play bridge or Hearts till all hours.

Of course, he plays "horsie," too, and makes a beautiful horse called "Nellie," on which Michael and his sister Toni gallop all over the living room. They climb all over him, his own and neighbor children, clutching his hair or strangling him silly by his necktie. His paper clutched in one hand, he'll patiently sit while they wander over his person, loving it every moment.

His entire family, including servants, the nursemaid, friends and physicians are in constant league against him. They keep all the children's ailments from him. If he suspects Michael or Toni or Patrick has one degree of fever, he goes wild. As one doctor told Mrs. Wayne, if she ever brought that man into his office again, he would not be responsible for what happened.

So it was they didn't tell him when Michael fell downstairs. While he seemed uninjured, Mrs. Wayne, nevertheless, tiptoed into the hall closet with the phone to inform the doctor. But snoopy "Mother" Wayne listened and discovered the truth.

"My baby falls downstairs and my wife doesn't even tell me. Oh, the coldheartedness of such a thing," he moaned. "Now I've lost my child, and my wife is too unconcerned to tell me."

THE Waynes were married in Loretta Young's garden. Classmates at Ramona Convent, Loretta and Josephine Saenz, as vivid in her dark beauty as Dolores Del Rio, remained friends after school days. It was five years before her marriage that Josephine first whispered the name "Duke Morrison" to Loretta. From that day until the time of their marriage all inside information on the progress of the courtship was passed on to Loretta.

The wedding of John and Josephine was beautiful. But right in the midst of the ceremony Mrs. Wayne glanced up at her handsome bridegroom-to-be and, so help me, there he stood, tears streaming down his face into his collar.

"It was the sad music," he explained afterwards.

The honeymoon was a scream. With trunks and cases of beautiful clothes, Mrs. Wayne and John set out for Del Monte and all fashionable points north. But on the way John decided to run in on an old friend who had a ranch near Paso Robles for a mere how-do-you-do and two weeks later the Waynes were still there—in borrowed overalls. The trunks were never opened.

And now, with the truth behind me, I'm on my way to the hinterlands and no cowboy living can catch up with me.

Get along, little dogie, get along!

Face to Face with Fall

(Continued from page 78)

cream counteracts. You just smooth it on the skin around your eyes each night, go to bed with a clear conscience and get up with a new face.

Still in the no-picture-is-good-in-a-bad-frame mood, Hollywood also comes through with an astounding eyelash cream that will keep your lashes soft and silky so that they'll take gracefully to mascara. By the way, if you happen to prefer a cream mascara, you'll find one that goes on like a dream and is waterproof, too. One word of warning—use a little brush to remove all powder from your lashes before you put on mascara.

From Brenda Marshall comes a gold-star hint. If you're blessed with a widow's peak, accentuate it by darkening and lengthening it with your eyebrow pencil. While you're in the reconditioning process, you'll have to count rather heavily on eye effects, so naturally you'll turn to eye shadow more than ever. Geraldine Fitzgerald blends her own—blue, green and violet.

See Your Barber

The first time you put on a fall hat, you'll probably have many a qualm when you see dry brittle ends of hair floating out to destroy the effect of even the most bewitching veil. Get down to disciplinary hair measures and if you want to go the whole way, mark Bette Davis and have your hair cut as short as is becoming. Out go the split ends and then you can go to work on the remainder. "Cut down on shampoos," says Miss Davis, "and increase hair-brushing sessions. Be sure to wear a waterproof cap during showers and don't use a curling iron at this time." The shining light of the Warners lot also tips off the nightly legion of hair "putters-uppers": "When you put your hair up on curlers at night, don't dampen the hair with water, but spray it lightly with brilliantine instead."

If you're in the marketing mood, one of your first moves on the hair question will be to find yourself a good oil to use for pre-shampoo treatments. After you've found your favorite oil, comb your hair carefully and then rinse it in hot water. Take bits of cotton saturated in the oil mixture and rub it into the scalp and on the hair itself. Then wring out Turkish towels and wrap them one after the other about your head to let the oil soak in. After this harem influence, you then give yourself a thorough shampoo.

This procedure is encored over on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot by Alice Faye, who also foregoes dryers during this period and dries her hair by hand.

The Lighter Side

From Hollywood comes some advance hints of special fall cosmetic treats. In lipsticks, for instance, there's a new movement among manufacturers—the fall colors are planned to accent definitely individual skin colors and to make teeth look whiter. One rich shade is designed for special wear with navy blue; another is a pure clear red; another, a bright red that reminds one of the shade that trims military uniforms.

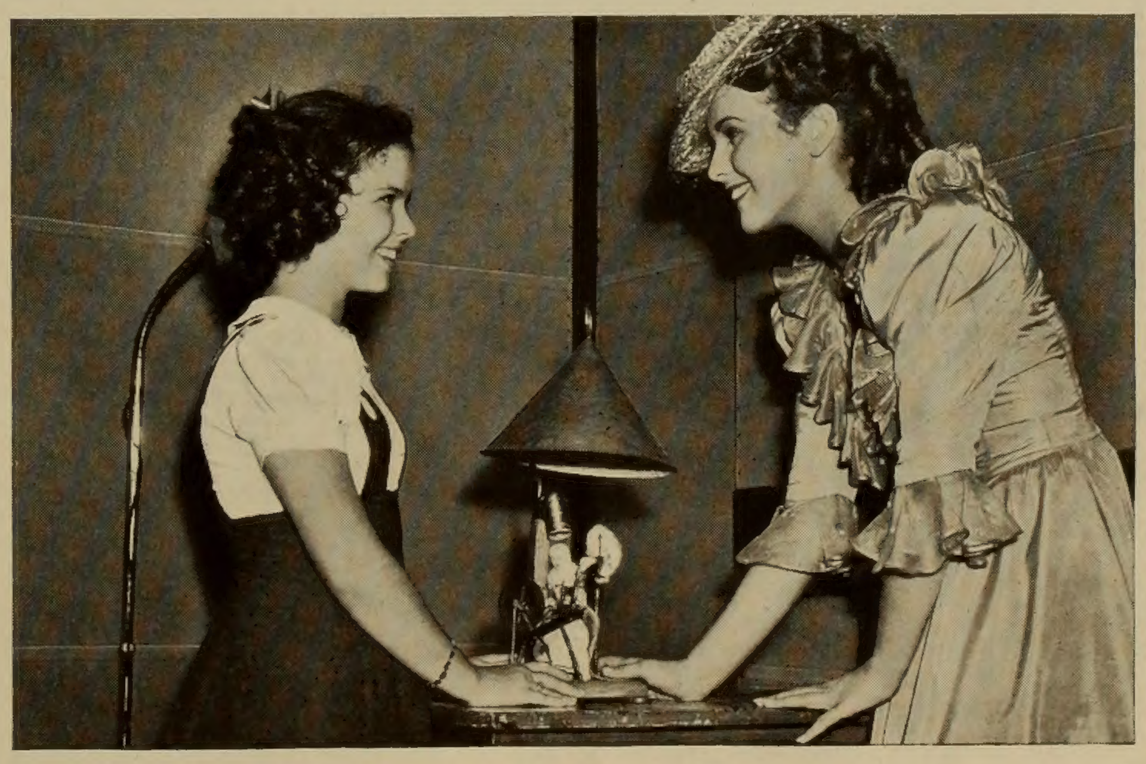
Your hands will be handsome with nail polishes that exactly match these lipsticks and, for beauty's sake, see that they do match. The color range is immense, so give your old lipsticks, cream rouges and polishes the wastebasket treatment and equip yourself with some advance make-up toned for fall clothes.

If you use powder just to cover up the shine on your nose, you should be put in a corner with your face to the wall. For powders should also give you a radiant complexion and this fall there are new creamy shades specially designed to do just that. They really do stay on without letting the foundation base creep through in not-so-glamorous betrayal. When you select your powder, remember, too, never to choose one lighter than the color of your own skin—a powder should always be deeper in tone.

Light as a feather, smooth as silk and more perfectly blended than ever are the new foundation creams this fall. Foundation cream is one of the first requisites for your beauty table; if you haven't any march out and buy one.

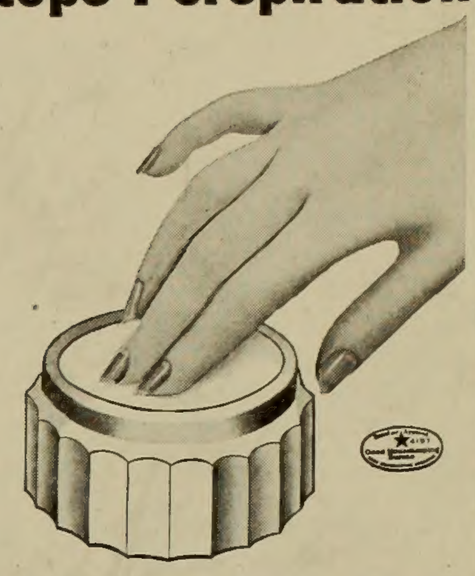
Most important of all, don't be a spare-the-purse, spoil-the-style person this fall. Wearing summer cosmetics—and a summer's face—with fall fashions is just about the falsest economy ever practiced by any Eve.

This fall marks the appearance of an amazing new cosmetic. It covers up skin blemishes of any kind, is the perfect powder foundation. If you'd like to know about this "find" write to the Beauty Editor, PHOTOPLAY, *122 E. 42nd St., New York City.*



Historic moment over at Universal: Retiring veteran Shirley Temple (on her first visit to an outside studio) meets comparative newcomer Deanna Durbin

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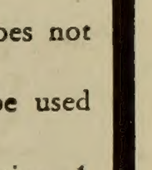
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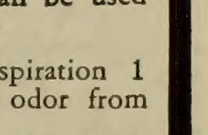
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Casts of Current Pictures

"BLONDIE HAS SERVANT TROUBLE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Richard Flournoy. From the story by Albert Duffy. Based on the comic strip created by Chic Young. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. Cast: *Blondie*, Penny Singleton; *Dagwood*, Arthur Lake; *Baby Dumpling*, Larry Simms; *Daisy*, Himself; *Alvin Fuddle*, Danny Mummert; *J. C. Dithers*, Jonathan Hale; *Eric Vaughn*, Arthur Hohl; *Anna Vaughn*, Esther Dale; *Mailman*, Irving Bacon; *Horatio Jones*, Ray Turner; *Morgan*, Walter Soderling; *Mrs. Fuddle*, Fay Helm.

"BOOM TOWN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by John Lee Mahin. Based on a story by James Edward Grant. Directed by Jack Conway. Cast: *Big John McMasters*, Clark Gable; *Square John Sand*, Spencer Tracy; *Betsy Bartlett*, Claudette Colbert; *Karen Vanmeer*, Hedy Lamarr; *Luther Aldrich*, Frank Morgan; *Harry Compton*, Lionel Atwill; *Harmony Jones*, Chill Wills; *Whitey*, Marion Martin; *Spanish Eva*, Minna Gombell; *Ed Murphy*, Joe Yule; *Tom Murphy*, Horace Murphy; *McCreery*, Roy Gordon; *Ass't District Attorney*, Richard Lane; *Little Jack*, Casey Johnson; *Baby Jack*, Baby Quintanilla; *Judge*, George Lessey; *Miss Barnes*, Sara Haden; *Barber*, Frank Orth.

"BOYS FROM SYRACUSE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Based on the stage play by George Abbott, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Cast: *Antipholus of Ephesus*, Allan Jones; *Antipholus of Syracuse*, Allan Jones; *Luce*, Martha Raye; *Dromio of Ephesus*, Joe Penner; *Dromio of Syracuse*, Joe Penner; *Phyllis*, Rosemary Lane; *Duke of Ephesus*, Charles Butterworth; *Adriana*, Irene Hervey; *Angelo*, Alan Mowbray; *Pinch*, Eric Blore; *Aegeon*, Samuel S. Hinds.

"CAPTAIN CAUTION"—HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Grover Jones. From the novel by Kenneth Roberts. Directed by Richard Wallace. Cast: *Dan Marvin*, Victor Mature; *Corunna*, Louise Platt; *Argandeau*, Leo Carrillo; *Slade*, Bruce Cabot; *Capt. Dorman*, Robert Barrat; *Victorine*, Vivienne Osborne; *Lieut. Strope*, Miles Mander; *Slushy*, El Brendel; *Chips*, Roscoe Ates; *Sad Eyes*, Andrew Tombes; *Mr. Potter*, Aubrey Mather; *Newton*, Alan Ladd; *Fish Peddler*, Pat O'Malley; *Capt. Stannage*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Capt. Decatur*, Ted Osborn; *Landlady*, Ann Codee; *English Officer*, Romaine Callender; *American Consul*, Pierre Watkins; *Travers*, Clifford Severn Jr.

"CHARLIE CHAN AT THE WAX MUSEUM"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by John Larkin. Based on the character "Charlie Chan" created by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Lynn Shores. Cast: *Charlie Chan*, Sidney Toler; *Jimmy Chan*, Sen Yung; *Dr. Cream*, C. Henry Gordon; *Steve McBirney*, Marc Lawrence; *Lily Latimer*, Joan Valerie; *Mary Bolton*, Marguerite Chapman; *Tom Agnew*, Ted Osborn; *Dr. Otto Von Brom*, Michael Visaroff; *Mrs. Rocke*, Hilda Vaughn; *Willie Fern*, Charles Wagenheim; *Carter Lane*, Archie Twitchell; *Grenock*, Edward Marr.

"DREAMING OUT LOUD"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Barry Trivers, Robert D. Andrews and Howard Green. Based on an original story by Barry Trivers and Robert D. Andrews. Directed by Harold Young. Cast: *Lum*, Chester Lauck; *Abner*, Norris Goff; *Alice*, Frances Langford; *Dr. Walter Barnes*, Frank Craven; *Jimmy*, Bobs Watson; *Ken*, Robert Wilcox; *Wes*, Irving Bacon; *Jessica*, Clara Blandick; *Will Danielson*, Donald Briggs; *Effie Lou*, Shelia Sheldon; *Ed*, P. J. Kelly; *Joe*, Robert McKenzie.

"DULCY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Albert Mannheimer, Jerome Chodorov and Joseph A. Fields. Based on the play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: *Dulcy Ward*, Ann Sothern; *Gordon Daly*, Ian Hunter; *Roger Forbes*, Roland Young; *Schuyler Van Dyke*, Reginald Gardiner; *Eleanor Forbes*, Billie Burke; *Angela Forbes*, Lynne Carver; *Bill Ward*, Dan Dailey Jr.; *"Sneezy,"* Donald Huie; *Homer Patterson*, Jonathan Hale; *Henry*, Guinn Williams; *Vincent Leach*, Hans Conried.

"FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT"—WALTER WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Charles Bennett and Joan Harrison. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Cast: *Johnny Jones*, Joel McCrea; *Carol Fisher*, Laraine Day; *Stephen Fisher*, Herbert Marshall; *Ffolliott*, George Sanders; *Van Merr*, Albert Basserman; *Stebbins*, Robert Benchley; *Rowley*, Edmund Gwenn; *Mr. Powers*, Harry Davenport; *Krug*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Tramp*, Martin Kosleck; *Doreen*, Barbara Pepper; *Latvian Diplomat*, Eddie Conrad; *Toastmaster*, Crauford Kent; *Mrs. Benson*, Gertrude W. Hoffman; *Miss Benson*, Jane Novak; *Jones' sister*, Joan Brodel; *Captain Lanson*, Louis Borrell; *English Cashier*, Eily Malyon; *Mr. Naismith*, E. E. Clive.

"GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Elizabeth Meehan and Robert Lee Johnson. Based on the story "Island Doctor," by Ray Millholland. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Jim Holden*, Chester Morris; *Anne Webster*, Jane Wyatt; *Bill Bogler*, Charles Bickford; *Joe*, Mala; *Koda*, Kate Lawson; *Ninimook*, John Bleifer; *Mrs. Bearfat Tillicoot*, Mamo Clark; *Mrs. Broken Thumb*, Ferike Boros; *Tom Broken Thumb*, Don Zelaya; *Ben*, Clem Bevans; *Poker Player*, Ed Gargan; *Dealer*, Spencer Charters; *Poker Player*, Thomas Jackson; *Barber*, Vic Potel.

"GOLD RUSH MAISIE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Betty Reinhardt and Mary C. McCall, Jr. Based on an original story by Wilson Collison. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: *Maisie Ravier*, Ann Sothern; *Bill Anders*, Lee Bowman; *Fred Gubbins*, Slim Summerville; *Jubie Davis*, Virginia Weidler; *Sarah Davis*, Mary Nash; *Bert Davis*, John F. Hamilton; *Harold Davis*, Scotty Beckett; *Harry Gilpin*, Irving Bacon; *Elmo Beecher*, Louis Mason; *Ned Sullivan*, Victor Kilian Jr.; *Matt Sullivan*, Wallace Reid Jr.; *Mrs. Gilpin*, Virginia Sale; *Harris*, Frank Orth; *Mrs. Sullivan*, Kathryn Sheldon; *Ben Hartley*, Eddy Waller.

"GREAT McGINTY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by Preston Sturges. Cast: *Dan McGinty*, Brian Donlevy; *Catherine McGinty*, Muriel Angelus; *The Boss*, Akim Tamiroff; *The Politician*, William Demarest; *George*, Allyn Joslyn; *Maxwell*, Thurston Hall; *The Girl*, Steffi Duna; *Madam La Jolla*, Esther Howard.

"HOLD THAT WOMAN"—PRODUCERS RELEASING CORPORATION.—Screen play by George Bricker. From the original story by Raymond L. Schrock and William Pierce. Directed by Sherman Scott. Cast: *Jimmy Parker*, James Dunn; *Mary Mulvaney*, Frances Gifford; *Steve Brady*, George Douglas; *Michael Mulvaney*, Martin Spellman; *Lulu Driscoll*, Rita La Roy; *Conroy*, Eddie Fetherston; *Officer Mulvaney*, Guy Usher; *"Duke" Jurgens*, Paul Bryar; *Taxi*, Edwin Miller; *Bill Lannigan*, John Dilson.

"I LOVE YOU AGAIN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Charles Lederer, George Oppenheimer and Harry Kurnitz. From the original story by Leon Gordon and Maurine Watkins. Based on the novel by Octavus Roy Cohen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Cast: *Larry Wilson*, William Powell; *George Carey*, William Powell; *Kay Wilson*, Myrna Loy; *"Doc" Ryan*, Frank McHugh; *Duke Sheldon*, Edmund Lowe; *Herbert*, Donald Douglas; *Kay's Mother*, Nella Walker; *Harkspur Jr.*, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer; *Mr. Sims*, Pierre Watkin; *Mr. Littlejohn*, Paul Stanton; *Mr. Belenson*, Morgan Wallace; *Billings*, Charles Arnt.

"I'M NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story and screen play by Scott Darling and Erna Lazarus. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: *Trudie Morgan*, Helen Parrish; *Tod Lowell*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Betty Gilbert*, Constance Moore; *Andy Manson*, Lewis Howard; *Mrs. Lowell*, Laura Hope Crews; *Senator Lowell*, Berton Churchill; *George Morgan*, Samuel S. Hinds.

"LADY IN QUESTION, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Lewis Meltzer. From the story by Marcel Achard. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: *Andre Morestan*, Brian Aherne; *Natalie Roguin*, Rita Hayworth; *Pierre Morestan*, Glen Ford; *Michele Morestan*, Irene Rich; *Defense Attorney*, George Coulouris; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Francois Morestan*, Evelyn Keyes; *Robert LaCoste*, Edward Norris; *Henri Lurette*, Curt Bois; *President*, Frank Reicher; *Fat Boy*, Sumner Getchell; *Nicholas Farkas*, Nicholas Bela.

"MAN I MARRIED, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Based on the serial "I Married a Nazi" by Oscar Schisgall. Directed by Irving Pichel. Cast: *Carol*, Joan Bennett; *Eric Hoffman*, Francis Lederer; *Kenneth Delane*, Lloyd Nolan; *Freda Heinkel*, Anna Sten; *Henrich Hoffman*, Otto Kruger; *Frau Gerhardt*, Maria Ouspenskaya; *Dr. Hugo Gerhardt*, Ludwig Stossel; *Ricky*, Johnny Russell; *Herr Deckart*, Lionel Royce; *Traveler*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Hiller*, Carl Ottmar; *Otto*, Ernst Deutsch; *Czech*, Egon Brecher.

"MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Earl Baldwin. From a play by Frank J. Collins. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Cast: *Stephen Forbes*, George Brent; *Joan Reed*, Virginia Bruce; *Celia Farrady*, Brenda Marshall; *J. B. Roscoe*, Richard Barthelmess; *Johnny Forbes*, William Lundigan; *Slug McNutt*, George Tobias; *District Attorney Dickson*, John Litel; *Tony Spirella*, Henry Armetta; *Gerald Wilson*, David Bruce; *E. A. Smith*, Clarence Kolb; *Barton*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Lefty Kyler*, Marc Lawrence; *District Attorney Nelson*, Ed Stanley; *Mrs. Knight*, Kay Sutton.

"MONEY AND THE WOMAN"—WARNERS.—Screen play by James M. Cain and Robert Presnell. From the story by James M. Cain. Directed by William K. Howard. Cast: *Dave Bennett*, Jeffrey Lynn; *Barbara Patterson*, Brenda Marshall; *Charles Patterson*, Roger Pryor; *Jerry Helm*, John Litel; *Miss Church*, Lee Patrick; *Adler*, Guinn Williams; *Bank Clerk*, William Marshall; *Bank Teller*, Peter Ashley; *Secretary*, Mildred Coles; *Mr. Mason*, Henry O'Neill; *Mr. Rollins*, Henry Kolker; *Dyer*, William Gould; *Mr. Kaiser*, Ed Keane; *George*, Willie Best.

"PASTOR HALL"—JAMES ROOSEVELT-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Leslie Arliss and Anna Reiner. Based on a story by Ernst Toller. Directed by Roy Boulting. Cast: *Pastor Hall*, Wilfrid Lawson; *Christine Hall*, Nova Pilbeam; *General Von Grotjahn*, Seymour Hicks; *Fritz Gerte*, Marius Goring; *Werner Von Grotjahn*, Brian Worth; *Herr Veit*, Percy Walsh; *Lina Veit*, Lina Barrie; *Pippermann*, Eliot Makeham; *Erwin Kohn*, Peter Cotes; *Freundlich*, Edmund Willard.

"QUEEN OF DESTINY"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Charles de Grandcourt, Miles Malleson and Robert Vansittart. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Cast: *Queen Victoria*, Anna Neagle; *Prince Albert*, Anton Walbrook; *Duke of Wellington*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg Gotha*, Walter Rilla; *Sir Robert Peel*, Charles Carson; *Baroness Lehzen*, Greta Wegener; *Lord Palmerston*, Felix Aylmer; *Lord John Russell*, Lewis Casson; *The Princess Royal*, Pamela Standish; *John Brown*, Gordon McLeod; *Mr. Anson*, Stuart Robertson; *Frederick William*, Olaf Olsen; *Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain*, Henry Hallatt; *Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour*, Wyndham Goldie; *Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone*, Malcolm Keen; *Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith*, Frederick Leister; *Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli*, Derrick de Marney; *Maggie*, Marie Wright; *Florence Nightingale*, Joyce Bland; *Lord Derby*, Frank Cellier; *Lord Salisbury*, Harvey Braban; *H. R. H. Prince of Wales*, Aubrey Dexter.

"RAMPARTS WE WATCH, THE"—MARCH OF TIME-RKO-RADIO.—Script by Robert L. Richards and Cedric R. Worth. Directed by Louis de Rochemont. Cast: *Dan Meredith*, John Adair; *Joe Kovacs*, John Sommers; *Anna Kovacs*, Ellen Prescott; *Hon. John Lawton*, C. W. Stowell; *Edward Averill*, Frank McCabe; *Mrs. Averill*, Myra Archibald; *Walter Averill*, Edward Wragge; *Professor Gustav Bensinger*, Alfredo U. Wyss; *Mrs. Bensinger*, Marguerite Brown; *Hilda Bensinger*, Georgette McKee; *Fred Bensinger*, Robert Rapelye; *Stuart Gilchrist*, Harry C. Stopher; *Ralph Gilchrist*, Elliott Reid; *Capt. John Kellogg*, H. G. Brady; *"Tommy,"* Thomas S. Bernie Jr.; *Lieut. Hal Fisher*, Richard McCracken; *Rathskeller Singer*, Lorenzo Gallant; *"Montana,"* David Dean; *Karl Von Schleich*, George Jackson; *George Westcott*, H. G. Westcott; *Gordon Hall*, Gordon Hall.

"RETURN OF FRANK JAMES, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Sam Hellman. Directed by Fritz Lang. Cast: *Frank James*, Henry Fonda; *Eleanor Stone*, Gene Tierney; *Clem*, Jackie Cooper; *Major Rufus Todd*, Henry Hull; *Bob Ford*, John Carradine; *George Runyan*, J. Edward Bromberg; *McCoy*, Donald Meek; *Station Agent*, Eddie Collins; *Judge*, George Barbier; *Pinky*, Ernest Whitman; *Charlie Ford*, Charles Tannen; *Randolph Stone*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Prosecutor*, Russell Hicks; *Preacher*, Victor Kilian; *Colonel Jackson*, Edward McWade; *Roy*, George Chandler; *Bystander*, Irving Bacon; *Sheriff*, Frank Shannon; *Nellie Blane*, Barbara Pepper.

"SAILOR'S LADY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Based on a story by Frank Wead. Directed by Allan Dwan. Cast: *Sally Gilroy*, Nancy Kelly; *Danny Malone*, Jon Hall; *Myrtle*, Joan Davis; *Scrappy Wilson*, Dana Andrews; *Miss Purvis*, Mary Nash; *Rodney*, Larry Crabbe; *Georgine*, Katharine Aldridge; *Father McGann*, Harry Shannon; *Goofer*, Wally Vernon; *"Skipper,"* Bruce Hampton; *Captain Roscoe*, Charles D. Brown.

"SCATTERBRAIN"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Jack Townley and Val Burton. Directed by Gus Meins. Cast: *Judy Hull*, Judy Canova; *J. R. Russell*, Alan Mowbray; *Miss Stevens*, Ruth Donnelly; *Eddie MacIntyre*, Eddie Foy Jr.; *Nicolas Raptis*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Sam Maxwell*, Wallace Ford; *Esther Harrington*, Isabel Jewell; *Prof. De Lemma*, Luis Alberni; *Hoffman*, Billy Gilbert; *Pappy Hull*, Emmett Lynn.

"SING, DANCE, PLENTY HOT"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Bradford Ropes. From the original story by Vera Caspary and Bradford Ropes. Directed by Lew Landers. Cast: *Irene*, Ruth Terry; *Johnny*, Johnny Downs; *Susan*, Barbara Allen (Vera Vague); *Hector*, Billy Gilbert; *Evelyn*, Claire Carleton; *Judy*, Mary Lee; *Agatha*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Scott*, Lester Matthews; *Henderson*, Leonard Carey.

"SLIGHTLY TEMPTED"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Arthur T. Horman. From the original story by Max Marcin and Manuel Seff. Directed by Lew Landers. Cast: *Professor Ross*, Hugh Herbert; *Judy Ross*, Peggy Moran; *Jimmy*, Johnny Downs; *Ethelreda Knox*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Peley*, George Stone; *The Duchess*, Gertrude Michael; *Gentleman Jack*, Robert Emmett Keane.

"SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO"—EDWARD SMALL-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by George Bruce. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Cast: *Bucko Larson*, Victor McLaglen; *Kehane*, Jon Hall; *Ruby Taylor*, Frances Farmer; *Malia*, Olympe Bradna; *Lindsay*, Gene Lockhart; *Williams*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Foster*, Francis Ford; *Grimes*, Ben Welden; *Ferro*, Abner Biberman; *Chief*, Pedro De Cordoba; *Luna*, Rudy Robles; *Hono*, Robert Stone; *Laulau*, Nellie Duran; *Cafe Customer*, James Flavin; *Hono's Mother*, Nina Campano; *Waiter*, James Leong.

"SPORTING BLOOD"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Lawrence Hazard, Albert Mannheimer and Dorothy Yost. Based on the original story by Grace Norton. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: *Myles Vanders*, Robert Young; *Linda Lockwood*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Davis Lockwood*, Lewis Stone; *Duffy*, William Gargan; *Joan Lockwood*, Lynne Carver; *Jeff*, Clarence Muse; *Otis Winfield*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Stonewall*, George H. Reed; *Grantly*, Tom Kennedy; *"Sneak" O'Brien*, Russell Hicks.

"TEXAS RANGERS RIDE AGAIN"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by William R. Lipman and Horace McCoy. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: *Jim Kingston*, John Howard; *Ellen (Slats) Dangerfield*, Ellen Drew; *Mio Pio*, Akim Tamiroff; *Cecilia (Celie) Dangerfield*, May Robson; *Mace Townsley*, Broderick Crawford; *(Borax) Ben Caldwalder*, Charles Grapewin; *Carter Dangerfield*, John Miljan; *Joe Yuma*, Anthony Quinn.

"VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Albert Franklin. Based on the famous old melodrama "The Fallen Saved." Directed by Edward Cline. Cast: *Master of Ceremonies*, Billy Gilbert; *Mary*, Anita Louise; *Mrs. Wilson*, Margaret Hamilton; *Cribbs*, Alan Mowbray; *Edward*, Richard Cromwell; *Hazel*, Joyce Compton; *William*, Buster Keaton; *Julia*, Diane Fisher; *Healy*, Hugh Herbert; *Bartender*, Franklin Pangborn; *Vagabond*, William Farnum.

"WAGONS WESTWARD"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Joseph Moncure March and Harrison Jacobs. Directed by Lew Landers. Cast: *David Cook*, Chester Morris; *Tom Cook*, Chester Morris; *Phyllis*, Anita Louise; *Sheriff McDaniels*, Buck Jones; *Julie*, Ona Munson; *Hardtack*, George "Gabby" Hayes; *Hardman*, Guinn Williams; *Marsden*, Douglas Fowley; *Blackie*, John Gallaudet; *Angela Cook*, Virginia Brissac; *Alan Cook*, Trevor Bardette; *Major Marlowe*, Selmer Jackson.

"WE WHO ARE YOUNG"—M-G-M.—Original screen play by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Margy Brooks*, Lana Turner; *William Brooks*, John Shelton; *C. B. Beamis*, Gene Lockhart; *Jones*, Grant Mitchell; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Braddock*, Jonathan Hale; *R. Glassford*, Clarence Wilson; *Judge*, Ian Wolfe; *Salesman*, Hal K. Dawson.

"WHEN THE DALTONS RODE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Lester Cole and Stuart Anthony. From a book by Emmett Dalton. Directed by George Marshall. Cast: *Tod Jackson*, Randolph Scott; *Julie King*, Kay Francis; *Grat Dalton*, Brian Donlevy; *Caleb Winters*, George Bancroft; *Ozark Jones*, Andy Devine; *Bob Dalton*, Broderick Crawford; *Ben Dalton*, Stuart Erwin; *Emmett Dalton*, Frank Albertson; *Ma Dalton*, Mary Gordon.

"YOUNG PEOPLE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Edwin Blum and Don Ettlinger. Directed by Allan Dwan. Cast: *Wendy*, Shirley Temple; *Joe Ballantine*, Jack Oakie; *Kit Ballantine*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Judith*, Arleen Whelan; *Mike Shea*, George Montgomery; *Hester Appleby*, Kathleen Howard; *Dakin*, Minor Watson; *Fred Willard*, Frank Swann; *Jeb*, Frank Sully; *Maria Liggett*, Mae Marsh; *Mrs. Stinchfield*, Sarah Edwards; *Otis*, Irving Bacon; *Moderator*, Charles Halton; *Doorman*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Station Master*, Olin Howland; *Stage Manager*, Billy Wayne; *Dave*, Harry Tyler; *Tommy*, Darryl Hickman; *Mary Ann*, Shirley Mills.

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